



J. Faber fecit

Johannes Miltonus;

circa annum ætatis xvi.^m

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NEW MEMOIRS
OF THE
Life and Poetical Works
OF
Mr. JOHN MILTON:

WITH

- I. An Examination of *Milton's* Stile: And,
- II. Explanatory & Critical Notes on divers Passages of *Milton* & *Shakespeare*: By the Editor.
- III. *Baptistes*: A Sacred Dramatic Poem, in Defence of Liberty; as, written in *Latin*, by Mr. *George Buchanan*; Translated into *English*, by Mr. *John Milton*; & first published in 1641. BY ORDER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.
- IV. The Parallel, or Archbishop *Laud* & Cardinal *Wolfey* compared: a Vision, by *Milton*.
- V. The Legend of Sir *Nicholas Tbrockmorton*, Kt. Chief Butler of *England*, who died of poison, Anno 1570. an Historical Poem: By (his nephew) Sir *Thomas Tbrockmorton*, Kt.
- VI. *Herod* the Great: a Poem: By the Editor.
- VII. The Resurrection, a Poem in Imitation of *Milton*: by a Friend. And,
- VIII. A Discourse on the Harmony of the Spheres: by *Milton*.

The Whole illustrated with proper Prefaces & Notes,

By *FRANCIS PECK*, M. A.

Adorned with the Head of *Milton* (from a Painting in the Hands of the Editor) & the Print of a medal struck in honor of him by Mr. Auditor *Bensen*.

L O N D O N: Printed M,DCC,XL.

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- III. Biography: A Sacred Duty: as well as in La-
m, by Mr. George B. ... by Mr. John ...
first published in 1771. A ... of common.
- IV. The Poetical, or Archæological Works compared: a Vision, by
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- V. The Legend of St. Michael's Mount, Kt. Chief Bishop of England, who
died in prison, when ... an historical Poem: By (his nephew) St. ...
The ...
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The Whole Illustrated with proper Pictures to Notes

By FRANCIS THOMAS, M.A.

Adorned with the Head of Milton (from a Bust in the Library of ...)
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LONDON: Printed by ...



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THIS, THIS is HE: give place ye Roman Bards;
Ye Grecian Bards give place: THIS, THIS is HE.

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LONDON : Printed, M,DCC,XI.



To the Right Honorable

ARTHUR ONSLOW, Esquire,

Speaker of the Honorable House of Commons.

S I R,



HE BAPTISTES, a sacred Dra-
matic Poem, IN DEFENCE OF
LIBERTY, written in *Latin* by
BUCHANAN, translated & first
published in 1641. BY ORDER
OF THE HOUSE OF COM-
MONS (a translation which,
for accuracy & elegance of

A 2

stile,

style, may, I think, vie with the Original; & which, upon weighing all circumstances, cannot be ascribed to any but MILTON) as it then had the sanction of the HOUSE OF COMMONS, may now, not improperly, appear under the protection of YOURSELF.

When You come to peruse this Poem, SIR, You will soon perceive, & I make no doubt, as soon acknowledge MILTON: & that as immediately, where only a translator, as an author.

This Volume contains likewise *New Memoirs of the Life & Poetical Works of Mr. JOHN MILTON*; with the Plan of the PARADISE LOST, as MILTON himself found it in a Romance; & an *examination of MILTON's stile, & explanatory & critical remarks on divers passages of MILTON & SHAKESPEARE*. Wherein, if any thing meets with your approbation, it will be a great pleasure to,

SIR,

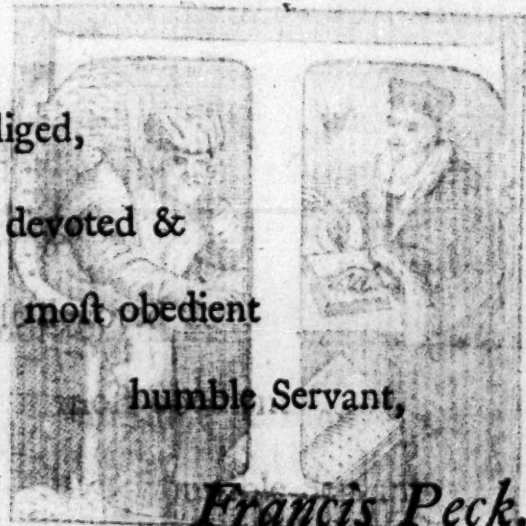
Your most obliged,

most devoted &

most obedient

humble Servant,

Francis Peck.



P R E F A C E.

I Never had any thoughts of troubling the world with any thing of mine relating to MILTON, 'till meeting with HIS BAPTISTES, I resolved to give the public as correct an edition of it as I could. In order to which, & to understand both that poem & HIM the better, I read over the rest of His *poetical*, & most of His *prose*, Works. Besides which I dipped, & often pretty deep, into a great variety of other books, where I thought I might find any thing for my purpose. This produced, among other matters, the following *New Memoirs of MILTON's Life & poetical Works*. Wherein the Reader will find some things intirely new, & some things, I hope, something better explained than hath been heretofore done.

2. As to the *Character* of MILTON here & there interspersed in these memoirs, some I fancy will think I have said too much in his favor; & others, perhaps, too little. However I have endeavored to be as impartial as I could. And, if I have any where said any thing too kindly of him, it was purely in respect of his great learning & inimitable performances in poetry: If I have any where said any thing too severely of him, it is only where some part of his politics appear, to me at least, not always so very justly conducted as they ought to have been.

3. *The Explanatory & Critical Notes on divers passages in MILTON's other poems*, are a small specimen of a much larger number; & were wrote, when I thus read over his works: 1. Some to ascertain MILTON's orthography. 2. Some to distinguish his *pastoral* words. 3. Some to shew how he corrects himself. 4. Some to observe how he follows & improves upon SPENSER & SHAKESPEARE. 5. Some by way of glossary. 6. Some to explain the poetical history & fables alluded to. 7. Some to point out some particular passages of the classics there imitated. 8. Some to mark some extraordinary beauties of his own. And, 9. some to justify some few emendations, & shew what they are. And I hope they will be received with candor.

4. *The Explanatory & Critical Notes on divers passages in SHAKESPEARE's plays*, were written much at the same time. For, when I sat down to read MILTON's *poetical* works, I often thought, as I went along, that he had SHAKESPEARE in his eye: I therefore read him next. And,

in

in reading Him, I noted every thing which I imagined would be of use to explain MILTON; & again (as I was then naturally led to do so) every thing which arose in my own mind, &, I conceived, would help to explain SHAKESPEARE. The few I now publish are also a small specimen of a much larger number of that sort; &, as they were written thus accidentally, are sent abroad with those on MILTON (to which they owe their rise) not with any design to disparage what others have wrote on SHAKESPEARE, but purely to do justice to that great Genius, & to shew, that (after all the pains which several Gentlemen have so industriously taken to clear up that poet) there is yet room for abundant observations of the like sort, whenever any good Critic in these matters shall think fit to bestow his farther labors upon him.

5. Here it may be necessary to add, that, when I printed my first proposals for the life of MILTON, I designed to have engraved a plate of Sir *Nicholas Throckmorton*, to set before the life of that unfortunate Gentleman; but afterwards I imagined that the picture of Sir *William Davenant* (as the life of *Milton* is my principal work, & as *Milton* saved Sir *William's* life, & Sir *William* in return saved *Milton's*) would be more proper. However, when I came to see Mr. Auditor BENSON's fine medal of MILTON, I judged that would still be more suitable than either of the other two. Indeed I would have engraved them all, but this I found would be too chargeable, unless I had met with greater encouragement, to bear the expence of it.

6. I may not conclude without my grateful acknowledgments to the Honorable CUTHBERT CONSTABLE of *Burton Constable in Com. Ebor.* Esq; who generously gave me the plate of MILTON, prefixed to this Volume, & for his other Favors. Nor can I forbear adding, that, whilst these two Volumes were in the press & now almost finished, I lost my dear Friend; that truly learned & most accomplished Gentleman, WILLIAM COWPER, Esq; late *Clerk of the Parliaments*, who was the delight of all that knew him, &, to my infinite regret, died 14. Feb. 1739. So that I may justly say of him, in the words of *Horace*,

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis?*

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ERRATA

In the Life of Milton, &c.

PAGE 4. line 27. read *videatur*. p. 9. l. 34. for *was*, read *to be*. p. 32. l. 22. read *same*.
 p. 69. l. 19. read *in blank*. p. 71. l. 1. read **FIRST**. p. 92. l. 9. read *Guntbildis*. p. 95. l. 13. read *fierce*. p. 102. b. l. penult. read *Cantabrigiensis*. p. 117. l. 11. read *had*. p. 120. l. ult. read *frequently*. p. 123. l. penult. read *Attention*. p. 124. l. 16. read *splendor*. Running title, from p. 133. to 183. for *file* read *poems*. p. 179. l. 19. read *Origenes*. p. 197. l. ante-penult. read *spinas*.

In the Baptistes & Parallel.

P. 303. l. 21. dele *full point*. p. 357. l. 16. for *full point*, make a *comma*. p. 358. note, read *tormenter*. p. 366. l. 26. read *nefaria*. p. 402. l. 19. read *Gabinus*.

In the Life of Tbrockmorton.

P. 7. l. 9. read *fight*. p. 26. l. 12. read *shouldst*. p. 45. l. 14. read *clog'd*.

In Herod.

P. 16. a. l. 12. read *that*. 20. a. l. penult. read *then*. 29. l. 554. read *whatsoever*.

Resurrection.

P. 2. l. 53. for *voice*, read *cry*.

De Concentu.

P. 3. l. 11. read *obmutescimus*.

Directions to the BINDER.

Place the Messo-tincto print of *Milton*, facing the general Title-Page.

The medal of *Milton*, facing p. 105. of *Milton's Life*.

In the Memoirs of *Cromwell*.

Place the Messo-tincto print of *Cromwell*, facing the general Title-Page.

The Head of *Essex*, preface, p. 13.

The Head of *Fairfax*, preface, p. 19.

The Head of *Hambden*, in I. English Panegyric, facing p. 52.

The Messo-tincto print of the Editor, facing the general Title of the curious **Historical Discourses**. And

Be sure to lay a piece of waste paper between each of the Messo-tincto prints & the titles they are to face, to prevent the plates from setting off: & for the same reason take care not to insert the plates before you beat the book, as also to beat the book itself as little as may be while it is yet green or new printed. All Books would appear neater, if not bound 'till three months after they are printed. 25. March 1740.

NEW MEMOIRS
OF THE
Life and Poetical Works
OF
Mr. JOHN MILTON.

CHAP. I.

1. Mr. John Milton, when born, &c. 2. a fine picture, a fine house, & a fine poem, compared. 3. of THE TRUE in painting & poetry. 4. Milton affected to be thought all nature, yet was indeed almost all art. 5. awhile in suspense about chusing what language to write in. 6. again in suspense about chusing a subject. 7. promises a grand poem. 8. his skill in music. 9. he fetches more flights from music than any other English poet. 10. the music of the antients, what? 11. he copies many hints from THE FATHERS. 12. yet seemingly flights them.

1. **M**R. JOHN MILTON was born (according to Mr. Wood¹) on the ninth of December, 1608. (6. Jac. I.) between six & seven of the clock in the morning, in Breadstreet, London; where his father John Milton was a Scrivener, & lived at the sign of the spread eagle, the same being his own paternal coat. For it appears, that the arms with which our author used to seal his letters were, argent, a spread eagle gules, legged & beaked sable.

His mother, named Sarah, (as his nephew, Mr. Edward Philips, asserts²) was a Caston; but Mr. Wood affirms³, she was a Bradshaw. Yet I have great reason to believe both these gentlemen are under a mistake.

Mr. Milton's mother (I am informed⁴) was a Haughton of Haughton-Tower in Lancashire; as appears by the arms of his father & mother in pale, upon a board, a quarter of a yard square, some time since in the possession of his widow. Where, under his father's arms, is wrote Milton [of Milton near Abingdon] in Com. Oxon. &, under his mother's, Haughton of Haughton-Tower in Com. Lanc.

1. Fasti Oxon. Vol. I. col. 262.

2. Life of Milton, before the English Translation of his letters of state. Lond. 1694. p. 5.

3. ubi supra.

4. From a Letter of Roger Comberbach of Chester Esq; to William Cowper Esq; Clerk of the Parliament, dated 15. Dec. 1736.

It appears by the Register of *Christ's College* in Cambridge, that 'JOHANNES MILTON (*filius Johannis*) institutus fuit in literarum elementis sub magistro [Alexandro] Gill, *Gymnasii Paulini præfesto*; & admissus est pensionarius minor [Coll. Christi] 12^o Febr. 1624.⁵ Where his tutor was the very learned & pious Mr. *William Chappel*, afterwards Lord Bishop of Cork & Ross in the kingdom of Ireland.

And it appears by the university register, that the said JOHN MILTON of *Christ's College* went out Bachelor of Arts, Anno 1628. & Master of Arts, Anno 1632.⁶

2. When we cast our eyes on a fine piece of painting, we are naturally led to consider how the principal figures relate to each other; & again how they affect us, in all the varieties of proportion, gesture, passion, drapery, & coloring. Then what lesser stories those detached pieces, called the groupes, represent; with their affinity to the main design. Then the landscape, & how gradually it softens & even dies away to the eye. Then the other ornaments & how distributed. Also how out of the whole there arises an assemblage of ideas in the mind, which bename it the elegant, the soft, the bold, the astonishing, the inimitable, or the like, according to its just character.

So again, when we go to see a fine house, we generally expect to find every thing, *within*, finished up to the highest taste; in every apartment the most exquisit paintings, the nicest carvings, the richest hangings, the brightest lustres, & the most charming furniture of every sort. *Without*, the pleasantest walks, the most lovely gardens, the sprightliest fountains, the liveliest statues, the shadiest grottoes, the loudest cascades, & (wherever they can be thrown in to advantage) the longest vista's, the tallest obelisks, the most spiry pyramids, the most stately temples, the grandest mausolea, & all those other ornaments which can render it still more noble & magnificent.

In like manner when we turn over a fine *poem* we may compare it to such a *painting* or such an *house*.

If we compare it to such an *house*, we shall find the invention, or plan, to be full as exact; the portico, or opening, as august; the upright, or stile, as lofty; the rooms, or circumstances, as truly proportioned; the galleries or histories as long & stately; the gardens, or ornaments, as flowery; the out-walks, or digressions, as diverting and maeandred; in a word, the whole so beautifully laid out, so surprisngly varied, & every way so completely executed & adorned; that (what with all these, and the artful,

5. 6. *Ex literis Cl. Bakeri.*

sweetly-

sweetly-flowing conversations of the inhabitants) we shall be even lost with amaze at the wonderful genius and capacity of the poetical architect.

If we compare it to such a *painting* we shall find, there faces, here characters; there looks, here speeches; there gesture, here passion; there groupes, here episodes; there coloring, here diction; there every other grace & beauty of the greatest master, here the choicest epithets, the sweetest arrangement, & most charming turn of words; the justest metaphors, the most delightful similes; the boldest figures; the most surprising allusions to the mythology, history, & writings of the antients; & the sublimest flights & descriptions of every thing which is curious in the whole circle of arts & sciences, & in earth & heaven itself, which can be imagined by the wit & art of man; & all this too we may see, as it were, set a moving by the machinery; & yet that in all this infinite variety of design and ornament, there is not one thing too much, or one thing too little.

Of all the poems in our language, there are none which come up to this description so nearly as the PARADISE LOST of Mr. JOHN MILTON.

3. MILTON's, if any, is THE TRUE in POETRY. *Picturae probari non debent, quae non sunt similes veritati*⁷. 'The *simple True* in PAINTING is when the carnation or naked parts of an human body appear to be real flesh, & the draperies real habits. The *ideal True* is the choice of various perfections, which are never to be found in a single model, but are taken from several, and generally from the antique. The *compound True* is a mixture of the two former, & consists in that union of the highest excellency of the art, & the perfect imitation of the Fine Nature— This union forms a perfect imitation of whatever is most animated, most affecting, & most perfect in nature. All then is probable, because all is true. But all is surprizing, because all is curious & extraordinary. All makes impression, because all has been called in that was capable of doing so: but nothing appears forced or affected, because the natural hath been chosen, in chusing the wonderful & the perfect⁸. Apply this to MILTON, & *mutatis mutandis*, how justly may it be said of him!

4. Mr. MILTON was, by *nature*, a fine poet; but a great deal much more so, by *art*. Yet he was fond of having it thought to be all pure *nature*. In his PARADISE LOST he insinuates as if

— his *thoughts still voluntarie move*
*Harmonious numbers*⁹.

7. *Vitruvius*. lib. VII. c. 5.

8. *Rollin*. Vol. XI. Part I. p. 95. &c.

9. *Lib.* III. 37.

And faith his muse

inspires

*Ease his unpremeditated verse*¹⁰.

Nay (when he would write prose, or only speak) suggests 'that his words, like so many nimble airy servitors trip about him at command, & in well ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places'¹¹. As if still,

Quicquid tentavit scribere, versus erat.

To make this appear yet more natural, he very artfully slides into his prose works a great number of verses, seemingly as if they fell from him whether he would or no. For instance. He thus addresses the *Remonstrant*,

Go on, dissembling Joab, as still your use is;

Call brother, & smite; call brother, & smite;

Till it be said of you as was of Herod,

*A man had better be your hog than brother*¹²!

Many other such passages might be produced: his prose works are full of them.

Mr. Dryden, as if deceived by his management, humors our author in this fancy.

The force of nature could no farther go, &c.

But Mr. Pope writes with more judgment, when he compares SHAKESPEARE (who was indeed all *nature*) to a flash of lightning; & MILTON (who was almost all *art*) to a furnace, kept up, by an uncommon ardor, to a continual glow¹³.

What *Imperialis* says of *Guarini*, may then, I think, in some sort be applied to MILTON. *Insuper mirandum etiam, quod licet expedita illa carminum pangendorum ubertas, illaborata penitus, & sponte fusa videntur; tamen ab ipso anxie affectatam ac diutino quaesitam studio ipsimet [familiares] asserunt, praemonstrantes extrarias quasdam carminum suorum Schedulas, frequentissime expunctas ac immutatas locis, ex quibus hercule peracris quidam, ac implexus scribendi arguitur labos**. i.e. 'What moreover is to be wondered at, is, that notwithstanding his numbers seemed to be unlabored & to flow spontaneously, & with the greatest ease; yet his friends declare that they cost him the greatest pains & study; they shewing some rough sheets of his

¹⁰. *Lib. IX. 24.*

¹¹. *Apol. for Smeſtymmus. Toland's Edit. Vol. I. p. 150.*

Vol. I. p. 198.

¹². *Animadversions on the Remonstrant's defence. Vol. I. p. 150.*

¹³. *Eng. Homer. Vol. I. 8^o p. 13.*

* *Imperialis, in Musaeo Histor. p. 129.*

‘ compositions, which were corrected & blotted in a numberless multitude
‘ of places: a proof of the great Pains he employed in writing.’ For
‘ several sheets of the like kind of MILTON’s own hand-writing, altered &
‘ corrected in an infinite number of places, sometimes three or four times
‘ over, may now be seen in the library of *Trinity college Cambridge*.

5. ‘ *Eratoſthenes* of *Cyrene*, library keeper to *Ptolomy Philadelphus*, had
‘ applied himself (we are told ¹⁴) to *all* kinds of Sciences, without thoroughly
‘ cultivating any *one*, as those do, who make it their sole study to excel in
‘ it. This occasioned his being nick-named *Beta*, because, though not
‘ capable of aspiring to the *first* rank in any science, he had at least attained
‘ to the *second* of all in general.’

Our author judged better, not exactly in the same case, but in another
extremely like it. He proposed at first to write in *Latin*, but afterwards
contented himself to write in *English*. Upon weighing the thing he was
not sure whether he could arrive to be *Beta* in the former, though he was
not without hopes (& I think, his hopes did not deceive him) that he might
come to be *Alpha* in the latter. But hear his own words.

‘ As I knew it would be hard to arrive at the *second* rank among the
‘ *Latines*, I apply’d my self to that resolution which *Ariosto* follow’d against
‘ the persuasions of *Bembo*, to fix all the industry & art I could unite to the
‘ adorning of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end,
‘ that were a toylsom vanity, but to be an interpreter and relater of the best
‘ & sageſt things among mine own citizens throughout this island in the
‘ mother dialect. That what the greatest & choicest wits of *Athens*, *Rome*,
‘ or modern *Italy*, & those *Hebrews* of old did for their country, I, in
‘ my proportion, with this over & above, of being a *CHRISTIAN*, might
‘ do for mine; not caring to be once named abroad (though perhaps I could
‘ attain to that) but content with these *British* islands as my world, whose
‘ fortune hath hitherto bin, that, if the *Athenians*, as ſom ſay, made their
‘ ſmall deeds great & renowned by their eloquent writers, *England* hath
‘ had her noble atchievements made ſmall by the unſkilful handling of
‘ monks & mechanicks ¹⁵.

6. The tongue he choſe to write in being thus fixed, the next buſineſs
was to pitch on ſome certain *ſpecies* of poetry, wherein, he thought, he
might be able to ſhine to the moſt advantage; & then again, to make choice
of proper *ſubjects*. And here the ſeveral moſt exalted *ſpecies* of good poeſie

¹⁴. *Rollin* (from *Suidas*) Vol. XI. Part II. p. 186.

¹⁵. *Reason of Church Governm. Toland’s*
Edit. p. 222.

offer'd themselves, to his option. As first the *Epic*. Time serves not now (saith he, ¹⁶) & perhaps I might soon too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope & hardest attempting. Whether that *Epic* form, whereof the two poems of HOMER & those other two of VIRGIL & TASSO are a diffuse, & the book of JOB a brief, model? Of this sort he proposed the ARTHUR & ALFRED. Next something like it, but more improved. Or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed; which, in them that know art & use judgment, is no transgression, but an enriching of art ¹⁷? Of this sort he wrote the PARADISE LOST & PARADISE REGAIN'D.

Next the *Dramatic* species. Or whether those dramatic constitutions, wherein SOPHOCLES & EURIPIDES reign, shall be found more doctrinal & exemplary to a nation? And here he adds, 'The SCRIPTURE affords us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Salomon, consisting of two persons & a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges. And the apocalypse of S. John is the majestick image of a high & stately tragedy, shutting up & intermingling her solemn scenes & acts with a sevenfold chorus of Hallelujah's & harping symphonies ¹⁸.' Of this sort he wrote the SAMSON AGONISTES, & proposed upwards of ninety other pieces.

Next the *Pindaric*: Or, if occasion shall lead, to imitat those magnificent Odes & Hymns, wherein PINDAR & CALLIMACHUS are, in most things, worthy; some others, in their frame, judicious; in their matter, most an end faulty ¹⁹?

Next the *SACRED ODE*. Or those frequent songs throughout the law & the prophets, beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition ²⁰? Of this sort he finished one, an excellent piece, *On the Nativity*; and left part of another, an admirable fragment, *On the Passion*.

Next something like Mr. POPE's *Essays on Man*. That is, 'Whatsoever in religion is holy & sublime, in vertu amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called Fortune from without, or the wily subtleties & refluxes of man's thoughts from within? All these things with a solid & treatable smoothness to paint out & describe. Teaching over the whole book of sanctity & vertu, through all the instances of example with such delight to those,

16. *ubi supra*.17. *ib.*18. *ib.*19. *ib.*20. *ib.*

especially

of Mr. JOHN MILTON.

especially of soft & delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dress'd; that, whereas the paths of honesty & good life appear now rugged & difficult, though they be indeed easie and pleasant, they would then appear to all men both easie & pleasant, though they were rugged & difficult indeed ²¹.

7. Our author surmises that he was grown old before he began to write his *Paradise Lost*.

Since first this subject for Heroic Song

Pleas'd me, long choosing & beginning late ²².

Yet sure he had either that, or some other sacred poem, of an equal length & difficulty in his thoughts, when he was very young, that is, with regard to such grand enterprises; or else, I think, he could never have wrote as follows.

The thing which I had to say, & those intentions which have liv'd within me ever since I could conceive my self any thing worthy to my country, I return to crave excuse that urgent reason hath pluckt from me, by an abortive & foredated discovery. And the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise. But that none hath, by more studious ways, endeavour'd, &, with more unwearied spirit, that none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life & free leasure will extend.--Neither do I think it a shame to *covenant* with any knowing reader, that, for some few years yet, I may go on trust with him, toward the payment of what I am now indebted; as being a work not to be rais'd from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine (like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher fury of a riming parasite) nor to be obtained by the invocation of dame *Memory* & her *Siren* daughters; but by devout prayer to that ETERNAL SPIRIT, who can enrich with all utterance & knowledge, & sends out his seraphim, with the hallow'd fire of his altar, to touch & purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious & select reading, steddly observation, insight into all seemly & generous arts and affairs. Till which in some measure be compast, at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them ²³.

And again, ---- 'From the Laureat fraternity of poets, riper years & the ceaselesse round of study & reading led me to the shady spaces of Philo-

21. *ib.*

22. P. L. IX. 25.

23. Reason of Church Gov. p. 223.

sophy, but chiefly to the divine volumes of PLATO & his equal XENOPHON. Where if I should tell you what I learnt of CHASTITY & LOVE, I mean that which is truly so, whose charming cup is only virtue (the rest are cheated with a thick intoxicating potion, which a certain forcereffe, the abuser of love's name, carries about) & how the first and chiefest office of love begins & ends in the soule, producing those happy twins of her divine generation, KNOWLEDGE & VERTUE; with such abstracted subtilities as these; it might be worth your listning, readers, as I may one day hope to have you in a *still time*, when there shall be no chiding ²⁴.

8. 'MUSIC, saith Mr. *Richardson* ²⁵, our author loved extremely, & understood well. 'Tis said he composed; tho' nothing of that hath been brought down to us. He diverted himself with performing, which they say he did well on the organ & bas-viol. And this was a great relief to him, after he had lost his sight. In relation to his love of music (continues the same Gent.) & the effect it had upon his mind, I remember a story I had from a friend I was happy in for many years, & who lov'd to talk of MILTON, as he often did. MILTON hearing a lady sing finely, *now will I swear* (says he) *this lady is handsome!* ---- His ears now were eyes to him.

9. And here, as our author thus understood music, it may be premised, that he fetches more flights & beautiful images from that science than any other *English* poet whatsoever. His poems abound with examples of every kind where allusions to any thing of music can be introduced to adorn & set them off.

At present hear only how he describes a *fuge*:

----- ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian aires,
Marri'd to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding 'bout
Of lincked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed & giddy cunning
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that ty
The bidden soul of harmony ²⁶.

And the great power of music to encourage armies to engage & fight deliberately, like the antient heroes.

²⁴. Apology for *Smeethymn*. p. 177.

²⁵. Life. p. v.

²⁶. *L'Allegro*. 135.

anon they move

In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes & soft recorders; such as rais'd
To hight of noblest tempers heroes old
Arming to battel; &, instead of rage,
Delib'rate valour breath'd, firm, & unmov'd,
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate & swage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, & chase
Anguish & doubt & fear & sorrow & pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force, with fixed thought
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle ²⁷.

10. In the first of these two last passages it may be observed our author mentions the *Lydian* music in the latter the *Dorian*. For which reason it may not be amiss to subjoin, ' That music had at first only three measures, which were a tone higher than one another. The gravest of the three was called the *Doric*, the highest the *Lydian*, & the middle the *Phrygian*. So that the *Doric* & *Lydian* included between them the space of two tones, or of a tercet or third major. By dividing this space into demi-tones, room was made for two other measures, the *Ionic* & *Eolian*; the first of which was inserted between the *Doric* & *Phrygian*; the second, between the *Phrygian* & *Lydian*. Other measures were super-added, which took their denominations from the five first, prefixing the preposition $\acute{\upsilon}\pi\epsilon\rho$, for those above; & the preposition $\acute{\upsilon}\pi\omicron$, for those below. As, *Hyperdoric*, *Hypoionic* ²⁸. &c.

' It was by the *Phrygian* & *Hypophrygian* measure, that *Timotheus* gave such proofs of his skill on the person of *Alexander*. By the *Phrygian* he roused his spirit so, that he made him run from the table to arms, & by the *Hypophrygian* he immediately restored him to his former tranquillity. I have often heard *Claudin* the younger (who, without disparagement to any person, excelled all the antient musicians) say, that a certain air, which he had composed with all its parts, was performed at the entertainments that were made for the wedding of the duke of *Joyeuse* (anno 1581.) being rehearsed in a private consort, had such an effect on a gentleman who was present; that he rose up on a sudden, drew his sword,

27. P. L. I. 549.

28. Rollin, Vol. XI. Part. I. p. 167.

‘ & swore aloud that it was impossible for him not to go & fight somebody immediately. They began then to play another air of the *Hypophrygian* mood, which made him again as calm as he was before. This has since been confirmed to me by some persons who were present. Such a wonderful power has modulation with a good motion & conduct of the voice on the minds of men ²⁹!’

‘ *In bellis suis tuba utuntur* Hetrusci; *fistula*, Arcades; *Siculi autem instrumentis quæ appellant* *πύκτιδας*; Cretenses, *lyra*; Lacedæmonii, *tibia*; *cornu*, Thraces; *tympano*, Ægyptii; & Arabes, *cymbalo* ³⁰.

11. But I return, to our author. Almost every body can shew, in many instances, how MILTON borrows from the CLASSICS, but none, I think, have ever observed how he copies from THE FATHERS: yet is he much beholden to them for a great number of very beautiful intimations. Thus the MOUNTAIN OF VISION in the eleventh book of PARADISE LOST is taken from a hint of S. CYPRIAN'S. And our author is often very greatly obliged to S. BASIL for many curious thoughts of what that Father afforded him in his excellent discourses DE PARADISO and QUOD DEUS NON FUIT AUTOR MALI. Particularly for that in these two pieces he found the abstruse doctrines of PREDESTINATION & FREE-WILL so admirably & clearly stated, that what Mr. ADDISON saith of MILTON on that account, may, I think, with much more justice be applied to S. BASIL, as the fountain from whom MILTON drew all his brightest notions on those difficult points. I shall hereafter mention divers passages which have an eye to the works of these & other FATHERS; & I could have added several more.

12. Matters standing thus, the reader may be surpris'd to hear our author speaking so contemptibly of THE FATHERS as he will find he often does in his *prose works*; particularly in his *Animadversions on the Remonstrants defence against* SMECTYMNUUS ³¹. See the passage: it is very witty, but too long to be cited here. I will only add, this way of proceeding reminds me of the conduct of a now living facetious modern. He publishes an humorous book, called POLITE CONVERSATION, to which he prefixes a beautiful preface, wherein he merrily warns the reader always to have a care of the pedantry of using *proverbs* and *sentences* in his discourse; whereas, take away the *sentences* which he himself has borrowed in that very book from

29. *Thomas Artus* Sieur d'Embry, Comment. sur la vie d'Apollon. *Tyanæ*. Liv. I. cap. xvi. p. 282. as quoted by Bayle, Crit. Dict. Vol. V. p. 480. b. *ad inum*.

30. *Clemens Alexand.* Pædag. Lib. II. cap. iv.

31. *Toland's* Edit. p. 151. See also p. 239. of the same Vol.

Ray's proverbs, and his whole work amounts to almost just nothing, save the easie introduction and application of them. Which makes the caution infinitely humorous, as adding so very greatly to the pleasantry of it.

C H A P. II.

1. *Of his Christmas-Ode.* 2. *the argument.*

1. **H**IS *Ode on CHRISTMASS Day* is the FIRST of Mr. Milton's NINE most celebrated *English Poems*.

This poem is formed in two parts, after the manner of our antient *English* poets, who seldom wrote anything of any great length, without an *Induction* in verse, before they came to the main poem itself. In the same manner we have here first an *Induction*, then the *Ode*.

2. The Argument.

' In the *Induction*, our author opens the nature of the subject; invites his muse to celebrate it, & urges her to dispatch & get the start of the wife-men conducted by the star to lay their presents at the feet of JESUS.

' In the *Ode*, he alters his measure very happily from that of the *Induction*: describes the season and other circumstances of OUR LORD'S NATIVITY; as, the profound peace then reigning over all the world; the stars of heaven standing still with wonder, & the sun himself asham'd at the superior brightness of the new-born infant; the shepherds surpris'd with coelestial music, a globe of light, & angel voices. The holy babe's lying in a manger, his future cross, & coming to judgment contemplated. Satan now chain'd, & all his oracles struck dumb, by the birth of CHRIST; whose presence they dreaded as ghosts & fairies do the approach of light.--- But the virgin hath laid down her child to sleep, & the poet ceases for fear of disturbing him.'

C H A P. III.

1. *Of his Comus.* 2. *The original motto & dedication.* 3. *the argument.* 4. *founded on the Circe of Homer.* 5. *the moral.* 6. *allusion therein to the fable of Cupid & Psyche.* 7. *that fable at large.* 8. *(moral of it.)* 9. *how altered by the countess d'Aulnoi.* 10. *The Comus adapted to the stage by Mr. Dalton.* 11. *Beginning of his prologue.*

1. **H**IS *COMUS* is the second of Mr. Milton's NINE most celebrated *English Poems*, & was written in 1634. (in his twenty seventh year) on this occasion.

John Egerton, earl of *Bridgewater*, being appointed lord president of *Wales*, & having several fine children then well grown up, whom he intended to carry down with him to his residence at *Ludlow* castle; it was resolved

to open his first appearance there with a musical dramatic entertainment, to be performed by his said children, & some other persons, their acquaintance & dependents. The famous Mr. *Henry Lawes* (then a servant to his majesty K. *Charles I.* in his public & private music¹; & who, at the same time, taught those young persons of quality, & our author, music) was desired to provide an entertainment for that purpose; &, being well acquainted with Mr. *MILTON's* abilities, he pitched on him to compose the masque, & himself set the five songs in it to music. Accordingly it was finished & presented at *Ludlow* castle on Michaelmas night, 1634.

The Title --- *COMUS* --- or, as our author himself elsewhere calls him, *CHEMOS, the obscene dread of MoAB's sonnes*²: is dropped in Mr. *Lawes's* Edition, *Lond.* 1637. 4^o. & all others since. It is like the transcriber, or compositor at the press, over-looked it at first, & so it was omitted ever after.

2. The Original Motto was,

Eheu, quid volui misero mihi? floribus austrum

Perditus & liquidis immisi fontibus apros. Virg. Ecl. II. 58.

The Dedication, as follows.

To the right honourable JOHN [EGERTON] lord viscount BRACKLEY,
' son & heire apparent to the earl of BRIDGWATER.

' MY LORD,

' This poem, which received its first occasion of birth from your selfe
' & others of your noble familie, & much honour from your own person in
' the performance, now returns againe to make a finall dedication of it selfe
' to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a
' legitimate offspring, so lovely, & so much desired, that the often copying of
' it hath tired my pen to give my severall friends satisfaction, & brought me
' to a necessitie of producing it to the publick view; & now to offer it up
' in all rightful devotion to those faire hopes & rare endowments of your
' much promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you,
' of a future excellence. Live, *sweet Lord*, to be the honour of your
' name, & receive this as your owne, from the hands of him, who hath,
' by many favours, beene obliged to your most honoured parents, &, as in
' this representation your attendant THYRSIS, so now in all real expression,

' your faithfull, & most

' humble servant,

' H. LAWES.'

1. *Ath. Oxon.* Vol. I. col. 441.

2. *P. L. I.* 406.

3. The Argument.

A C T I.

‘ A good spirit, appointed by JUPITER to guard a beautiful young lady
 ‘ & her two brothers, who (in the way to their father’s new residence at
 ‘ LUDLOW castle) are to pass thro’ certain woods frequented by COMUS &
 ‘ his rout; puts on the habit of THYRSIS, a shepherd of their fathers, &
 ‘ attends their arrival. The night being come, COMUS & his crew ap-
 ‘ pear, & begin to celebrate the rites of COTYTTO, the goddess of impu-
 ‘ dence; but are interrupted by the young lady’s drawing near. COMUS,
 ‘ by his art perceiving the approach of chaste feet, dismisses his company, &
 ‘ enchants the air. The lady, having lost her brothers, full of sorrow &
 ‘ fear, follows the noise of COMUS & his companions, to enquire for them,
 ‘ but meets with nobody. Thereupon she sings, that, if her brothers be
 ‘ within hearing, they may know & find her by her voice. COMUS is
 ‘ ravished with her music, &, appearing now (by virtue of the enchanted
 ‘ air) like a meer villager, praises her beauty & fine voice; who answers,
 ‘ that she sung only, if possible, to recal her lost brothers. COMUS, on her
 ‘ description of them, acquaints her that he saw them, & commends their
 ‘ beauty also; but hints that it will be now impossible to find them, &
 ‘ therefore offers to conduct her to his cottage, and promises to look them
 ‘ up in the morning. She accepts his tender, & goes with him.

A C T II.

‘ The two brothers enter, & the youngest bewails his lost sister, & her
 ‘ great danger through hunger, & cold, & above all from violence. The
 ‘ elder comforts & reminds him of his sister’s virtue. But the younger
 ‘ alleges her great beauty, & thereby justifies his fear. The elder refutes
 ‘ that, by remembring him of her pure, unspotted chastity, & instances in
 ‘ DIANA, whose bow, & MINERVA, whose shield, were nothing else but
 ‘ unconquered chastity. Adding, that those, who are truly chaste, are al-
 ‘ ways guarded by good angels, & at length become angels themselves.
 ‘ The good spirit meets them (in the habit of THYRSIS) &, enquiring for
 ‘ his young lady, they tell him, how they came to lose her. Whereat he
 ‘ also discovers his fear, & relates the certainty of COMUS & his crew (tho’
 ‘ many will not believe it) haunting these woods, & the truth and strange
 ‘ effects of his enchanted cup; also that he heard them abroad that very
 ‘ night, &, after that, a voice of one singing --- who at last he perceived was
 ‘ his young lady. That thereupon he ran thither & found her discoursing
 ‘ with COMUS (disguised in the habit of a countryman) & enquiring for
 ‘ her

her brothers: at which he flew to find & conduct them to rescue her. The younger brother falls again into great pain for his sister; but the elder recomforts him with a new assurance, that her own virtue will still be her protection, & withall, that he himself will even fight COMUS to rescue her. The good spirit commends his courage, but tells him, that his sword will be of no service against that sorcerer, who, only with a word speaking, can undo him. He enquires then of THYRSIS, how he himself durst venture so near him? He replies, that a shepherd's boy, who understood plants & was fond of his singing, had formerly shewn him an herb called *haemony*, one of the particular virtues whereof was, that no enchantment could take effect upon him who carried it about him. That, with this herb in his purse, he never feared COMUS, neither need they, to whom he would give it, & then go with them to attack the magician in his own quarters, whose work would soon be done, if they could but manage to spill his cup & sieze his wand.

A C T III.

THYRSIS & the two brothers haste forwards towards the palace of COMUS, which is now discovered, set out with all manner of deliciousness, as music, & tables spread with all sorts of dainties. COMUS appears with his rabble & the lady sitting in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, & attempts to rise. But he wills her to be quiet & submit, or threatens to transform her into marble. She bravely disdains all his menaces. Whereupon he attempts to seduce her by flattery, & in particular, by a description of the great refreshment & joy & pleasure it will give her to taste of his cup. But she absolutely refuses to do so, & upbraids him with his knavery. COMUS therefore falls into a declamation against the preachers of virtue & temperance, & alleges, that nature would not have afforded such a great plenty of delicate meats, & drinks, & cloaths (or even THE SUPREME himself be thanked) if they were not to be used. That it is also the same case with respect to beauty, which if not imparted to others, what is the owner the better for it? The lady replies, that, if all the good things of this world were equally shared among them who want them, there would then be no great surplus remaining for the support of extravagance. And that she could say as much on the behalf of CHASTITY, but that he is not worthy to hear what she could offer on that divine topic. COMUS, now almost confounded, & perceiving the approach of other chaste feet, impudently presses her again to taste of his cup; when the brothers rush in with drawn swords, wrest his

his glass out of his hand, & break it against the ground. His rout at first
 make signs of resistance, but at length are all driven out, & he with them.
 The good spirit now enters, & blames the brothers for letting *Comus* de-
 part, without securing his wand, which, they may see, is now wanted to
 undo the charm whereby their sister sits immoveably fixed in her chair;
 yet bethinks himself of other means, taught him (as he pretends) by
Meliboeus, an antient shepherd; which is, to call up *Sabrina* (the
 goddess of the adjoining river, *Severn*) to release her. The story of
Sabrina & *Guendolyn* her cruel stepdame, touched. He sings, &
 calls her up; who rises, attended by water-nymphs, & in another song,
 asks, what he demands? The good spirit relates the case, & implores her
 assistance. She grants it; frees the lady; & descends. The young lady
 being thus set at liberty, the good spirit blesses *Sabrina*, & sets forward
 with the lady & her brothers to their father's house; where they soon
 arrive, & find the neighbouring country swains entertaining the new come
 lord president with dancing & other merriments. *Thyrsis* sings, &
 presents the lady & her brothers to their father and mother; which is fol-
 lowed by more dancings. Then *Thyrsis* declares himself, not a shep-
 herd, but a good angel, sent, under that appearance, for the protection of
 the young lady's innocence; next describes his own abode & nature; &
 then concludes with intimating the high deserts, & the great & certain
 rewards of virtue.

4. The plan of this poem, it may be observed, is formed on the *Circe*
 of *Homer* in the *Odyssey*. For there *Circe* offers a cup, filled with an intoxi-
 cating liquor, to her guests; here *Comus*, her son, doth the like. There
Ulysses resists her charms by virtue of an herb called *Moly*, which he had
 received from the god *Mercury*; here *Thyrsis* doth the same, by the strength
 of *Haemony*, the power whereof had been taught him by a young shepherd.
 There *Circe*, at the intreaty of *Ulysses*, restores his companions to their true
 shapes; here *Thyrsis*, instructed by old *Meliboeus*, calls up *Sabrina*, to free
 the lady, who never loses her virtue, yet is immoveably fixed in a chair, by
 the enchantments of *Comus*.

5. By the lady's being fixed in the chair of *Comus* is shewn, that the
 most virtuous woman may, sometimes, most unfortunately fall into the snares
 or power of *Comus*, the most vicious of men; yet that if she bravely endeavor
 it, she may still preserve her honor; she is under the protection of heaven, &
 heaven itself will in the end assuredly relieve her. So here *Sabrina*, in the
 close of this entertainment, dissolves the charm or gums of glutinous heat
 wherewith

wherewith the lady is fixed in her chair, by virtue of her cold hand, the type of chastity.

6. Towards the end of this poem is an allusion to the story of CUPID & PSYCHE; which, being one of the most entertaining & beautiful fables of antiquity, the reader I believe will not be displeased to find here. The story is related at large by *Apuleius* in his *Metamorphosis*, & abridged by *Fulgentius*. But I shall give it from *Montfaucon* (as translated by Mr. *Humphreys* ³) who relates it, not so large as *Apuleius*, nor yet so short as *Fulgentius*.

7. ' A king and a queen had three daughters of great beauty, but the youngest exceeded the other two very much. Nature seemed to have exhausted itself in her, to form the most charming creature that had ever been seen. Numbers came from all parts to see her, & were immediately so ravished with her beauty, that their admiration of her was insensibly changed into adoration. Her Fame was spread every where about. Men imagined *Venus* herself was come to converse with mankind, & flocked from all parts to worship her. *Paphos*, *Cnidus* & *Cythera* (those places so famous once for the worship of *Venus*) began to be forsaken, & every one flew to adore this new goddess. The true *Venus* growing jealous of the progress which this beauty made in the world to her disadvantage, stirred up *Cupid* to revenge his mother, & to wound her with his arrows, & make her fall in love with some base poor wretch, that she might lead the rest of her life in misery. *Cupid*, instead of executing his mother's orders, fell himself in love with *Psyche*. In the mean time she was honored as usual; her beauty was admired & extolled every where; yet no one durst presume to ask her in marriage; tho' her sisters (who were of a more accessible beauty) were married to great kings. But *Psyche*, adored by every one like some beauteous idol, passed her days in sadness, regretting that beauty which made her the most miserable of virgins. Her parents consulted *Apollo* upon the case; who gave, as usual, a dark, ambiguous answer. He ordered her to be placed on the top of an high mountain, near a precipice, habited in a shroud or burial dress, and told her, she must not expect a man for her husband, but a creature more malignant than a viper, which carried fire and sword every where, & was formidable both to the Gods above & those below.

' *Psyche* was placed on the top of a rock, & presently carried by *Zephyrus* into a pleasant valley. She observed a wood there, & went into it. In the middle of it there was a fine fountain & a magnificent palace glittering

3. Antiquities explained. Fol. Lond. 1721. Vol. I. p. 113.

' with gold & silver, & a pavement made of pretious stones. She saw no-
 ' body, but heard voices inviting her to continue there, & offering her
 ' their services. She did so; & was waited on by invisible nymphs; she
 ' heard consorts of music, & enjoyed all imaginable pleasures. At night she
 ' went to bed, & her husband came & lay with her, but left her before day-
 ' break, lest he should be seen by her. This commerce lasted a long time,
 ' without *Psyche's* seeing her husband, & she proved with child. In the
 ' mean time *Psyche's* parents grew solicitous about the fortune of their daugh-
 ' ter; & her sisters began to search for her. *Psyche* was acquainted with
 ' this by her husband; & advised to avoid speaking with them, be-
 ' cause an interview might plunge them into infinite calamities. *Psyche*
 ' promised at first to follow his directions; but (reflecting afterwards upon
 ' her present condition, & thinking herself to be as it were shut up in a
 ' prison, separated from all acquaintance, & deprived of the conversation of
 ' her sisters) she grew melancholy, wept continually, & fell into despair.
 ' Her husband perceiving the condition she was in, condescended to her de-
 ' sire, & permitted her to see her sisters; but counselled her not to mind
 ' the advice they would give her, of endeavoring to see her husband.

' *Zephyrus*, who had brought *Psyche* to this fine palace, brought her
 ' sisters also. *Psyche* was extremely delighted to see them, & told them
 ' how she was entertained in the palace, & pretended her husband was a
 ' young man, very beautiful, & intimated as if she saw him every day;
 ' & dismissed her sisters loaded with presents of gold & silver. Her sisters
 ' observing *Psyche's* happiness, conspired her ruin; & remarking she spoke
 ' very differently of her husband in a late conversation from what she had
 ' done at first, began to think her husband was invisible; & pretending to
 ' be concerned for her welfare, told her, the husband who lay with her was
 ' a monstrous serpent; repeated to her the oracle of *Apollo* (which seemed
 ' to insinuate something like what they said) & lastly, made her believe,
 ' that she was to perish miserably thro' that monster's means. *Psyche* was
 ' frightened at their discourse, & thought there was so much probability in it,
 ' that she asked their advice what she should do? They advised her to hide
 ' a lamp & a razor in the room; & when the monster came to bed, to
 ' take the lamp, & cut off his head with the razor.

' The sisters were carried away as usual by *Zephyrus*, & *Psyche* prepared
 ' to execute their pernicious counsel. She hid a lamp & a razor; & when
 ' she perceived her husband asleep, she took the lamp, & saw, instead of a
 ' serpent, *Cupid*, that beauteous youth; whose fine complexion, fluttering

wings, & yellow hair rendered him amiable beyond expression. At the sight of him she was seized with horror to think of the design she had to murder him; she would have plunged the razor in her own breast: but it fell out of her hand. She could not take her eyes off *Cupid*; the beauteous sight quieted all her anger. She saw at the bed's feet his bow & arrows; & tried the point of one of the arrows, & wounded her finger: but not minding so slight a hurt, she continued to gaze on *Cupid*. By mischance a drop of the burning oil fell on *Cupid's* right shoulder. He awaked with the pain, & fled away. *Psyche* caught him by the foot, & *Cupid* carried her along with him a little way, & let her fall. Then, flying upon a cypress-tree, he reproached *Psyche* for not believing him, & following his advice: then flew away. *Psyche*, falling into despair upon this accident, threw herself into a river; but the river, out of respect to her being *Cupid's* wife, carried her ashore. Afterwards she lighted on the god *Pan*, who comforted her, & told her it was her best method to ask *Cupid's* pardon, & to beg him to take her out of that miserable condition she was in. She wandered up & down 'till at last she came to a city where one of her sister's husbands reigned. She acquaints her sister with her arrival, & relates every thing that had happened to her upon the account of her following the advice which she gave; adding farther, that *Cupid* told her in anger, since she had made herself unworthy of such a husband, he repudiated her, & would marry one of her sisters. The sister, puffed up with the vain hope of marrying *Cupid*, pretended to the king her husband, that she had some affairs which obliged her to be absent from him for some time, & went to the top of the rock, & imagining, *Zephyrus* would support her as before & carry her to *Cupid's* palace, threw herself off the rock & was dashed to pieces with the fall. *Psyche* went also to her other sister, gave her the same account, & deceived her after the same manner: & so revenged herself on both for the pernicious counsel they gave her out of jealousy. In the mean time a bird told *Venus*, *Cupid's* shoulder was hurt with the burning oil, & related the whole affair of his amour, & told his mistress's name. *Venus* in anger goes to *Cupid*, reprimands & threatens him: then proceeds to seek for *Psyche*, in order to punish her for her rashness.

Psyche herself sought every where for *Cupid* in order to appease him. She came to a temple, & placed there some ears of corn which she had gathered up, hoping, by this small service to gain the favor of *Ceres*. *Ceres* answered, she was concerned for her misfortune, but could not protect her,

for

for fear of disobliging her relation, *Venus*; & she must think it a favor she was not seized & delivered up into *Venus*'s hands. She received the same answer from *Juno*, whom she found in her temple just by. *Psyche*, notwithstanding these refusals of help, did not despair, but took courage, & resolved to go & throw herself at *Venus*'s feet; & try to pacify her; she hoped to find *Cupid* with her, & to make her peace by his means: at all hazards she was ready to die if she could not appease the anger of the goddess. *Venus* resolved not to receive *Psyche* coming to her as a suppliant; she mounted her chariot drawn by four doves, & flew to heaven, to pray *Jupiter* to send *Mercury* to seek & bring *Psyche* to her. *Mercury* was ordered to do so. In the mean time *Psyche*, not knowing what to do, lighted on one of *Venus*'s servants called *Custom*, who seized, & dragged her by the hair of her head to her mistress. *Venus*, after a great many reproaches, delivered her up to *Sadnefs* & *Care*, two other of her servants, to be tormented. *Venus* herself tore her cloaths, pulled off her hair, & beat her about the head: then made a great heap of grain of several kinds (as wheat, barley, millet, poppies, vetches, lentiles, & beans) & ordered her to sort them, into little heaps, according to their several species, before night. *Psyche*, frightened with so hard a task, stood immoveable, but the officious ants did it for her. *Venus* afterwards commanded her to bring her a lock of wool off a golden fleece of some sheep, which fed on the other side of a river, in places inaccessible. *Psyche* went towards the place, not thinking of obeying her orders, but purposing to throw herself into the river: which she would certainly have done, if a reed which spoke (as once in the time of *Midas*) had not told her the method to get this lock of wool; which she procured, & brought the goddess. *Venus* ordered her then to fetch a vessel full of black water, out of a fountain guarded by dragons, the waters whereof ran into *Styx* & *Cocytus*. *Psyche* had certainly perished in attempting to perform this; but an eagle took the vessel, & filled it with the water, & she carried it to *Venus*. The goddess seeing she had executed all these orders, gave her a new command more difficult than any of the former, which was, to go down to hell, & desire *Proserpine* to give her a little of her beauty, to repair what she had lost in curing *Cupid*'s wound; & to make haste, because she was obliged to retrieve her first beauty quickly, in order to appear in the assembly of the gods. *Psyche* imagined *Venus* commanded her to kill herself, because she knew of no other way of going to hell. She went upon a high tower, designing to throw herself down headlong; but a voice spoke out of the

' tower & told her, if she went that way down to hell, she would never
 ' return back; that she ought to go to *Taenarus* near *Lacedaemon*, where
 ' was a subterraneous passage into hell; that she should provide herself with
 ' two cakes, which she should carry in her hands, & two pieces of money,
 ' which she must hold in her mouth; that in the middle of her journey she
 ' would meet with a lame ass loaded with wood, & a lame driver, who would
 ' desire her to gather up some of his wood which had fallen down, but
 ' that she should make no answer, but go on her way; that afterwards she
 ' would come to the infernal river, & *Charon*, who would demand money
 ' for ferrying her over; that she should give him one piece of the money she
 ' took in her mouth, for her passage over. She would find there a great
 ' many dead persons, who would beg her help; but she must not regard
 ' them; but pass on. When she was come to the great dog which guarded
 ' the court of *Proserpine*, she was to give him one of the cakes she took
 ' with her, & proceed on to *Proserpine*, who would receive her kindly, &
 ' offer to entertain her at a noble feast; but she must not accept of the in-
 ' vitation, but sit on the ground & eat black bread, & then tell her the
 ' occasion of her coming: that *Proserpine* would give her what she desired,
 ' &, upon her return, she must give the other cake to the great dog, &
 ' the other piece of money to *Charon*; but she ought especially to take care
 ' not to open the box with that particle of beauty which *Proserpine* sent
 ' *Venus*. *Psyche* obeyed the directions of this voice, & received of *Proser-*
 ' *pine* what *Venus* desired.

' After she was come out of hell, she had a curiosity to see the particle
 ' of beauty, & take some of it for herself. She opened the box, but found
 ' nothing in it but an infernal soporiferous vapor, which seized her instantly,
 ' & made her fall fast asleep on the ground. She would never have awoke,
 ' had not *Cupid*, now well of his hurt, flown thro' the window to see for
 ' his dear *Psyche*. He found her asleep, & awoke her with a prick of his
 ' arrow. *Cupid* fled to heaven, presented himself to *Jupiter*, who called
 ' an assembly of the gods, & ordered *Cupid* should take care of *Psyche*, &
 ' *Venus* no farther oppose her marriage. He commanded *Mercury* at the
 ' same time to bring *Psyche* up to heaven. *Psyche* was received into the
 ' assembly of the gods by *Jupiter's* command, drank ambrosia, & became
 ' immortal. Every god acted his part at the nuptials; *Venus* herself danced:
 ' & *Psyche* a little after lay in of a daughter, named *Pleasure*.

8. ' This ingenious Fable (saith *Montfaucon*) is entirely allegorical; &
 ' denotes the great evils & inconveniences which *Concupiscence*, signified by
 ' *Cupid*,

' *Cupid*, brings upon a human *Soul*, signified by *Psyche*. It would be too strict to make an application to each of them, of every particular incident in the fable, most of the circumstances being introduced for ornament only. However there are several places in it where the moral appears plainly; as, when it mentions *custom*, a servant of *Venus*, dragging *Psyche* by her hair to her mistress; & that *Venus* delivered her to two other servants, *Sadnefs* & *Care*, to be tormented. *Custom* often draws us against our disposition, & forces us to follow the inclinations of *Venus*, or carnal love; if we resist, it drags us, as it were by the hair; or tho' we freely follow an unhappy disposition, which we know will have very ill consequences, such as will create *sadnefs* & *care* to torment us, yet they notwithstanding cannot expiate the sin.'

9. *Mary Catherina le Jumel de Berneville*, Countess d'Aulnois, in a Romance of hers 4, hath taken this fable of *Apuleius*, & made a quite new one of it, wherein *Cupid* (under the person of *Adolph* a Russian prince) runs thro' almost as odd adventures to arrive at the palace of pleasure, as *Psyche* does here to obtain *Cupid*. It is finely diversified, & the incident of *Time*, who unexpectedly lays hold of the *Russian*, after he hath enjoyed a long course of sensualities, carries in it a very beautiful moral.

10. But I return to our author & his *Comus*. 'In 1738. this masque was adapted to the stage by Mr. *Dalton*, by dividing it into scenes & acts, & introducing some vocal music. This indeed was at first thought an attempt which would never answer in the success, as it was imagined that the town would not taste MILTON's beauties, or at least would think it too heavy an entertainment for a whole evening, to hear only fine poetical sentiments & moral instructions. But the event was the very reverse. Every night it was performed the audience received it with the utmost satisfaction & delight, & were no where more attentive than in those scenes where there are such excellent lessons of morality 5.'

11. Mr. *Dalton*'s prologue begins thus:

Our stedfast bard, to his own genius true,
Sill bad his muse FIT AUDIENCE FIND, THO' FEW.
Scorning the judgment of a trifling age,
To choicer spirits he bequeath'd his page.
He too was scorn'd, & to Britannia's shame,
She scarce, for half an age, knew MILTON's name.

4. *Hippolytus*, earl of *Douglafs*. 8°. Lond. 1708. p. 177. 5. *Universal Spectator*. N°. 454.

But now, his Fame by ev'ry trumpet blown,
 We on his deathless trophies raise our own.
 Nor art nor nature did his genius bound,
 Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, he survey'd around.
 All things his eye, thro' wit's bright empire thrown,
 Beheld, & made what it beheld his own.

C H A P. IV.

1. Of his l'Allegro. 2. the argument. 3. Many hints of it taken from an old Ballad. 4. that ballad at large.

1. **H**IS *Homo l'ALLEGRO*, or the *laetans*, is the THIRD of Mr. Milton's NINE most celebrated English poems.

Awake the pert & nimble spirit of MIRTH;

Turn MELANCHOLY forth to funerals:

The pale companion is not for our pomp.

Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's dream*. Vol. I. p. 79.

2. The Argument.

' Exclamation against MELANCHOLY. The origin or parents of MIRTH.
 ' Her companions, JEST, JOLLITY, SPORT, LAUGHTER, & LIBERTY.
 ' The morning, noon, evening, & nights of MIRTH, first in the COUNTRY,
 ' & then in the TOWN.

' The COUNTRY morning of MIRTH, in the *spring*, described, by the
 ' lark's early matin song; the cock's crowing, & strutting out betimes before
 ' his hens; the fragrancy of the sweet briar & wood-bine; in *autumn*,
 ' by the great pleasure of walking out when the huntsman & hounds are
 ' first abroad; the plow-man whistling; milkmaid singing; mower whet-
 ' ting his scythe; shepherds meeting & talking. Delightful prospect of
 ' lawns, fallows, flocks, hills, meadows, brooks, towns, steeples, residence
 ' of some famous beauty. The COUNTRY noon of MIRTH, by CORYDON
 ' & THYRSIS at a plain meal, clean dressed. The COUNTRY afternoon of
 ' MIRTH, by reaping, hay-making, bells-ringing, & dancing at a wake.
 ' The COUNTRY evening of MIRTH, by a chearful cup of ale, story-
 ' telling of queen MAB, friar's lanthorn, ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW & his
 ' pranks; going to bed chearfully & being rocked asleep by whistling
 ' winds.

' The CITY morning of MIRTH, by crouds thronging to a tournament,
 ' & the many beautiful ladies & gallant knights to be seen there. The noon,
 ' by a wedding, pageants, feasting, & revels. The evening, by going to the
 ' theatre to see a piece of BEN. JOHNSON or SHAKESPEARE's; or to hear
 ' a consort

' a confort of music by the best hands & voices, every one an ORPHEUS, &
' flying & driving each other thro' all the divisions & lengths of harmony.'
And thus; as our author himself elegantly expresses it, ' There be delights,
' there be recreations & jolly pastimes that will fetch the day about from
' fun to fun, & rock the tedious year, as in a delightful dream.'

3. Our author (if I err not) took divers hints of this poem from an humorous old thing, a song (I think, of BEN. JOHNSON's) a copy whereof was sent me from Mr. PEPY's collection of *old ballads* (begun by SELDEN) in the library of S. Mary Magdalen College, Cambridge.

4. The Ballad of ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.

From OBERON, in FAIRY-LAND,
The king of ghosts & shadows there,
Mad ROBIN I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here
What revel rout
Is kept about,
In ev'ry corner where I go,
I will o'er-see,
And merry be,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!
More swift than light'ning can I fly
About this aery welkin soon,
And, in a minute's space, descry
Each thing that's done below the moon.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, Goblins! where I do go;
But ROBIN I,
Their feats will spy,
And see them home, with ho, ho, ho!
Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night-sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greet
And call them on, with me to roam,

6. *Areopagitica*, p. 436. ad inum.

Thro'

Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
Or else, unseen, with them I go,
All in the nick,
To play some trick,
And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man;
Sometimes an Ox; sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can;
To trip & trot about them round.

But if, to ride,
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
Ore hedge & lands,
Thro' pools & ponds,
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

5.
When lads & lasses merry be,
With possets & with juncates fine;
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes & sip their wine;

And, to make sport,
I f--rt & snort;
And out the candles I do blow.
The maids I kiss;
They shriek ---- Who's This?
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

6.
Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At mid-night I card up their wool;
And while they sleep, snort, f--rt & feaze,
With wheel to threds their flax I pull,
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.
If any 'wake,
And would me take,
I wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho!

7. When

7.

When house or harth doth sluttish lie,
I pinch the maids there black & blue;
And, from the bed, the bed-cloaths I
Pull off, & lay them nak'd to view.
'Twixt sleep & 'wake,
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw.
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

8.

When any need to borrow ought,
We lend them what they do require;
And, for the use, demand we nought;
Our own is all we do desire.
If to repay,
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And, night by night,
I them affright
With pinchings, dreams, & ho, ho, ho!

9.

When lazie queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog & lie;
To make debate & mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretly:
I mark their gloze,
And it disclose
To them whom they have wronged so;
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

10.

When men do traps & engins set
In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,
Who from their folds & houses, get
Their ducks, & geese, & lambs asleep:

I D

I spy

*I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so.
But when they there
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!*

I I.

*By wells & rills, in meadows green
We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
And, to our FAIRY KING & QUEEN,
We chant our moon-light harmonies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling;
And babes new-born steal as we go.
An elf in bed,
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!*

I 2.

*From hag-bred MERLIN's time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to & fro;
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.
Friends, ghosts & sp'rites,
Who haunt the nights,
The hags & goblins do me know;
And beldames old
My feats have told,
So VALE, VALE; ho, ho, ho!*

C H A P. V.

1. *Of his il Penseroso* 2. *the argument.* 3. *many hints of the l'Allegro*
 & *il Penseroso taken from a poem written by Democritus junior.* 4. *that*
poem at large. 5. *The l'Allegro & il Penseroso set to music,* 6. *&*
translated into all the modern languages.

1. **H**IS *Homo IL PENSEROSO*, or the *cogitans*, is the FOURTH of Mr.
 Milton's NINE most celebrated *English* poems.

This poem is just the reverse of the L'ALLEGRO. After the picture of
 a merry fellow there, who thinks of nothing but pleasure, he gives us
 here that of a grave melancholy wretch, who is perfectly wrapt up in
 thought.

Some-

*Something's in his soul,
O'er which his MELANCHOLY sits on brood.*

Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Vol. VII. p. 290.

2. The Argument.

' Exclamation against MIRTH. The origin or parents of MELANCHOLY.
' Her companions, the NUN, PEACE, QUIET, FASTING, LEISURE,
' CONTEMPLATION, SILENCE.

' The COUNTRY evening & night of MELANCHOLY, in the *spring*,
' described, *without doors*, by listening to the nightingale as she warbles &
' bemoans herself; walking by moon-light; & hearing some great Curfeu-
' bell ring at a distance. *Within doors*, by sitting in the dark without any
' light save what beams from the embers on the hearth; hearing only the
' cricket, or the bell-man; or sitting up late in some high tower to study,
' reading HERMES TRISMEGISTUS, PLATO, books of spirits, tragedy,
' romances, poets whose very verse makes a music, as MUSAEUS, CHAUCER,
' & SPENSER; while the moon is clouded, winds roar, rains fall, eaves drop.

' The COUNTRY morn of MELANCHOLY, in the *summer*, by walking
' (after the sun is up) in covered arbors, or under thick high trees; or sitting
' by some brook, where the bees humm, & waters fall, & entice sleep, &
' bring on strange mysterious dreams; & being after awaked by soft music
' at a distance. Then walking thence to some monastery, viewing the
' statues & other sculpture in the stone-work, with the several curious
' histories in the painted glass windows; hearing the organ there touched
' by some masterly hand, & sometimes a full service, sometimes an anthem,
' sung to it by the best of voices.

' The *old age* of MELANCHOLY, by retiring to some hermitage, reading
' the stars, gathering every simple, & studying all their virtues. And thus
' every day growing wiser as well as older.'

3. Our author I conceive took divers hints both of the L'ALLEGRO &
IL PENSEROSO, from a witty little poem written by ROBERT BURTON
(better known by the name of DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR) S. T. B. Student of
Christ's Church, & Rector of *Segrave* in *Leicestershire*; which poem may
be called *The PLEASURE & PAIN of MELANCHOLY*, &, with a very little
alteration, is as follows.

Pleasure. When I go musing all alone,
And think of divers things foreknown;

1 D 2

When

When I build castles in the air,
And, void of sorrow, void of fear,
Still please my self with fancies sweet;
Methinks the time runs very fleet!
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so gay as MELANCHOLY!

2.

Pain.

When I lie waking all alone,
And think what I amils have done;
My thoughts o'er me all tyrannise,
Shame, Fear, & Sorrow me surprize;
And whether I lie still or go,
Methinks the time moves very flow!
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so *jad* as MELANCHOLY!

3.

Pleasure.

When to my self I act & smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile;
By a brook side or wood so green,
Unheard, unfought for, & unseen;
A thousand pleasures me do blefs,
And crown my soul with happiness!
All my joys besides are folly,
Nought so *sweet* as MELANCHOLY!

4.

Pain.

When I or sit or walk alone,
And sigh, & grieve, & make great moan,
In a dark grove or irksome den;
With Discontents & Furies then
A thousand miseries at once
My heavy heart & soul enconce!
All my griefs besides are jolly,
Nought so *four* as MELANCHOLY!

5.

Pleasure.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Soft musick & sweet melodie;
Towns, palaces, & cities fine,
Where beauties & fair ladies shine,

With all that's lovely & divine!
(Now here, now there! The world is mine!)
All other joys to this are folly,
Nought so *blest* as MELANCHOLY!

6.

Pain. Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Ghosts, goblins, fiends, my phantasia
Presents a thousand ugly shapes
Of headless bears, black men, & apes;
Each doleful cry, each fearful sight,
Doth still my troubled soul affright!
All other griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so *curst* as MELANCHOLY!

7.

Pleasure. Methinks I court, methinks I kiss,
Methinks I now am lapt in bliss!
O blessed days! O sweet content!
In paradise my time is spent!
May such thoughts still my fancy move!
So may I ever be in love!
All my joys to this are folly,
Nothing *sooths* like MELANCHOLY!

8.

Pain. When I recount love's many frights,
My sighs & tears, my waking nights
And jealous fits; of my hard fate
I then repent, but 'tis too late!
No torment is so bad as love,
There's none so bitter e'er can prove!
All my thoughts to this are jolly,
Nothing *grates* like MELANCHOLY!

9.

Pleasure. Friends & companions get you gone;
'Tis my desire to be alone:
Ne'er well but when my thoughts & I
Are wrapt in busie privacie!
No gemm, no treasure's like to this!
'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss!

All

All my joys besides are folly,
Nothing *charms* like MELANCHOLY!

10.

Pain.

Oh how I hate to be alone!
I am a beast, a monster grown!
I'll have a light & company!
The want of them is misery!
The scene is chang'd! My joys are gone!
Fear, Discontent, & Sorrow, come!
All my griefs besides are jolly;
Nothing *plagues* like MELANCHOLY!

11.

Pleasure.

I'll not change life with any king;
I ravish'd am! Can the world bring
More joy than still to laugh & smile,
And time with pleasant toys beguile;
Do not, O do not trouble me;
Such sweet content I feel & see;
All other joys to this are folly;
Heav'n is nought but MELANCHOLY!

12.

Pain.

I'll change my state with any wretch
Thou can't from jail or dunghill fetch!
Past cure, I dread my pain to tell,
But may not in this torment dwell!
Ev'n desperate, I hate my life ----
Lend me a halter or a knife! ----
All other griefs to this are jolly;
Hell is nought but MELANCHOLY!

5. The L'ALLEGRO & IL PENSEROSO, were set to music, as I take it, by the abovementioned Mr. Henry Lawes. The ten first lines of each of those pieces, it may be observed, are verses of ten syllables, and designed, if I err not, for something of a division. Afterwards (the verses of each being all *Anacreontics*, or lines of seven or eight syllables) the music may be supposed to have fallen into a more regular aire, yet this not always the same, but often varied as the subject & words suggested; every hint of all which that great master was always so ready to catch at.

6. These

6. These two poems are justly admired by foreigners as well as *Englishmen*, & have therefore been translated into all the modern languages.

C H A P. VI.

1. Of his Lycidas. 2. the argument. 3. of the rhyme & mystery concealed in it. 4. of Mr. Edward King, the Gent. lamented under the name of Lycidas. 5. of the many poems written on his death. 6. his epitaph.

1. **H**IS LYCIDAS is the FIFTH of Mr. Milton's NINE most celebrated *English* Poems. It was written on occasion of the death of Mr. EDWARD KING, Fellow of *Christ's College, Cambridge*, who was unfortunately drowned in his passage from *Chester* on the *Irish* seas, on the 10. Aug. 1637.

Si recte calculum ponas, ubique naufragium est. Petr. Arb.

2. The Argument.

After strewing the ground with laurel, myrtle, & ivy, & just touching on his own grief for the loss of such a valuable friend, our author invokes all the MUSES to joyn with him in lamenting his worthy fellow-collegian; & to invite them to do so, opens the great delight which he once had in his sweet & pleasant conversation, & their mutual exercise of poetry; & how much likewise many others now regret him for the same endearing qualifications. The MUSES themselves, he persuades himself, knew his dear LYCIDAS's rich vein, & had it been in their power, would have helped him in his distress. But alas! CALLIOPE could not save ORPHEUS, her own son, from being torn to pieces, nor HIM, from being drowned. How vain then (he argues) is all the labor & toil of study, the infinite pains which his lost friend, & as such he take to improve & excel, when the Fates can thus at once cut them short, & put an end to all their science! APOLLO rebukes him for talking so idly, & shews, that immortal *Fame* is always gained by such pursuits, & even *heaven* itself, when they are directed to good ends. NEPTUNE then compassionately sends his son TRITON to enquire how such an extraordinary person came to be lost. Old CAM is infinitely concerned: And S. PETER still more. The poet then proceeds to deck his herse with every flower; but suddenly falls into a new lamentation for that the body of his shipwreckt friend is not to be found, & he knows not where to look for it. Still comforts himself at last with a remembrance of his great virtue & piety (which are above all learning) & therefore concludes, that now he assuredly lives with CHRIST, & hears & sings his part of the *virgin* song with all

‘ those other blessed Saints who were the true followers of the LAMB & his first fruits unto God.’

3. Now I come to speak of this poem, I have a *quaere* to offer to the curious. But, before I proceed to set down my thoughts, I beg the reader will always be pleased to remember, that, what I write on this article, is purely by way of *enquiry*, & very far from asserting any thing.

Mr. *Dryden* says, that our author had no talent for Rhime¹. I fancy the occasion of his saying so, was his reading of this poem, & observing (as he went along) how oddly the Rhimes are therein dispersed; which he imagined, I guess, to fall so, because Mr. MILTON could not help it; tho’, I think, they lie so, because Mr. MILTON designed it. Be that as it will, the *four* first of these poems are, I conceive, so many several demonstrations that Mr. MILTON had a good talent for Rhime; & this *fifth*, the last of any length which he wrote in Rhime (especially if so written for a reason which I shall immediately set down) will be a farther good proof of the same assertion. To come to the point then.

This Poem, it may be observed, tho’ wrote in Rhime, is very remarkable for a great many of those Rhimes not being either successive, alternate, or triple, but often thrown off from each other, by the intervention of other lines & Rhimes, to a great distance: yet all these Rhimes, it may also be noted, have always their return or answer at the end of some verse in the same paragraph. For no Rhime in any one paragraph hath any relation to those in another. And again, it may be farther remarked, there are some few lines in almost every paragraph, the last words of which have no other lines to rhyme to them. Yet, by this way of writing & dispersing his rhimes, our author, as I take it, attempts to give us, tho’ secretly, a poetical image or draught of the mathematical Canon of Music. The fancy is very singular; but, I think, may be thus made out.

This whole Poem may be considered as a lesson or piece of Music consisting altogether of such a number of bars; & every one of those bars containing such a number of notes. Thus every paragraph in this poem may be considered as one of those bars. And all the Rhimes in each paragraph,

1. ‘ Whatever causes *Milton* alleges for the abolishing of Rhime (which I have not now the leisure to examine) his own particular reason is plainly this, that *rhime was not his talent*; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifest in his *Juvenilia*, or verses written in his youth; where his rhyme is always constrained & forced, & comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant; & the passion of love makes every man a rhimer, tho’ not a poet.’ *Preface to Juvenal. Edit. 8^o. 1702.* p. 14.

& their

& their different removes, as so many several cords in that bar. And again, all those lines which have no rhimes to them, as so many discords in the same bar. MILTON, it is well known, was skilled in playing on the organ. The odd dispersion of the rhimes therefore in this poem (to fetch a simile from the manner of playing on that instrument) may not improperly be compared to that beautiful way of sprinkling the keys, for which some masters of it are so justly famous.

All this, I imagine, will appear exceeding natural, if you take only the last words of each line, & set them down under one another, & then draw a bow line from every word, to that one word, or those two, or three, or more, words, which rhyme to it. But then this must be done paragraph by paragraph. And you will then see all his bars, his cords, & discords, with their several distances & relations, distinctly; & thereby have as perfect a figure of his idea in all these respects, as you can have of the mathematical scale of music itself, when you behold it drawn out & laid, in the same manner, before you.

To illustrate this observation a little farther, it may here be added, this poem consists of eleven paragraphs or bars, every paragraph or bar whereof contains several cords & discords: All which cords & discords are equally obvious. For the bow lines (which, as I observed, you may draw from rhyme to rhyme) shew the cords. And again, those words, which (for want of rhimes to answer them) will admit of no lines to be drawn to them, as plainly discover the discords.

If this observation hold good, then our author, by writing this *fifth* poem in Rhime, & by his disposing of the rhimes of it in so particular a manner, seems (as if aware of Mr. DRYDEN's objection before it was ever started) resolved to let the world see, how that he was both a perfect master of rhyme, & could also express something by it, which no body else ever thought of. For my part, I know of no poem in our language, either before or after MILTON, which is wrote in this manner. It is true Mr. COWLEY, who soon after introduced the *Pindaric* way of writing, throws abroad his Rhimes as dispersedly; but then he hath no discords, or lines without Rhimes, as our author hath.

Again it may be noted, that our author, in this poem, hath verses of two, three, & four, as well as five feet, *ad libitum*, just as Mr. Cowley hath in his *Pindaric's*. And Mr. Cowley himself, I fancy, not only observed this, but, if he learnt from *Pindar*, how to vary his measure, learnt

also from hence, how to disperse his Rhimes. But, thus far (as I said) purely by way of *quære*; & so I leave it.

4. Mr. EDWARD KING, the person here lamented under the name of LYCIDAS, had (as I am informed by my learned friend, the very Reverend Mr. Thomas Baker of S. John's College, Camb.²) 'a mandat from
' K. Charles I. bearing date 10. June, 1630. directed to Thomas Bainbrigg,
' S. T. P. Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, to admit him fellow there.
' The mandat is directed to Dr. Bainbrigg the Master only, without any
' mention of the fellows, or of any election. This (saith Mr. Baker) seems to
' destroy a famous story, so much talked of, & that with so little ground.
' The story is, that this Mr. King & Mr. Milton were competitors for a
' fellowship at Christ's College, where they had a tradition (when I was a
' young man) that, in the competition, the college, finding both equally
' deserving in point of learning, were determined in their choice by
' Mr. King's character of good-nature, wanting in his competitor; which
' Mr. Milton is said, according to that tradition, to have always resented.
So far Mr. Baker. Now, tho' it appears (by Mr. Baker's account) that
there was no actual fitting, & consequently no competition for a fellowship
between these two great men; yet it is like (from this very tradition) that,
before the mandat came, Mr. MILTON had a design to offer himself a
candidate for that fellowship which Mr. King obtained by the royal letters.
Nay, & I am of opinion, that this disappointment immediately turned him
violently, both against the college (which he afterwards extended to the
universities & to the whole clergy in general) & also against the King
himself. For, in this poem, it may be observed, he lets fly his Satyr against
the clergy so very rudely, that it is astonishing that the university should
ever suffer such a thing to come forth from their press; & in his *Baptistes*,
(translated almost immediately after he had done writing his *Lycidas*: for
he began to translate it in January 1637. if not sooner) as severely, tho'
covertly, against the King himself. And indeed, 'if he had any resent-
' ment (as Mr. Baker adds) it must have been against the King, for send-
' ing his mandat. The college gave him no offence, nor did Mr. KING;
' whose death he so passionately & elegantly laments, & whom the univer-
' sity likewise honored with many other copies of verses.' Long after this
Mr. Baker was pleased to favor me with another letter³, wherein he writes,

2. Letters 20. Nov. & 18. Dec. [1736.] & MS. memoranda, in a book he kindly lent me.

3. Dated 23. Sept. [1739.]

‘ Upon reading Mr. Milton’s life by J. T. (Toland, I presume) & comparing it with some of Milton’s verses, well known to you, I cannot but suspect, he did not leave the college fairly, & being charged with it, as you know, he makes the following defence.—For this commodious lye, I thank him, for it has given me an apt occasion to acknowledge publickly, with all grateful mind, that more than ordinary favor & respect which I found, above any of my equals, at the hands of those learned and courteous men, the fellows of that college, wherein I spent some years, &c. ——— You see he says nothing of the master Dr. Bainbrigg, a severe governor. Pray compare this with his verses, & then make your own judgment.

‘ *Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Camum,*

‘ *Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor. ---*

‘ *Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,*

‘ *Caeteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.*

‘ *Si fit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,*

‘ *Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi :*

‘ *Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,*

‘ *Laetus & exilii conditione fruor 4.*

I should think by these lines, & some other which there follow them, that Mr. Milton had been then very lately expelled, or at least rusticated. But when I come just to the end of this elegy, & read,

‘ *Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,*

‘ *Atque iterum raucae murmur adire scholae.*

I am again in this particular as much at a loss as ever.

5. As to those other verses on Mr. KING’s death, Mr. Baker (whom I have always found so ready to assist me upon every occasion of this sort) was pleased to lend me his copy of them, containing in the whole, three GREEK, nineteen LATIN, & thirteen ENGLISH, poems.

The three GREEK poems were written by Will. Iveson, Jo. Potts, & H. More.

The nineteen LATIN by, Anonymous, N. Felton, R. Mason, Job. Pullen, John Pearson, R. Browne, J. B. ---- Coke, Steph. Anstie, Jo. Hooper, Tho. Farnaby (Mr. KING’s Schoolmaster.) Henry King (his brother.) Job. Harwood (Chancellor & Canon Residentiary of the Church of Lincoln.) M. Honywood, two copies. Will. Brearly, Ch. Bainbrigg, & R. Wid-drington.

4. *Elegia prima ad Car. Diodatum.*

The thirteen *English*, by *Hen. King*, *J. Beaumont*, Anonymous, *J. Cleveland*, *W. More*, *W. Hall*, *Samson Briggs*, *Isaac Oliver*, *J. H. C. B. R. Brown*, *T. Norton*, & our author, whose copy (signed only *J. M.*) stands last (& no wonder, for the reason beforementioned) of all the thirty five.

The *Greek & Latin Verses* are printed with this Title. *Iusta EDOARDO KING, naufrago, ab amicis moerentibus amoris* & *μνείας χάριν.*

The *English* (in the same book) with this Title, *Obsequies to the memorie of Mr. EDWARD KING, Camb. 1638. 4°.*

6. And before them all is premised the following account of Mr. KING.

P. M. S.

EDOVARDUS KING, F. JOANNIS (EQUITIS AURATI, QUI SS S. RRR. ELISABETHAE, JACOBO, CAROLO, PRO REGNO HIBERNIAE A SECRETIS) COLL. CHRISTI IN ACADEMIA CANT. SOCIUS, PIETATIS ATQUE ERUDITIONIS CONSCIENTIA ET FAMA FELIX, IN QUO NIHIL IMMATURUM PRAETER AETATEM; DUM HIBERNIAM COGITAT, TRACTUS DESIDERIO SUORUM; PATRIAM, AGNATOS ET AMICOS, PRAECAETERIS FRATREM, DOMINUM ROBERTUM KING (EQUITEM AURATUM, VIRUM ORNATISSIMUM) SORORES (FOEMINAS LECTISSIMAS) ANNAM, DOM. G. CAULFIELD, BARONIS DE CHERLEMONT; MARGARETAM, D. G. LODER, SUMMI HIBERNIAE JUSTITIARII, UXOREM; VENERANDUM PRAESULEM, EDOVARDUM KING, EPISCOPUM ELPHINENSEM (A QUO SACRO FONTE SUSCEPTUS) REVERENDISSIMUM ET DOCTISSIMUM VIRUM GULIELMUM CHAPPELL, DECANUM ECCLESIAE CASSELIENSIS, ET COLLEGII SANCTAE TRINITATIS APUD DUBLINIENSES PRAEPOSITUM (CUJUS IN ACADEMIA AUDITOR ET ALUMNUS FUERAT) INVISENS; HAUD PROCU L A LITTORE BRITANNICO, NAVI IN SCOPULUM ALLISA, ET RIMIS ET ICTU FATISCENTE, DUM ALII VECTORES VITAE MORTALIS FRUSTRA SATAGERENT, IMMORTALITATEM ANHELANS, IN GENUA PROVOLUTUS ORANSQUE, UNA CUM NAVIGIO AB AQUIS ABSORPTUS, ANIMAM DEO REDDIDIT, IIII. EID. SEXTILEIS; ANNO SALUTIS M, DC, XXXVII. AETATIS XXV.

C H A P.

CHAP. VII.

Of his BAPTISTES.

1. I HAVE given so large an account of this poem in the preface before it, & in the Notes all the way subjoined to it; that, for this particular I have only to refer my reader thither.

CHAP. VIII.

1. Of his *Paradise Lost*. 2. He at first designed only a dramatic poem. 3. The first plan. 4. the second. 5. the third (all written when he was very young.) 6. the fourth. 7. Adam unparadised: *Act IV. Scene II.* 8. Voltaire's conjecture, whence he took his first hint. 9. a second, by Dr. Pearce. 10. a third, by the author: where the Original plan, as Milton himself found it in a Romance. 11. Milton's muse not always alike ready. 12. His *Paradise Lost* in danger of being suppressed for treason, by the cavils of the licenser. 13. the original copy sold only for 15. l. 14. alterations in the second edition. 15. a remark on the *XII. book*, by Mr. Addison; 16. answered by Mr. Richardson. 17. Milton's farther character, by Mr. Dryden, 18. Bp. Atterbury, 19. Mr. Pope, 20. Monsieur de Voltaire, 21. Mr. Richardson & Mr. Warburton. 22. Translations of the *Paradise Lost* into other languages.

1. HIS PARADISE LOST is the SEVENTH of Mr. Milton's NINE most celebrated *English* poems, & that wonderful work which so justly immortalizes his name. Mr. Richardson thinks our author entered upon this poem in 1654¹. & saith it was shewn as done in 1665². which answers pretty well to the *nonumque prematur in annum* of Horace. But why, by the way, should Horace fix it at nine years? Would not seven or eight be enow, or, if not, ten do better than nine? Doubtless to insinuate, that every one of the nine muses should, in her turn, have a whole year to herself, to bestow her peculiar graces & touches upon it. And indeed this, if any, is A WORK, WHICH (to describe it in our author's own words³) 'IS PENCIL'D WITH ALL THE CURIOUS TOUCHES OF ART, EVEN TO THE PERFECTION OF A FAULTLESS PICTURE!'

2. Our author at first, it seems, proposed only a dramatic poem of this name, whereof he drew up three plans. Then he changed the name to that of ADAM UNPARADISED, & drew up a fourth plan. Whence I cannot help thinking, that, besides the bare plans, he also wrote a good deal of the Drama itself (perhaps all) & then took it to pieces, & threw the main of it into this work. I insert here the plans at large; & note

1. life. p. cx.

2. id. p. cxi.

3. Reason of Church Governm. Toland's Edit. p. 221.

that wherever they differ from Mr. *Birch's* copy; it is from the authority of the author's MS, which I have now [26. May 1739.] before me.

3. ' PARADISE LOST. [The *first* Plan] 4.

The Persons.

- ' *Michael*.
- ' Heavenly Love.
- ' Chorus of angels.
- ' *Lucifer*.
- ' *Adam*, } with the serpent.
- ' *Eve*, }
- ' Conscience.
- ' Death.
- ' Labour,
- ' Sicknesse,
- ' Discontent, } mutes.
- ' Ignorance,
- ' with others,
- ' Faith.
- ' Hope.
- ' Charity.

4. ' PARADISE LOST. [The *Second* Plan.] 5.

The Persons.

- ' *Moses*.
- ' Divine Justice, Mercie, Wisdom, Heavenly Love.
- ' *Michael*.
- ' *Hesperus*, the evening starre.
- ' Chorus of Angels.
- ' *Lucifer*.
- ' *Adam*.
- ' *Eve*.
- ' Conscience.
- ' Labour,
- ' Sicknesse,
- ' Discontent, } mutes.
- ' Ignorance,
- ' Fear,
- ' Death,
- ' Faith.
- ' Hope.
- ' Charity.

4. MS. Trin. p. 35.

5. MS. Trin. p. 35.

5. ' PARA-

5. ' PARADISE LOST. [The third Plan.] 6.

The Persons.

ACT I.

' *Moses προλογίζει*: recounting how he assumed his true bodie; that it corrupts not, because of his [being] with God in the mount; declares the fame of *Enoch* & *Eliab*; besides the puritie of the place, that certain pure winds, *dues* 7, & clouds praeferve it from corruption; whence [he] exhorts to the sight of God, [&] tells they cannot see *Adam* in the state of innocence, by reason of thire sin.

' Justice,
' Mercie, } debating what should become of man, if he fall.
' Wifdome,

ACT II.

' Heavenly Love.
' Evening Starre.
' Chorus sing the mariage song, & describe *Paradice* 8.

ACT III.

' *Lucifer* contriving *Adam*'s ruine.
' Chorus feares for *Adam*, & relates *Lucifer*'s rebellion & fall.

ACT IV.

' *Adam*, } fallen.
' *Eve*, }
' Conscience cites them to God's Examination.
' Chorus bewailes & tells the good *Adam* hath lost.

ACT V.

' *Adam* & *Eve* driven out of *Paradice* 8.
' Praesented by an angel with

' Labour,
' Grief,
' Hatred,
' Envie,
' Warre,
' Famine,
' Pestilence,
' Sicknesse,
' Discontent,
' Ignorance,
' Fear,

} mutes, to whom he gives thire names: Likewise, winter, heat, tempest, &c.

6. MS. Trin. p. 35. 7. Sic in Autographo. 8. *Paradice*, cum litera c, non f; sic in autogr. F. P.

' Death,

- ' Death, entered into the world.
- ' Faith, }
- ' Hope, } comfort him, & instruct him.
- ' Charity, }
- ' Chorus briefly concludes.'

☞ Note these *three plans* stand the *three first* in our author's own MS. copy of his *many* intended dramatic pieces. Which observation, & that of his being drawn (when he was but twenty four or twenty five years of age) with his hand on a book entitled *Paradise Lost* (in the original picture of him now in my possession) amounts almost to a demonstration that he had begun & made some progress in a dramatic poem of *that name*, when he was even so very young. A wonderful instance this of his forward parts & most early ripeness of judgment!

Mr. *Milton* also proposed a dramatic piece called *ADAM in banishment*; which, I presume, was the same with the next called,

6. *ADAM UNPARADIZ'D*; *Adam's punishment*, [or *PARADISE LOST*: The *fourth* Plan 9.

The Persons.

A C T. I.]

' The angel *Gabriel* (either descending or entering) shewing, since this globe was created, his frequency as much on earth as in heaven, describes Paradise.

' Next the Chorus, shewing the reason of his coming to keep his watch after *Lucifer's* rebellion, by command from God; & withall expressing his desire to see & know more, concerning this excellent & new creature, man.

' The angel *Gabriel* (as by his name signifying a prince of power) tracing Paradise with a more free office, passes by the Station of the Chorus, & desired by them, relates what he knew of man, as the creation of *Eve*, with thire love & marriage.

[A C T II.]

' After this *Lucifer* appears after his overthrow, bemoans himself, seeks revenge on man.

' The Chorus prepare resistance at his first approach.

' At last, after discourse of enmity on either side, he departs.

' Whereat, the *Chorus* sing of the battell & victorie in heaven against him & his accomplices. As before (after the first Act) was sung a hymn of the Creation.

9. *MS. Trin.* p. 40.

[A C T III.]

[ACT III.]

' Heer again may appear *Lucifer* relating and insulting, in what he had
' don to the destruction of man.

' *Man* next (& *Eve*) having by this time bin seduc't by the serpent,
' appears confusedly cover'd with leaves.

' Conscience, in a shape, accuses him.

' Justice cites him to the place, whither *Jehovah* called for him.

' In the mean while the Chorus entertains the stage, & is informed,
' by some angel, [of] the manner of his fall.

[ACT IV.]

' Heer the Chorus bewails *Adam's* fall.

' *Adam* then & *Eve* returne, & accuse one another; but especially
' *Adam* layes the blame to his wife: is stubborn in his offence.

' Justice appears; reasons with him: convinces him.

' The Chorus admonishes *Adam*, & bids him beware *Lucifer's* example
' of impenitence.

[ACT V.]

' The angel is sent to banish them out of Paradise; but, before, causes
' to pass before his eyes, in shapes, a mask of all the evils of this life &
' world.

' He is humbl'd; relents; dispaïres.

' At last appeares *Mercy*; comforts him; promises the MESSIAH. Then
' calls in *Faith*, *Hope*, & *Charity*: instructs him.

' He repents; gives God the glory: submits to his penalty.

' The Chorus briefly concludes.

' *Compare this with the former draught.*

7. If it be true (as I before suggested) that, besides the bare plans, our
author likewise wrote a good deal of the *Drama* itself (perhaps all) & then
took it to pieces, & inserted the main of it into this work; then, with the
help of the plans which he hath left us, it were easie to throw the PARA-
DISE LOST back again into a dramatic poem. I think I could give the
whole so; or very near it. But take here at present only

ADAM UNPARADIS'D.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

[Enter Adam, with his arms across, & Eve following him at a distance; he
casts up his eyes to heaven, & says]

O miserable of happy! is this the end
Of this new glorious world, & mee so late

I F

The

The glory of that glory, who now becom
 Accurst of blessed! Hide me from the face
 Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
 Of happiness! yet well, if here would end
 The miserie; I deserv'd it, & would beare
 My own deservings; but this will not serve!
 All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
 Delightfully, *Encrease & multiply*;
 Now death to heare! For what can I encrease
 Or multiplie, but curses on my head?
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse
 My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure!
 For this we may thank ADAM! but his thanks
 Shall be the execration: so besides
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from mee
 Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound:
 On mee, as on thir nat'ral center 'light:
 Heavie, though in their place! O fleeting joyes
 Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes!
 Did I request thee, MAKER, from my clay,
 To mould me man? Did I sollicite Thee
 From darkness to promote me? or here place
 In this delicious garden? As my will
 Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,
 Desirous to resigne, & render back
 All I receav'd; unable to performe
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
 The good I sought not. To the los of that,
 Sufficient penaltie! why hast thou added
 The sence of endless woes? Inexplicable
 Thy justice seems. ----- Yet, to say truth, too late,
 I thus contest. Then should have been refus'd
 These terms whatever, when they were propos'd.
 Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
 Then cavil the conditions! And though God

Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
Prove disobedient, &, reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I fought it not!
Wouldst thou admit, for his contempt of thee,
That proud excuse? Yet him, not thy election,
But natural necessity, begot.
God made thee of choice his own, & of his own
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;
Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
Be it so! for I submit; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, & shall to dust returne:
O welcom hour whenever! Why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I over-live?
Why am I mockt with death, & lengthen'd out
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
Mortalitie my sentence, & be earth
Insensible! How glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! There I should rest,
And sleep secure: His dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worse
To mee & to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. ---- Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man,
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod: then, in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath
Of life that sinn'd: what dies, but what had life
And sin? The bodie properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die; let this appease
The doubt, since humane reach no further knows,
For though THE LORD OF ALL be infinite,
Is his wrauth also? Be it! Man is not so,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on man, whom death must end?

Can he make deathless death? That were to make
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself
 Impossible is held; as argument
 Of weakness, not of pow'r. Will he draw out,
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite,
 In punisht man, to satisfy his rigour,
 Satisfi'd never? That were to extend
 His sentence beyond dust, & nature's law,
 By which all causes else, according still
 To the reception of thir matter, act;
 Not to th' extent of thir own spheare. But say
 That death be not one stroake, as I suppos'd,
 Bereaving sense: but endless miserie
 From this day onward; which I feel begun
 Both in me, & without me, & so last
 To perpetuities! ----- Ah me! That fear
 Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenseless head; both Death & I
 Am found eternal, & incorp'rate both.
 Not I on my part single; in mee all
 Posteritie stands curst! Fair patrimonie
 That I must leave ye, sons! O were I able
 To waste it all my self; & leave ye none!
 So disinherited, how would ye bless
 Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind,
 For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both mind & will deprav'd,
 Not to do onely, but to will the same
 With me? How can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him after all disputes
 Forc't I absolve: all my evasions vain
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
 But to my own conviction: first & last
 On mee, mee onely, as the source & spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due:
 So might the wrauth! ---- Fond with! Couldst thou support
 That burden, heavier then the earth to bear;

Then

Then all the world much heavier; though divided
 With that bad woman? [*Turns, & looks at Eve.*] Thus what thou desir'st
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroy all hope
 Of refuge; & concludes thee miserable,
 Beyond all past example & future:
 To SATAN only like, both crime & doom.
 O CONSCIENCE! into what abyfs of fears
 And horrors hast thou driv'n me? Out of which
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!
 [*Adam pauses; walks about in silence; then lies down; Eve sits down at a
 distance from him. Thunder & lightning* ¹⁰.

Oh now he comes indeed! ---- Not yet! ----] Why comes
 Not DEATH with one thrice acceptable stroke
 To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word?
 Justice divine not hasten to be just?
 But Death comes not at all, Justice divine
 Mends not her slowest pace, for pray'rs, or cries!
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, & bowrs!
 With other echo late I taught your shades
 To answer, & resound far other song! ----

[*Eve rises & approaches to pacifie him. He kicks at her* ¹¹.]

Out of my sight, thou serpent! ---- That name best
 Befits thee, with him leagu'd; thy self as false
 And hateful: nothing wants, but that thy shape,
 Like his, & colour serpentine, may shew
 Thy inward fraud; to warn all creatures from thee

¹⁰. Instead of some such *direction* as this
 (with something like what I have added to
 make up the connection) our author, when he
 cast his Drama into a larger poem, turned this
 & many other such like directions into verse, &
 inserted them into that work. Because, tho' the
dramatic poem admits of as many such directions
 as you please, the epic will accept of none. The
 lines afterwards added here, instead of the di-
 rection, were these.

'Thus ADAM to himself lamented loud
 'Through the still night; not now, as ere man fell,
 'Wholsom, & cool, & mild; but with *black** air
 'Accompani'd; with damps, & dreadful gloom;
 'Which to his evil conscience represented.

'All things with double terror. On the ground
 'Out stretcht he lay, on the cold ground! & oft
 'Curst his creation; Death as oft accus'd.
 'Of tardy execution; since denounc'd
 'The day of his offence. Why comes not DEATH;
 'Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke, &c.
 And what is all this but a *meer* description of
 the *direction* itself, for the reason above given,
 thrown into verse?

¹¹. Instead of something like this *second* di-
 rection, our author afterwards wrote,
 'Whom thus afflicted when sad *Eve* beheld;
 'Desolate where she sate, approaching nigh,
 'Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd;
 'But her, with stern regard, he thus repell'd.

* forte black.

Henceforth

Henceforth ; least that too heav'nly form, pretended
To hellish falshood, snare them ! But for thee
I had persisted happie ; had not thy pride
And wandring vanitie, when left was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, & disdain'd
Not to be trusted ; longing to be seen,
Though by the devil himself ; him overweening
To over-reach : but with the serpent meeting,
Fool'd & beguil'd ; by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side ; imagin'd wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a shew,
Rather then solid vertue ; all but a rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister from me drawn ;
Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie
To my just number found ! O ! why did God,
Creator wise ! that peopled highest heav'n
With spirits masculine, create at last
This noveltie on earth, this fair defect
Of nature ? And not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine ?
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind ? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall : innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through femal snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex. For either
He never shall find out fit mate ; but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake ;
Or, whom he wishes most, shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness ; but shall see her gain'd
By a farr worse : or, if she love, with-held
By parents ; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, alreadie linkt & wedlock-bound
To a fell adversarie, his hate, or shame :
Which infinite calamitie shall cause
To human life, & houshold peace confound !

[Eve

[Eve weeps, kneels, embraces his legs, & says ¹².]

Forfake me not thus, ADAM! Witness heav'n
What love sincere & rev'rence in my heart
I beare thee, & unweeting have offended,
Unhappilie deceav'd! Thy suppliant
I beg, & clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,
My onely strength & stay! Forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace; both joyning,
As joyn'd in injuries, one enmitie
Against a foe by doom expresse assign'd us,
That cruel serpent! On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this miserie befall'n;
On me already lost! Mee, then thy self,
More miserable! Both have sinn'd; but thou
Against God only; I, against God & thee;
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune heav'n, that all
The sentence, from thy head remov'd, may light
On me; sole cause to thee of all this woe;
Mee, mee, onely just object of his ire!

[She continues kneeling. Adam relents, & says ¹³.]

Unwarie, & too desirous, as before
So now, of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
The punishment all on thy self! Alas!
Beare thine own first; ill able to sustaine
His full wrauth, whose thou feel'st as yet least part;

¹². Instead of something like this *third* direction, our author afterwards wrote,

'He added not, & from her turn'd—But EVE
'Not so repulst, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
'And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
'Fell humble, &, embracing them, besought
'His peace, & thus proceeded in her plaint.

¹³. Instead of something like this *fourth* direction, our author afterwards wrote,

'She ended weeping; & her lowlie plight,

'Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
'Acknowledg'd & deplor'd, in ADAM wrought
'Commiseration: soon his heart relented
'Tow'rds her, his life so late, & sole delight,
'Now at his feet submissive in distress!
'Creature so faire his reconciliation seeking
'His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aide!
'As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost;
'And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

And

And my displeasure bear't so ill. If pray'rs
 Could alter high decrees, I to that place
 Would speed before thee, & be louder heard,
 That on my head all might be visited,
 Thy frailtie & infirmer sex forgiv'n;
 To me committed, & by me expos'd.
 But rise ---- [*She rises.*] Let us no more contend, nor blame
 Each other; blam'd enough elsewhere! But strive
 In offices of love, how we may light'n
 Each other's burden, in our share of woe:
 Since this day's death denounc'd, if ought I fee,
 Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac't evill,
 A long day's dying to augment our paine,
 And to our seed (O hapless seed!) deriv'd.

[*Eve, recovering, says* ^{14.}]

ADAM, by sad experiment, I know
 How little weight my words with thee can finde,
 Found so erroneous; thence by just event
 Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,
 Restor'd by thee, vile as I am! to place
 Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine
 Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart
 Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
 What Thoughts in my unquiet breast are ris'n,
 Tending to some relief of our extremes,
 Or end, though sharp & sad, yet tolerable,
 As in our evils, & of easier choice.

If care of our descent perplex us most,
 Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd
 By DEATH at last, & miserable it is
 To be to others cause of misery,
 Our own begotten, & of our loines to bring
 Into this cursed world a woful race;
 That after wretched life must be at last
 Food for so foule a monster, in thy pow'r
 It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent

14. Instead of something like this *fifth* direction, our author afterwards wrote,
 'To whom thus EVE, recov'ring heart, repli'd.'

The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
 Childless thou art, childless remaine: so DEATH
 Shall be deceav'd his glut; & with us two
 Be forc'd to satisfie his rav'nous maw.

But if thou judge it hard & difficult,
 Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
 From love's due rites, nuptial imbraces sweet,
 And with desire to languish without hope,
 Before the present object languishing
 With like desire, which would be miserie
 And torment less then none of what we dread,
 Then, both our selves & seed at once to free
 From what we fear for both, let us make short,
 Let us seek DEATH: or he not found, supply
 With our own hands his office on our selves.
 Why stand we longer shiv'ring under feares,
 That shew no end but death; & have the pow'r
 Of many ways to die, the shortest chusing,
 Destruction with destruction to destroy? ----
 [Eve, being ready to faint, Adam cheers her 15.]

EVE, thy contempt of life, & pleasure, seems
 To argue in thee something more sublime
 And excellent, then what thy mind contemnes.
 But self-destruction therefore saught, refutes
 That excellence thought in thee, & implies,
 Not thy contempt, but anguish, & regret
 For loss of life & pleasure over-lov'd.

Or, if thou covet Death, as utmost end
 Of miserie, so thinking to evade
 The penaltie pronounc't; doubt not but GOD
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire, then so
 To be forestall'd; much more I fear, least Death,
 So matcht, will not exempt us from the paine
 We are by doom to pay. Rather such arts
 Of contumacie will provoke THE HIGHEST,

15. Instead of something like this sixth di-
 rection, our author afterwards wrote,

'She ended heer, or vehement despaire
 'Broke off the rest: so much of death her thoughts

'Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
 'But ADAM, with such counsel nothing sway'd,
 'To better hopes his more attentive minde
 'Lab'ring had rais'd, & thus to EVE repli'd.'

I G

To

To make Death in us live! Then let us seek
 Some safer resolution; which methinks
 I have in view, calling to mind with heed
 Part of our Sentence, that ' *thy seed shall bruise*
 ' *The Serpent's head.*' Piteous amends! unless
 Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe,
 SATAN, who in the serpent hath contriv'd
 Against us this deceit. To crush his head
 Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
 By death brought on our selves; or childless dayes
 Resolv'd, as thou propos'st, so, our foe
 Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd; & wee
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads.
 No more be mention'd then of violence
 Against our selves; & wilful barrenness
 That cuts us off from hope; & favours onely
 Rancor, & pride, impatience, & despite,
 Reluctance against God, & his just yoke
 Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
 And gracious temper he both heard & judg'd,
 Without wrauth or reviling: we expected
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought
 Was meant by death that day; when lo! to thee
 Pains onely in child-bearing were foretold,
 And bringing forth; soon recompens'd with joy,
 Fruit of thy womb: on mee the curse aslope
 Glanc'd on the ground; with labour I must earne
 My bread: what harm? Idleness had bin worse:
 My labour will sustain me: & least cold
 Or heat should injure us, his timely care
 Hath, unbefought, provided; & his hands
 Cloath'd us unworthie; pitying while he judg'd.
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
 Be open, & his heart to pitie incline?
 And teach us farther by what means to shun
 Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, & snow;
 Which now the skie, with various face, begins
 To shew us in this mountain; while the winds

Blow

Blow moist & keen, shatt'ring the graceful locks
 Of these fair-spreading trees; which bids us seek
 Som better shroud, som better warmth, to cherish
 Our limbs benumm'd; ere this diurnal starr
 Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment,
 Or, by collision of two bodies, grinde
 The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds
 Justling or pusht with winds rude in thir shock
 Tine the slant lightning; whose thwart flame driv'n down,
 Kindles the gummy bark of firr & pine,
 And sends a comfortable heat from farr,
 Which might supplie the sun. Such fire to use,
 And what may else be remedie, or cure
 To evils, which our own misdeeds have wrought;
 Hee will instruct us praying, & of grace
 Beseeching him. So as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
 By him with many comforts, till we end
 In dust, our final rest & native home!
 What better can we do, than, to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
 Before him reverent; & there confess
 Humbly our faults, & pardon beg; with tears
 Wat'ring the ground, & with our sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, & humiliation meek.
 Undoubtedly he will relent, & turn
 From his displeasure: in whose look serene,
 When angry most he seem'd & most severe,
 What else but favor, grace, & mercie shon? [Exeunt.]

8. *Monsieur de Voltaire* tells us, that 'MILTON, as he was travelling
 ' thro' *Italy* in his youth, saw at *Florence* a comedy called *ADAMO*,
 ' written by one *Andreino*, a player, & dedicated to *Mary de Medicis*,
 ' queen of *France*. --- The subject of the play was the FALL OF MAN;
 ' the actors, God, the devils, the angels, *Adam*, *Eve*, *Death*, & the seven
 ' mortal sins. That topic, so improper for a Drama, but so suitable to
 ' the absurd Genius of the *Italian* stage (as it was at that time) was handled

‘ in a manner intirely conformable to the extravagance of the design. The
 ‘ Scene opens with a Chorus of angels, & a cherubim that speaks for the
 ‘ rest; --- *Let the rainbow be the fiddle-stick of the fiddle of the heavens;*
 ‘ *let the planets be the notes of our music; let time beat carefully the measure,*
 ‘ *& the winds make the sharps, &c.*’ ---- ‘ Thus the play begins; & every
 ‘ scene rises above the last in profusion of impertinence. MILTON, con-
 ‘ tinues *Voltaire*, pierc’d through the absurdity of that performance to the
 ‘ hidden majesty of the subject; which being altogether unfit for the stage,
 ‘ yet might be, for the Genius of MILTON, & for his only, the founda-
 ‘ tion of an *Epic* poem. He took from that ridiculous trifle the first hint
 ‘ of the noblest work which human imagination hath ever attempted, &
 ‘ which he executed more than twenty years after. In like manner PY-
 ‘ THAGORAS ow’d the invention of Music to the noise of the hammer
 ‘ of a blacksmith. And thus, in our days, Sir ISAAC NEWTON walking
 ‘ in his gardens had the first thought of his system of *Gravitation*, upon
 ‘ his seeing an apple fall from a tree ^{16.}’

9. Dr. *Zachary Pearce* will have it, that ‘ MILTON took the first hint
 ‘ of his design of writing a tragedy upon the subject of this poem, from
 ‘ an *Italian* Tragedy call’d IL PARADISO PERSO, still extant, & printed
 ‘ many years before he enter’d upon his design ^{17.}’

10. But here I beg leave to offer a *third* conjecture, quite new, & yet,
 I think, with all deference to these two learned gentlemen, full as proba-
 ble as either of theirs, if not more so.

Our author himself informs us ‘ that in his younger years, he often be-
 ‘ took himself to the reading of LOFTY FABLES & ROMANCES ^{18.}’ And
 Mr. *Fenton* adds, that ‘ he did it to enlarge his imagination ^{19.}’ Now I
 will here present the reader with one of those LOFTY FABLES which our
 author thus read, & then shew him the use he made of it.

‘ JUPITER having created all things upon earth, & *man* to be the
 ‘ enjoyer of them, commanded the god CONTENT, to reside in the world;
 ‘ not beleeving or preventing the ingratitude which afterwards they fell into,
 ‘ following their own proper pleasures & delights, & bearing themselves in
 ‘ an high & proud fashion. For, having this god continuing amongst them,
 ‘ they did not so much as think on any other. To him they did sacrifice,

16. Essay upon the *Epic* poetry of the Eu- divers other emendations & observations offer’d
 ropean nations, from *Homer* down to *Milton*. to the public. 8°. 1733.
 Lond. 1727. p. 103. & seqq.

17. A Review of the text of the XII. books
 of MILTON’s *Paradise Lost*: in which the chief
 of Dr. *Bentley*’s emendations are consider’d, &

18. Apol. for *Smeſtymnus*. Toland’s Edit.
 p. 177.

19. *Life*. p. xxviii.

‘ to him they offered their oblations, his name they celebrated with joy, &
‘ to him onely did they sing songs of praise & thanksgiving. *JUPITER*,
‘ scorning this contempt, & being mightily offended with *man* for this
‘ strange neglect, called a councill of the Gods; &, when they were all
‘ assembled together, he made unto them a long discourse, wherein he in-
‘ formed them, of the evil correspondence which *man* held with him, for
‘ that they did onely adore *CONTENT*, as their true God; not considering
‘ the benefits which they had received from his prodigal hand, being meere-
‘ ly his workmanship, & by him created of nothing. And that therefore they
‘ should deliver their opinions, what order was to be taken for the re-
‘ dressing of so foule an abuse; & what medecines to be applied for the
‘ curing of this their madnesse.

‘ Some of the milder gods, out of their tender hearts & merciful na-
‘ tures, spake thus unto *JUPITER*. *Man*, you know, is but a weak kind
‘ of creature, framed of a fraile & brittle matter, a corruptible substance,
‘ soone dissolved & turned to nothing. And therefore we think it fit, that
‘ they should be holpen & held up by us; & that we should yeeld them
‘ our succour & assistance in all that we can. For, if it were possible that
‘ we could exchange fortunes with them & were in the same state & con-
‘ dition as they are, & every way equal with them, I doubt me, we should
‘ doe just as they doe. And therefore we are not to make any great
‘ reckoning of the matter. But if we doe, & that they must be proceeded
‘ against, we for our parts are verily perswaded, that some milde & gentle
‘ correction will be a sufficient remedy for the present.

‘ *MOMUS* would faine have spoke his minde, & his tongue itch’t to be
‘ let loose, having already entered into some free language, & would have
‘ lash’t out farther, had he not beene commanded to hold his peace, & to
‘ forbear till it came to his turne; & then he should have a full hearing.
‘ Hee would gladly have taken hold on that occasion to have incensed
‘ *JUPITER*, because it did so fairly offer it self unto him. But, obeying for
‘ the present, he meditated in the mean while on a long oration, which he
‘ meant should make for his purpose, when it came to his turne to speake.
‘ Howbeit, there were not some wanting in the interim, of almost equall
‘ condition with himselfe, & of the same humour, who stood up, & said:
‘ It is not fit, great God of heaven, to leave so haynous a fault unpunished;
‘ for the offence is infinite, being committed against so infinite a majestie;
‘ & therefore the punishment ought likewise to be infinite. Our opinion
‘ is, that they should be utterly destroyed & made an end of at once, &
‘ never

‘ never to have any more of them created anew. For there is no necessity
 ‘ at all of their beeing & living in the world, but they may be very well
 ‘ spared. Others would not agree to this motion, but did hold it fit, that
 ‘ great store of thunderbolts, with fearfull flashes of lightning, should be
 ‘ throwne downe upon them, & consume them all; & that others more
 ‘ good should bee created anew ²⁰.

‘ Thus they delivered their opinions, being more or less rigorous, accord-
 ‘ ing to their severall qualities & complexions, ’till it came to APOLLO’s turne
 ‘ to speake; who, craving leave of the house, & their favour obtayned, in a
 ‘ grave voyce & with a cheerefull countenance, he thus exprest himselfe.

‘ Supreme sceptor-swaying JUPITER, highest amongst the Gods both
 ‘ in power & in pittie! That grievous accusation wherewith thou chargest
 ‘ *man* is so just, that wee cannot gaine say or contradict any vengeance which
 ‘ thou shalt take of them. Yet withall I cannot (out of that great respect
 ‘ which I beare unto thee) but utter what I thinke & plainly, to shew unto
 ‘ thee what I have conceived in my minde; my words being as free from
 ‘ passion, as I hope they shall be from offence.

‘ If thou destroy the world, in vaine then are those things which thou
 ‘ hast therein created. And it were imperfection in thee to unmake that
 ‘ which thou hast already made, only for to amend that which thou now
 ‘ findest amisse; much lesse would I have thee to repent thy selfe that thou
 ‘ hast made man. For that will be but to discredit thy selfe, & thine owne
 ‘ worke. Besides, how can it stand with the power & goodnesse of a
 ‘ CREATOR, to take too strict a course against his *creature*, & to exceede,
 ‘ by extraordinarie means, in his chastisements?

‘ To destroy these that are now living, & to create others anew, I hold
 ‘ that not so fit to be done by thee. For thou must either give, or not give
 ‘ them, FREE-WILL. If thou give them it, they must necessarily then
 ‘ be such manner of men as their forefathers were. And if thou do not
 ‘ give it them, they shall not be men. And so thou shalt have created
 ‘ in vain that so great & glorious a frame of heaven, earth, starres, moone,
 ‘ sunne, together with the composition of the elements, & millions of more
 ‘ things, which thou hast made in so exact a manner, & such a singular
 ‘ perfection. So that there remaineth but one thing to be done to set all
 ‘ aright againe, without seeking for any other remedy; or that you shall

²⁰. Origenes de *creatione mundi differens*, dicit tum alios mundos ante hunc sensibilem
 probat illum ex tempore coepisse & consumma- fuisse; tum post illum fore. Idque probat ex
 tum fore. *Responsurus deinde quaestioni, qua Esai lxxv. 17. & Ecclesiastis i. 9. 10. Princip.*
quaeritur quid Deus ante mundi creationem egerit? lib. III. cap. 5.

be driven to use any violent or rigorous proceeding against them, to the prejudice of your clemencie.

Thou, O JUPITER, gavest them the god CONTENT, whom they were to have with them as long as it pleased thee, & no longer: for, upon thy will & pleasure, all things both in heaven & earth have their dependency. Now, had they beene so wise that they could have continued thankfull, & have conserved themselves in justice & obedience towards thee, it had bin a thing repugnant to the goodnesse of thy nature & justice, not to uphold & protect them, by enlarging thy favours towards them, & multiplying thy blessings upon them. But since they have dismerited this by disobedience, thou oughtest in some sort to punish them. For it is not fit, that they should, in a tyrannous manner & with a strong hand, possesse these so great blessings, to offend thee thereby; but thou oughtest rather to take this their god from them, & in his stead to send downe his brother DISCONTENT amongst them, who is very like in favour unto him, & doth resemble him so neare, that a *man* can hardly discern the one from the other. And so, by this meanes, they will ever hereafter come to acknowledge their owne misery, & thy mercy; thy happie estate, & their owne wretched condition; thy ease, & their trouble; their paine, & thy glory; thy power, & their owne weaknesse. And then, as thou shalt see cause, thou mayst distribute thy favours to those that shall deserve them; &, according to thy loving kindnesse, recompense every man according to thine owne good will & pleasure; not making thy benefits alike common to the good & to the bad, by suffering all men equally to enjoy one & the same happinesse. This course beeing taken with them, I am of opinion, that it will not onely bee a sufficient punishment unto them, but will also bring them to a due acknowledgment of their errour. I have now spoke my mind & shall leave it unto thee, thou mercy-imbraceing JUPITER, to do that herein which shall suite best to thine owne good liking.

Then MOMUS, with his venemous tongue, beganne to lay about him, labouring to exaggerate the offence, & to set it forth in its vilest colours; induced thereunto, not so much for goodnesse sake, as through that inveterate hatred which hee evermore bare unto *mankind*.

But notice being taken of his passion (which was a knowne disease in him) his opinion was reprov'd & cryde down by the generall voyce of that highest court: all commending the motion that was made by APOLLO. The execution of whose speech was, with an unanimous consent, com-

mitted

mitted to MERCURY; who presently, spreading his wings & breaking with them through the ayre, descended downe upon the earth; where hee found the men of this world, with their god CONTENT, feeding & making merry together, they doing him all the honour they could devise, & being farre from the least thought, that this their god should, while the world indured, be alienated from their possession.

MERCURY came to this god, where hee was; & having in secret delivered the message unto him, as sent from the Gods above; he was, though sore against his will, forced to yeeld thereunto. As for mankind, they were hereupon in an uproare, & sought to hinder it all they could, & began with might & maine to interest themselves in the cause; & seeing that there was no remedy, but that this their god must bee taken away from them, they strove to defend him with all the strength they could make; & taking strong hold of him, they tugged hard for him, as desirous to retaine him still amongst them.

JUPITER, perceiving how the world went, & what a coyle they kept about parting with their god, came downe amongst them, & whilst these men were busied in laying fast hold on the cloathes of CONTENT, using a pretty sleight, he cunningly convey'd away CONTENT from amidst his cloathes, leaving them DISCONTENT in his stead, with the very same rayment wherewith CONTENT was at that time apparelled, taking him away from thence with him to heaven. The men that were in this broyle were very well pleased, though thus deceived, thinking that they had prevailed in their purpose, & obtained what they desired, since they had their god still amongst them. But it was not so well with them, as they thought it to bee.

This error of those former times, the same deceit living still, hath continued even to this present age. Men thinke that CONTENT remaineth with them, & that they have him sure inough here upon earth. But it is nothing so. For it is onely the bare raiment & outward shape & resemblance of CONTENT which they injoy, & DISCONTENT clapt in his cloathes. And, if thou beleeve otherwise, thou art wide of the truth, & a meere stranger thereunto. Wilt thou that I make this plaine unto thee? Marke well then what I shall say.

Weigh & consider with thy self, in any kinde of manner that thou thy selfe shalt devise, the feasts, the sports, the bankets, the musickes, all the delights & joyes, & whatsoever else may most move thy inclination to the highest point of all (which thine owne desire can suggest & paint

' paint forth to thee to the life) &, if I shall aske thee by the way, whither
 ' goest thou? Thou wilt answere mee perhaps, & that very proudly, To
 ' such a feast of CONTENT. I give it for granted, that the place doth
 ' afford it, & that there thou dost receive it; that the gardens being fresh
 ' & full of flowers, the rivers plated with their silver streames, & the foun-
 ' taines distilling their drops of pearle, may much cheere & glad thy heart.
 ' I suppose that thou hast banketed thy selfe in sweete & pleasant arbours,
 ' where neither the sunne did offend thee, nor the ayre annoy thee. And
 ' that thou didst enjoy thy desires to their full height, & hadst all the sports
 ' & pastimes that a man could wish. Yet, all this notwithstanding, there
 ' is no CONTENTMENT so absolute in this world, which is not watred with
 ' some sorrow. And, though in all these things thou hadst no distaste
 ' given thee, but hadst every thing according to thine owne mind; yet,
 ' when thou returnest home to thine own house, or layest thee downe in
 ' thy bed, it is not impossible, but thou shalt find thy selfe weary, dusty
 ' & sweaty, to have lost thy stomach, or taken cold, to have grown heavy,
 ' melancholy, & sad; & peradventure either going mad, or dying. For
 ' amidst our greatest pleasures happen the greatest misfortunes. Such times
 ' are apt to be unto us vespers of feare & of horreur; & not vespers, where
 ' the night passeth merrily away from the beginning to the middle, & from
 ' the middle to the end. For, in the midst of this thy idolatry, all shall bee
 ' taken from thee. Set not thy heart therefore upon such things, but sleight
 ' them, & let them goe by, as if thou didst not know them: for there is
 ' no trust to be had in them. By this time, I doubt not, but thou wilt
 ' ingenuously confesse, that this disguise did deceive thee, these cloathes
 ' coozen thee, & this maske so blinde thy eye-sight, that, whereas thou
 ' didst verily thinke that thou hadst CONTENT now safe inough in thy
 ' handes, thou hadst nothing more but his outward raiment, &, in it,
 ' DISCONTENT. Now dost thou see, how there is no CONTENT upon
 ' earth; & that our true CONTENT is onely in heaven. And therefore,
 ' till thou meete with it there, do not looke for it here.'

Thus you have the fable & the moral too. And who sees not here, in
 the description of those merry days which men led upon earth, while they
 had their god CONTENT yet with them; the picture of that happy life
 which ADAM & EVE led in Paradise, before they aspired to higher things?
 Who sees not here, by the great struggle which mankind made to retain
 their God CONTENT among them, a lively intimation of the great reluctance
 wherewith our first parents left the happy garden? Who sees not here, in

the account of the person & argument of MOMUS, a perfect representation of the character of SATAN, the wicked accuser; & again, in the account of the person & pleadings of APOLLO as clear an image of the character & intercession of JESUS CHRIST, the gracious advocate, of *man*? In a word, who sees not that the whole fable is a pourtrait, & a beautiful one too, of THE PARADISE LOST? Yet to make all this, if possible, still more plain, observe how closely the poet follows, nay I had almost said transcribes, the mythologist, in the under-written paragraph, which is almost nothing else but a direct copy of part of the above speech of APOLLO.

O FATHER, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy sovran sentence, that man should find grace;
For which both heav'n & earth shall high extoll
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of hymns & sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
For should man finally be lost, should man
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joyn'd
With his own folly? that be from thee farr,
That farr be from thee, FATHER, who art judg
Of all things made, & judgest onely right.
Or shall the adversarie thus obtaine
His end, & frustrate thine; shall he fulfil
His malice, & thy goodness bring to naught;
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplisht, & to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self
Abolish thy creation, & unmake
For him, what for thy glorie thou hast made?
So should thy goodness & thy greatness both
Be question'd, & blasphem'd without defence ²¹.

It is now time to satisfy the reader in another particular, & that is, where MILTON met with the above recited fable of the council held among the gods in heaven about mankind, & what to do with them? ----- I answer, he found it in *Gusman de Alfarache*, the *Spanish* Rogue. — Amazing! — It's true indeed! — See the *English* translation of that admirable Romance

in folio, translated by John Davies of Kidwelly, & printed at Oxford in 1630. p. 58. & there you have it. *Matthæo Aleman*, the author of *Gusman*, took it, I think, from that *Cerberus* of the *Muses* (as *Scaliger* somewhere calls him) *Lucian*. I say, I think so, because the stile is much in the manner of *Lucian*, & if I remember right, I formerly read something like it in that author, tho' I now have not the book at hand to consult it.

11. ' There was a very remarkable circumstance in the compose of the *PARADISE LOST*, which (saith Mr. *Philips*²²) I have a particular reason to remember. For (whereas I had the perusal of it from the very beginning, for some years, as I went from time to time to visit him, in a parcel of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time, which, being written by whatever hand came next, might possibly want correction as to the orthography & pointing) having, as the summer came on, not been shewed any for a considerable while, & desiring the reason thereof, was answered, that his vein never happily flowed but from the *autumnal* equinox to the *vernal*, & that whatever he attempted at other times was never to his satisfaction, tho' he courted his fancy never so much.'

Mr. *Toland* imagines³², that Mr. *Philips* was mistaken with regard to the time, since *MILTON* in his *Latin* elegy upon the approach of the spring declares the contrary, & that his poetic talent returned with the spring.

Fallor, an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,

Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?

Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo,

(Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.

A friend of *MILTON* likewise informed Mr. *Toland*, that our author could never compose well, but in the *spring* & *autumn*.

Mr. *Richardson*²⁴ is of opinion that neither of these accounts ' is exactly true. For he cannot think, that a man with such a work in his head, could suspend it for six months together, or but one; though, he owns, it might go on more slowly, but, as he adds, it must go on. Besides, this laying it aside is contrary to that eagerness to finish what was begun, which, he says²⁵, was his temper.'

12. ' I must not forget, saith Mr. *Toland*²⁶, that, when the work was ready for the press, we had like to have been eternally depriv'd of this treasure by the ignorance or malice of the licenser, who, among other frivolous exceptions, imagined that there was treason in that noble simile,

22. *Life*. p. 36. 23. *Life*. p. 40. 24. *Life*. p. cxiii. 25. *Epist. to Diodat.* 2. Sept. 1637.

26. *Life*. p. 40.

*as when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclips disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, & with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs* ²⁷.

13. 'And now, saith Mr. Fenton ²⁸, perhaps it may pass for fiction, what with great veracity I affirm to be fact, that MILTON, after having with much difficulty prevailed to have this divine poem licensed for the press, could sell the copy for no more than fifteen pounds; the payment of which valuable consideration depended on the sale of three numerous impressions. So unreasonably may personal prejudice affect the most excellent performances! MILTON's contract with his bookseller S. Simmons for the copy bears date 27. Apr. 1667. ²⁹

14. 'In the first edition of this poem, saith Mr. Fenton ³⁰, it was disposed into ten books only; but MILTON thought proper, in the second, to make a new division of it into twelve. Not, I suppose, with respect to the *Aeneis* (for he was, in both senses of the phrase, above imitation) but more probably, because the length of the seventh & tenth requir'd a pause in the narration, he divided them, each into two. On which distribution, to the beginning of those books which are now the eighth & twelfth, he added the following verses, which were necessary to make a connection.

Book VIII. verse 1.

*The angel ended, & in ADAM's eare
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to hear;
Then, as new wak't, thus gratefully repli'd.*

'The latter half of the last verse was taken from this in the first edition.
To whom thus ADAM gratefully reply'd.

Book XII. verse 1.

*As one who in his journey bates at noone,
Though bent on speed, so heer th' archangel paus'd,
Betwixt the world destroy'd & world restor'd,
If ADAM aught perhaps might interpose:
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes.*

'At the same time the author made some few additions in other places of the poem, which are here inserted for the satisfaction of the curious.

27. P. L. I. 594. 28. Life. p. xxiii. 29. *ib.* p. xxi. 30. Postscript to the life of Milton.

Book V. verse 637.

They eat, they drink, & with refection sweet
Are fill'd, before th' all-bounteous king, &c.
' were thus enlarg'd in the second edition.

They eate, they drink, & in communion sweet
Quaff immortalitie & joy, secure
Of surfet, where full measure onely bounds
Excess, before th' all-bounteous king, &c.

Book XI. verse 484. after

Intestin stone & ulcer, cholic pangs,
' these three verses were added.

Daemoniac phrenzie, moaping melancholie
And moon-struck madnes, pining atrophie,
Marasmus, & wide-wasting pestilence.

' And verse 551. of the same book (which was originally thus,

Of rendring up. MICHAEL to him reply'd)
' receiv'd this addition,

Of rendring up, & patiently attend

My Dissolution. MICHAEL repli'd.

15. Mr. ADDISON, speaking of the twelfth book, observes, ' that MIL-
' TON, after having represented in *vision* the history of mankind to the
' first great period of nature, dispatches the remaining part of it in *narration*.
' He hath devised (saith he) a very handsome reason for the angel's pro-
' ceeding with ADAM after this manner; tho' doubtless the true reason
' was, the difficulty which the poet would have found to have shadowed
' out so mixt & complicated a story in visible objects. I could wish how-
' ever that he had done it, whatever pains it might have cost him. To
' give my opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the history of
' mankind in vision & part in narrative, is as if any history painter should
' put in colors one half of his subject, & write down the remaining part
' of it ³¹.'

16. Mr. RICHARDSON replies, ' The poet here varies the manner of the
' narration very judiciously to avoid tediousness, & because what follows is
' better told than shewn ³².' ----- Which of these two gentlemen is in the
right, I pretend not to determine; let the reader judge.

17. As for our author's farther character, as a poet, Mr. DRYDEN ob-
serves, ' His thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, & no man has so

31. Spect. N°. 369.

32. Notes. p. 510.

' happily

‘ happily copied the manner of HOMER, not so copiously translated his
 ‘ *Grecisms*, & the Latin elegancies of VIRGIL. ---- His antiquated words
 ‘ were his choice, not his necessity: for therein he imitated SPENSER, as
 ‘ SPENSER did CHAUCER. And tho’ perhaps the love of their masters may
 ‘ transport both too far, in the frequent use of them; yet, in my opinion,
 ‘ obsolete words may then be laudably reviv’d, when either they are more
 ‘ founding, or more significant than those in practice; & when their ob-
 ‘ scurity is taken away by joyning other words to them, which clear the
 ‘ sense, according to the rule of HORACE, for the admission of new words.
 ‘ But in both cases a moderation is to be observed in the use of them. For
 ‘ unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation; a
 ‘ fault to be avoided on either hand ^{33.} ---- And again. ‘ I found in him a
 ‘ true sublimity, lofty thoughts, which were cloathed with admirable
 ‘ *Grecisms* & antient words, which he had been digging from the mines of
 ‘ CHAUCER & SPENSER, & which, with all their rusticity, had some-
 ‘ thing of venerable in them ^{34.}

18. After him, comes Bp. ATTERBURY, & in a letter to Mr. POPE, dated at Bromley, 8. Nov. 1717. thus expresses himself. ‘ I return your
 ‘ MILTON ---- And ---- I protest to you, this last perusal of him has given
 ‘ me such new degrees, I will not say of pleasure, but of admiration &
 ‘ astonishment, that I look upon the sublimity of HOMER, & the majesty
 ‘ of VIRGIL, with somewhat less reverence than I us’d to do. I challenge
 ‘ you, with all your partiality, to shew me in the first of these any thing
 ‘ equal to the ALLEGORY OF SIN AND DEATH, either as to the greatness
 ‘ & justness of the invention, or the height & beauty of the colouring.
 ‘ What I looked upon as a rant of Barrow’s [Sam. Barrow, M. D.] I now
 ‘ begin to think a serious truth, & could almost venture to set my hand
 ‘ to it;

‘ *Haec quicumque legit, tantum caecinisse putabit*
 ‘ MAEONIDEM Ranas, VIRGILIUM Culices.

‘ But more of this when we meet.’

19. In answer to the challenge of this most learned & eloquent bishop, hear what that wonderful creature, that ever delightful & indeed inimitable genius, whom he writes to, replies. ---- ‘ HOMER’s fire burns every
 ‘ where clear, & every where irresistibly. It brightens all the rubbish
 ‘ about it, ’till we see nothing but its own splendor. VIRGIL’s fire is
 ‘ discerned as a glass reflected from HOMER; more shining than fierce, but

33. Preface to his *Juvenal*. p. xiv.

34. *id. ib.* p. lxxxiv.

‘ every

every where equal & constant. LUCAN & STATIUS's fire burst out in sudden, short, interrupted flashes; MILTON's glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor, by the force of art. SHAKESPEARE's strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven.' Again. 'HOMER often goes into the marvelous. This daring manner is peculiar to him above all the antients, & to MILTON above all the moderns 35.'

20. After these appears *Monsieur de VOLTAIRE*. ---- 'What MILTON so boldly undertook, he perform'd with a superior strength of judgment, & with an imagination productive of beauties not dreamed of before him. The meanness (if there be any) of some parts of the subject is lost in the immensity of the poetical invention. There is something above the reach of human force to have attempted the Creation, without bombast; to have describ'd the gluttony & curiosity of a woman, without flatness; to have brought probability & reason amidst the hurry of imaginary things belonging to another world, & as far remote from the limits of our notions, as they are from our earth; in short, to force the reader to say, *If GOD, if the angels, if Satan would speak, I believe they would speak as they do in MILTON*. I have often admir'd how barren the subject appears, & how fruitful it grows under his hands. The PARADISE LOST is the only poem, wherein are to be found, in a perfect degree, that uniformity which satisfies the mind, & that variety, which pleases the imagination; all its episodes being necessary lines, which aim at the centre of a perfect circle. Where is the nation who would not be pleased with the interview of ADAM & the angel, with the MOUNTAIN OF VISION, with the bold strokes which make up the relentless, undaunted, & sly character of SATAN? but, above all, with that sublime wisdom, which MILTON exerts, whenever he dares to describe GOD, & to make him speak? He seems indeed to draw the picture of THE ALMIGHTY, as like as human nature can reach to, through the dust in which we are clouded. The heathens always, the Jews often, & our Christian priests sometimes represent GOD as a Tyrant infinitely powerful. But the GOD of MILTON is always a CREATOR, a FATHER, & a JUDGE; nor is his vengeance jarring with his mercy, nor his predeterminations repugnant to the liberty of man. These are the pictures which lift up indeed the soul of the reader. MILTON in that point, as well as in many others, is as far above the antient poets, as the Christian religion is above the heathen fables. But he hath especially an indisputable claim to the unanimous admiration of mankind,

35. Preface to his translation of the *Iliad*. 8^o. 1720. Vol. I. p. 3. & 128.

when he descends from those high flights to the natural description of human things. It is observable, that, in all other poems, Love is represented as a *vice*; in MILTON only, 'tis a *virtue*. The pictures he draws of it are naked as the persons he speaks of, & as venerable. He removes with a chaste hand the veil, which covers every where else the enjoyments of that passion. There is softness, tenderness, & warmth, without lasciviousness. The poet transports himself & us into that state of innocent happiness, in which ADAM & EVE continued for a short time. He soars, not above human, but above corrupt, nature; &, as there is no instance of such love, there is none of such nature ³⁶.

21. After him Mr. RICHARDSON, a gentleman, who, with almost no education but his limner's pencil, hath yet (I speak it to his honor) very happily opened many dark passages of our author, nay wrote his life with good judgment, & therein 'soaring (as MILTON himself expresses it ³⁷) in the high regions of his fancy, with his garland & finging robes about him,' thus elegantly displays him.

MILTON's language is *English*; but 'tis MILTON's *English*, 'tis *Latin*, 'tis *Greek* ENGLISH. Not only the words, the phraseology, the transpositions, but the antient idiom is seen in all he writes ³⁸. ---- Poetry pretends to a language of its own. That of the *Italian* poetry is so remarkably peculiar, that a man may well understand a prose writer & not a poet. Words, tours of expression, the order of them; all has something not prosaic. This is observable particularly in SHAKESPEARE. MILTON has applied it to that sublimity of subject, in which he perpetually engages his reader above what SHAKESPEARE ever aim'd at, & where this is peculiarly necessary. Nor does he want abundant instances of what all good poets have. The sound of the words, their harshness, smoothness, or other properties, & the ranging & mixing them, all help to express [something], as well as their signification ³⁹. ---- A reader of MILTON must be always upon duty. He is surrounded with sense; it rises in every line; every word is to the purpose. There are no lazy intervals. All has been considered, & demands, & merits observation. Even in the best writers you sometimes find words & sentences which hang on so loosely you may blow them off; MILTON's are all substance & weight. Fewer would not have serv'd the turn, & more would have been superfluous. His silence has the same effect, not only that he leaves work for the imagination when he

³⁶. Essay on the *Epic*. p. 103. & *seqq.*

³⁷. Reason of Church Gov. Toland's Edit. p. 221.

³⁸. Life. p. clxii.

³⁹. *ib.* p. cxliii.

' has entertain'd it, & furnish'd it with noble materials; but he expresses him-
 ' self so concisely, employs his words so sparingly, that whoever will possess
 ' his ideas must dig for them, & oftentimes pretty far below the surface.
 ' If this is call'd obscurity let it be remembred 'tis such a one as is complai-
 ' sant to the reader, not mistrusting his ability, care, diligence, or the can-
 ' didness of his temper; not that vicious obscurity which proceeds from a
 ' muddled inaccurate head, not accustomed to clear, well separated & regu-
 ' larly-order'd ideas, or from want of words & method & skill to convey
 ' them to another; from whence always arises uncertainty, ambiguity, &
 ' a sort of a moon-light prospect over a landscape at best not beautiful.
 ' Whereas, if a good writer is not understood, 'tis because his reader is
 ' unacquainted with, or incapable of the subject, or will not submit to do
 ' the duty of a reader, which is to attend carefully to what he reads. What
 ' *Macrobius* says of *VIRGIL* is applicable to *MILTON*. He keeps his eye
 ' fixt & intent upon *HOMER*, & emulates alike his greatness & simplicity;
 ' his readiness of speech & silent majesty. ---- By silent majesty, he seems
 ' to mean with *Longinus* ---- His leaving more to the imagination than is
 ' express'd 40.

Mr. RICHARDSON then observes, 'Tis of no great importance whether
 ' this be called an *heroic* or a *divine* poem, or only (as the author himself
 ' has call'd it in his title-page) *a poem*. What if it were a composition
 ' entirely new, & not reducible under any known denomination? But 'tis
 ' properly & strictly heroic, & such *MILTON* intended it; as he has inti-
 ' mated in his short discourse concerning the kind of verse (which is pre-
 ' fixt to it) as also in his entrance on the ninth book; & 'tis not his fault
 ' if there have been those, who have not found a *hero*, or who he is. 'Tis
 ' *ADAM*; *ADAM* the first; the representative of human race. He is the
 ' hero in this poem; though, as in other heroic poems, superior beings are
 ' introduced. The business of it is to conduct man, through variety of
 ' conditions of happiness & distress, all terminating in the utmost good;
 ' from a state of precarious innocence, through temptation, sin, repentance,
 ' & finally a secure recumbence upon, & interest in the supream good, by
 ' the mediation of the son. He is not such a hero as *Achilles*, *Ulysses*,
 ' *Æneas*, *Orlando*, *Godfrey*, &c. all romantic worthies, & incredible per-
 ' formers of fortunate, salvage cruelties: he is one of a nobler kind; such
 ' as *MILTON* chose to write of, & found he had genius for the purpose.
 ' He is not such a conqueror as subdu'd armies & nations, or enemies in

single combat; but his conquest was what justly gave *heroic name to person & to poem*; his hero was *more than a conqueror through him that loved us*. Rom. viii. 37. This was declar'd to be the subject of the poem at the entrance on it, *MAN's first disobedience & misery, till our restoration to a more happy state*. The design of it is also declar'd, 'twas to *justify providence*: all which is done. The moral we are also directed to; & this the poet has put into the mouth of an angel. Many moral reflections are excited throughout the whole work; but the great one is mark'd strongly, xii. 581. &c. *Piety & virtue, all compriz'd in one word—CHARITY—is the only way to happiness*. If the sublimity & peculiarity of the matter of this poem; if its superiority in that respect, has rais'd it above some of the rules given by ARISTOTLE, or whatever other criticks; & gather'd from or founded on the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, or *Æneid*, it has distinguish'd it to its greater glory; 'tis not only an *heroic poem*, but the most so that ever was wrote. MILTON did not despise rules, such as were built upon reason, so far as those establish'd reach'd; but, as his free & exalted genius aspir'd beyond what had yet been attempted in the choice of his subject, himself was his own rule, when in heights where none had gone before, & higher than which none can ever go. MILTON's true character, as a writer, is, that he is an *antient*; but born two thousand years after his time. His language indeed is modern, but the best, next to *Greek & Latin*, to convey those images himself conceiv'd; & that moreover *greek'd & latiniz'd*, & made as uncommon & expressive as our tongue could be, & yet intelligible to us for whom he wrote. But all his images are pure antique; so that we read HOMER & VIRGIL in reading him; we hear them in our own tongue, as we see what they conceiv'd when MILTON speaks; yes, & we find ourselves among persons & things of a more exalted character. Connoisseurs in painting & sculpture can best tell what is the difference of taste in antient & modern work, & can therefore best understand what I am now saying. It must suffice that I tell others that there is a certain grace, majesty & simplicity in the antique, which is its distinguishing character. The same kind of taste is seen in writing; & MILTON has it, I think, to a degree beyond what we have ever found in any modern painter or sculptor, not excepting RAFAELLE himself. Those, who are unaccustomed to this train of thinking, may only please to dip into CHAUCER, SPENSER, ARIOSTO, even TASSO or any of the moderns, & observe what *Gothick* figures & things present themselves to their imagination, or what are comparatively mean. Let them read even
the

' the antients, the best of them (always excepting the most antient of all,
 ' the PENTATEUCH, JOB, & some other of the sacred books) & they
 ' will find even these fill not, nor enrich the mind, as MILTON does. His
 ' *Eden*, his chaos, hell, heaven; his human figures, his angels good &
 ' evil, his MEDIATOR, his GOD, all is superior to what is elsewhere to be
 ' found; all are, with regard to the rest, like what RAFAELLE's pictures
 ' exhibit, compar'd with what we see in those of any other master; or (to
 ' speak more familiarly to common observation) they are as WESTMINSTER-
 ' abbey, or even S. PAUL's, compar'd with the PANTHEON, the COLISE-
 ' UM, the temple of THESEUS, or other remains of architecture of the
 ' purest antiquity. Even the prints of them, those I mean done by the
 ' best hands & which are not very rare, will explain & prove what I ad-
 ' vance. In the PARNASSUS (one of the famous pictures of RAFAELLE
 ' in the *Vatican*) DANTE is represented as having his eye upon HOMER.
 ' Had MILTON been put there, HOMER & he ought to have been embrac-
 ' ing each other. He knew him perfectly. It should not be said he co-
 ' py'd, he imitated him; but that they both wrote by the same poetical
 ' genius. What is pure of MILTON's own is equal at least to the best of
 ' that prince of poets, &, when he profits himself of what he has done,
 ' 'tis with equal beauty & propriety. A simile, for instance, in PARA-
 ' DISE LOST, shines no less than in the ILIAD or the ODYSSEY; & some
 ' of MILTON's have the same peculiarity as we find in some of HOMER;
 ' they strike firmly on the point they are directed to, & the main business being
 ' done, the poet gives the rein a little to fancy, entertaining the reader with
 ' what is not otherwise to the purpose⁴¹. — Whatever MILTON has woven
 ' into his poem of others, still his sublimest passages are more so than could
 ' enter the heart of ORPHEUS, HESIOD, HOMER, PINDAR, CALLI-
 ' MACHUS, &c. Such as the heathen world were incapable of by infinite
 ' degrees; such as none but the noblest genius could attain to, & that af-
 ' fisted by a religion reveal'd by GOD himself. We have then in PARADISE
 ' LOST a collection, the quintessence of all that is excellent in writing,
 ' frequently improv'd & explain'd better than by the best of their professed
 ' commentators, but never debas'd; & a sublimity, which all other human
 ' writings put together have not. To compleat all, he has made use of all
 ' these, so as to be subservient to the great end of poetry; which is to
 ' please & enrich the imagination, & to mend the heart, & make the man
 ' happy⁴².

41. *ib.* p. clxv. &c.42. *ib.* p. clii.

Mr. *Warburton* (who writes upon every thing he undertakes with a peculiar felicity) makes this admirable observation. 'Milton produced a third species of Poetry; for, just as *Virgil* rivalled *Homer*, so *Milton* emulated both. He found *Homer* possessed of the province of MORALITY; *Virgil*, of POLITICS; & nothing left for him but that of RELIGION. This he seized, as aspiring to share with them in the government of the poetic world; & by means of the superior dignity of his subject, got to the Head of that Triumvirate, which took so many ages in forming. These are the three species of the Epic Poem. For its largest province is human Action; which can be considered but in a moral, a political, or religious view; & These the three great Creators of them. For each of these poems was struck out at a heat, & came to perfection from its first Essay. Here then the grand Scene is closed, & all farther improvements of the Epic at an end ⁴³.

In 1690. Mr. *William Hog* or *Hogaeus* published at *London* in 8^o. a translation of *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regain'd*, & *Samson Agonistes*, in *Latin* verse. But this version is very unequal to the Originals ⁴⁴.

In 1691. came out, *Johannis Miltoni Paradisi amissi liber primus*, by T. P. [*Power*, I presume] dedicated to Dr. *Mountagu*, master of *Trinity Coll.* & licensed by four of the heads. *Cantab. ex officina Joh. Hayes. 4^o. 45.*

This Mr. *Power* likewise translated all the other books of the *Paradise Lost* into *Latin* verse. Mr. *Baker*, who has seen the MS. gives me this account of it. 'Upon the receipt of your letter, I stept to Dr. *Middleton*, where I found Mr. *Power*'s book; now in my hands. The seventh & tenth books are imperfect. The rest entire; as far as I have observed it. But it is in so small a letter (like yours) that my eyes will hardly reach it. It is in two volumes. The second Volume, a printed [*English*] copy *London*. 1692. fol. with the *Latin* version interlined, & hard to be read. Dr. *Bentley* has given it to the library, where it may be seen, & procured by your correspondents at *Trinity Coll.* if you think it worth the while. I can make no judgment of it. Dr. *Middleton* speaks favorably of it; but, I believe, has not read much of it, his eyes being like mine. But it was sent to Dr. *Bentley* with intention to be printed, & in order to discharge Mr. *Power*'s debts. By which it appears that the author had a good opinion of it ⁴⁶.

⁴³. Divine Legation of *Moses*. 8^o. Lib. II. Sect. iv. p. 188. ⁴⁴. Mr. *Birch*, in his Crit. Dict. Vol. VII. p. 587. a. ⁴⁵. Ex literis Cl. *Bakeri*, datis 23. Sept. 1739. ⁴⁶. Ex literis ejusdem doctiss. Viri, missis 3. Aug. 1739.

' In 1699. appeared (in a pamphlet entitled, *Lusus amatorius, sive*
' *Musaei poema de Herone & Leandro, e Graeca in Latinam linguam trans-*
' *latum. &c. Authore C. B. Lond.*) a Latin translation of a fragment of
' the fifth book of *Paradise Lost*, beginning verse 67. & ending verse
' 245. 47.

' In 1702. came out *Paradisus amissa, poema Anglice scriptum, a Johanne*
' *Milton, nunc autem ex auctoris exemplari, Latine redditum, per M. D.*
' *Liber primus, Londini Typis J. G. 8°.* — Dr. Moss, Dean of Ely,
' patronized this book, & gives the following MS. character of the author.
' — *Auctor fuit Michael Bold, e schola Carthusiana, Aulae Trin. Cant.*
' *alumnus & socius circa annum 1685. postea ejectus, diu cum paupertate con-*
' *flictatus, nec, nisi summa necessitate adactus, egregium hoc tentamen in*
' *lucem emisit* 48.

In summer 1709, (upon offering myself a candidate for a scholarship at
Corpus Christi Coll. Oxon.) I was there informed that Dr. William Tilly, then
a learned fellow of that society, had translated a great part of the *Paradise*
Lost into Latin verse, & not unhappily: but what afterwards became of
his labors, I never heard.

' This poem has also been translated, into blank verse, into *Low Dutch*,
' & printed at *Harlem*, 1728. in 4°. 49.

' A French translation of it by Monsieur Dupré de S. Maur, with Mr.
' Addison's remarks & a life of the author, was printed at *Paris* in 1729.
' three volumes in 12°. & reprinted at the *Hague* 1730. in three volumes
' 12°. to which is added *Dissertation critique de M. Constantin de Magny*,
' which is thought by some to have been written by the Abbey Pellegrin;
' & *la Chûte de l'Homme, poëme Francois par M. Durand*. In this edition
' several passages are restored, which had been retrenched in that of
' *Paris* 50.

' Signior Paolo Rolli, F. R. S. published an *Italian* translation of this
' poem at *London* 1736. in fol. 51.

' The same year Mr. Richard Dawes, M. A. fellow of *Emanuel College*,
' published proposals for printing by subscription *Paradis amissa a Cl. Mil-*
' *tono conscripti Liber primus, Graeca versione donatus, una cum annota-*
' *tionibus* 52.

And there is now (1739.) an excellent hand (Mr. William Dobson of New
College, Oxon.) employed in a translation of this poem into *Latin*, under

47. Mr. Birch. ubi supra.
quo supra.

48. Ex literis Cl. Bakeri. 23. Sept. 1739.
50. id. ib. 51. id. ib.

49. Mr. Birch,

the encouragement & at the expence of the honorable Mr. Auditor *Benson*. And may a happy success attend him in it.

C H A P. IX.

1. *Of his Paradise Regain'd*: 2. *How he came to write it?* 3. *the argument.* 4. *Whether the Paradise Regain'd be complete, or not?* 5. *Whether Milton preferr'd the Paradise Regain'd to the Paradise Lost? And how the Paradise Regain'd came to be so strangely run down?*

1. **H**IS PARADISE REGAIN'D is the EIGHTH of Mr. *Milton's* NINE most celebrated *English* poems. The occasion how he came to write it is very remarkable.

2. When the plague began to increase in *London* in 1665. Mr. *Elwood* the quaker took a house for our author & his family at *S. Giles Chalfont*, in *Bucks*. There it was that, his PARADISE LOST being now finished, MILTON lent Mr. *Elwood* the Manuscript of that poem, in order that he might read it over, & give him his judgment of it. When Mr. *Elwood* returned it, MILTON asked, how he liked it, & what he thought of it? 'Which I modestly, but freely, told him, saith Mr. *Elwood*; &, after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, Thou hast said much of PARADISE LOST, but what hast thou to say of PARADISE FOUND? ---- He made no answer, but fate some time in a muse; then broke off that discourse, & fell upon another subject.' When Mr. *Elwood* afterwards waited upon him in *London*, MILTON shewed him his PARADISE REGAIN'D, &, in a pleasant tone, said to him, 'This is owing to you; for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at *Chalfont*; which before I had not thought of.'

3. The PARADISE LOST being sent into the world with prose arguments, of our author's own writing, at the head of each book, & the PARADISE REGAIN'D appearing without any (which is some disadvantage to it) I shall endeavour to supply that defect, & here give the argument of the whole.

Book the first.

Proposition. Invocation, JOHN, baptizing in JORDAN, our SAVIOR comes in the croud to be baptized, & a voice from heaven bears witness to him; which SATAN hearing (who also came thither invisible) he summons his companions to a council in the air, & acquaints them 'that the threatneed seed of the woman (which was to bruise the serpent's head) is now born & become a MAN, forerun by a prophet, & avouched from heaven for

1. See the life of Mr. *Thomas Elwood*, written by himself. 2. Edit. *Lord*. 1714. 8°. p. 246. 247.

‘ THE SON OF GOD; & (he fears) as GOD’S FIRST BEGOTTEN drove
‘ them out of *heaven*, THIS (whom he takes, not for the *same*, but *ano-*
‘ *ther*, SON OF GOD) will also drive them out of *earth*; but that he now
‘ goes to observe him farther.’

GOD thereupon declares to GABRIEL & all the heavenly host, ‘ that he
‘ now intends to expose his SON to the TEMPTER, to shew how worthy
‘ he is of his divine birth; & will therefore lead him up into the wilderness,
‘ in order to meet his *enemy*, & then leave him to himself to defeat & sub-
‘ due him.’ The angels hymn THE FATHER’S goodness, & THE SON’S
virtue.

THE SON OF GOD is accordingly led up into the wilderness by THE
SPIRIT. His various meditations there, ‘ on his own child-hood; con-
‘ tempt of play; studying of the law; disputing with the Doctors; on
‘ his thoughts, sometimes to free his country from the ROMAN yoke; at
‘ other times, to suppress all TYRANNY; yet all this, more by *reason*, than
‘ *force*; on his mother’s acquainting him whose SON he is; his birth, how
‘ foretold & celebrated; & SIMEON & ANNA’S prophecies thereupon.
‘ On his thereupon examining the prophecies concerning the MESSIAH,
‘ & finding himself to be indeed the person, yet that he must thro’ much
‘ persecution, & even *death* itself, accomplish the great work of *man’s*
‘ *redemption*. On his going to be baptized, & being now led up into the
‘ wilderness.’ The wilderness described. His fast of forty days; &
‘ hunger.

SATAN appears (disguised like a poor shepherd or villager) & enquires
‘ what brought him into such a forlorn place, whence of all who come
‘ thither very few ever return back alive? & the reason (he owns) of
‘ his asking this question is, because he thinks him to be the person whom
‘ JOHN so very lately proclaimed to be THE SON OF GOD?

Our SAVIOR replies, ‘ that he, who brought him thither, will bring
‘ him back.’

SATAN confesses, ‘ he may; but not without difficulty. Then
‘ touches the miserable condition of himself & others who (he pretends)
‘ live there, & wishes our SAVIOR (if he be the SON OF GOD, & as he
‘ must needs hunger as well as they) to turn those stones into bread, to
‘ relieve himself & them.’

Our SAVIOR in answer shews, ‘ how much the WORD of GOD (the
‘ bread of life) is to be valued above all earthly food; & why then should
‘ SATAN (for he knows him) suggest distrust to him, as if God, who

‘ rained

‘ rained Manna upon the children of ISRAEL forty years, & fed ELIJAH
 ‘ by ravens forty days (all in that very wilderness) would not, if need were,
 ‘ provide also for him?’

SATAN, after confessing himself to be indeed that spirit, & his fall, &
 ‘ punishment, insinuates his release from hell, his reigning in the air, &
 ‘ appearing sometimes yet in heaven (as when he was permitted to tempt
 ‘ JOB, & sent thence to seduce AHAB) & pretends still to obey GOD, &
 ‘ to love him, & all that is good; & consequently him, THE SON. He
 ‘ is no enemy (he adds) to mankind; they never hurt him: why then
 ‘ should he injure them? No! he often instructs them by oracles & dreams
 ‘ to avoid dangers. If he once envied them, he does not now. For fel-
 ‘ lowship in pain (he finds) divides no smart: all which now troubles him
 ‘ is, that man, tho’ fallen as well as he, shall be restored, he perceives, but
 ‘ he never.’

Our SAVIOR acknowledges, ‘ that SATAN is sometimes yet seen in
 ‘ heaven: but how? as a captive; as a spectacle of scorn; as the sight of
 ‘ lost happiness is a part of his punishment. That also, he yet obeys GOD:
 ‘ but why? because he fears, not because he loves him. That GOD like-
 ‘ wise permitted him to tempt JOB; & that he did so; but why? not so
 ‘ much to shew his obedience to GOD, as his malice to JOB. That he also
 ‘ was indeed a *lying* spirit in the mouths of AHAB’s prophets: but why?
 ‘ not again because he loved *obedience*, but *lying*. That as for his oracles,
 ‘ they are either a mixture of truth & falsehood; or ambiguous; or not un-
 ‘ derstood; so none the better for them; or, if they are, that all he can
 ‘ foretell, he must have either from GOD himself, or his good angels (the
 ‘ PRESIDENTS of the provinces of the earth) & then only when GOD is
 ‘ pleased to let his will be known: but assures him, that there shall quickly
 ‘ be an end of this, that oracles shall now cease, or be enquired of in vain:
 ‘ GOD’S WORD shall henceforth be his oracle.’

SATAN answers, ‘ that our SAVIOR is too severe; that either distress
 ‘ or profit may make almost any one depart from truth (which is hard to
 ‘ follow) yet that he loves to hear the dictates of it from him, & begs that
 ‘ he may be often admitted to that favor; GOD himself permits the hypo-
 ‘ crite & the atheist to appear in his house, & he prays him therefore not
 ‘ altogether to disdain him.’

Our SAVIOR (perceiving his design to tempt him farther) neither bids
 nor forbids him, but leaves both that & himself to the will of his
 FATHER.

Book the Second.

PETER & ANDREW & other disciples, missing our SAVIOR, fall into doubt whether he be withdrawn somewhere to converse with GOD (as MOSES was into the mount) or caught up into heaven (as ELIAS) & therefore resolve to seek him (as the sons of the prophets did the latter) which they do; but in vain. Their pious lamentations, & the BLESSED VIRGIN'S great trouble, at his absence.

SATAN returns to his companions, & relates ' what an enemy indeed he hath now met with. That it was easie enough to get the better of ADAM, but fears he never shall of him. He requires therefore all their assistance to help & advise him in his farther attempts: ' which they promise. And BELIAL begins with wishing him to try what *women* can do; they ' overcame SOLOMON: why not him?'

SATAN rejects his proposal, ' as the effect only of his own particular sensual inclination; shews how ALEXANDER & SCIPIO, in the heat of youth, were not to be subdued by *beauty*. That, as for SOLOMON, he lived at ease, & *women* therefore got the better of him; but that he whom they have now to deal with, is a person of far higher thoughts & judgment; that it is like he will never cast an eye towards *women*, or, if he should, that one look of his, would assuredly vanquish even VENUS & all her arts; that he must rather be tried therefore with objects of *glory*, or perhaps with what is *just necessary* to satisfy *nature*; that he now *hungers*, & it were best, he thinks, that he should be first assaulted that way.' They agree to his opinion. He then chuses a certain number of them to assist him on his adventure, & departs.

Our SAVIOR now hungry more & more, & meeting with nothing to relieve him, lies down at night under a tree to rest; & there dreams much of *meat & drink*; of ELIJAH fed first by ravens, then by an angel, & that he even partakes with him, & also eats *pulse* & drinks *water* with DANIEL: but awakes, & finds it to be all a dream.

Morning being come, our LORD walks up an hill to see if he can spy any town or house where he may hope to get some *food*, but discerns none: yet sees a pleasant grove in a Valley, to which he repairs.

There SATAN (arrayed now like a courtier) meets him, yet (as he well knows it to be mere labor in vain to pretend to hide himself) ' first owns who he is, & then remembers him how HAGAR & her son, all the twelve tribes of JACOB, & even ELIAS himself had perished there, if not supported by miracles, but sees (he saith) no miracle wrought to succor

I K

him.

him. He knows (he adds) that our SAVIOR must now be much an-
 hungred, & asks therefore, if *food* were set before him, whether he
 would be pleased to eat?

Our SAVIOR answers, 'as I like the giver.'

There is nothing in that, replies SATAN, let it come from a friend or
 an enemy, you have a right to it, & all the creation besides. But he pro-
 poses to set before him nothing *unclean*, or that hath been *offered to Idols*
 (those young DANIEL could refuse) but the purest & best of all nature's
 produce, & therefore prays him to sit & eat. Then shews him a table
 set out with the richest eatables, & a side-board furnished with the choicest
 wines; & many fair youths & beauteous nymphs in waiting; whilst the most
 ravishing music is likewise heard & the most fragrant odors dispersed to per-
 fume the air. Then renews his invitation; & tells him, 'these are no *for-*
bidden fruits, but purveyed on purpose for him, & that they who bring
 them are all spirits of the *air, wood, & springs* who come to serve him.'

Our SAVIOR replies, 'tis true all things are his; & none with-holds his
 power to use them; but then what need hath he for *him* or *them* to bring
 him what he himself can command? He can himself (if he were so
 minded) set forth a richer table, & call even the very angels to wait on
 him? Why then should he trouble himself so much at his being an
 hungry?

SATAN returns, 'that what he offers is voluntary; but it seems he
 does not like it, because of his providing: he will therefore otherways
 dispose of those things.' Accordingly the table & provisions all vanish
 with the sound of Harpies wings & talons.

SATAN now tells our SAVIOR, 'that *hunger* (he perceives) has no
 effect on him, he is so very *temperate*; & that his heart (he finds) is set
 on *higher things* than meat & drink; but then, how will he accomplish
 his designs? he is unknown, & friendless, & poor, lost in a desert, &
 even starved with *hunger*: great designs must have great *summs* to bring
 them to an issue. If he had *money* indeed, perhaps he might then (like
 HEROD) be able to *purchase* a throne, or at least recover that of JUDAH
 (his own already, if he had but his right) & he therefore offers him *wealth*
 to procure it; *wealth* which (he says) will always have better success
 than *virtue*, or *valor*, or *wisdom*. Our SAVIOR, in answer, 'despises
wealth, & prefers *virtue*, & *valor*, & *wisdom*; shewing how GIDEON,
 JEPHTHA, DAVID, QUINTUS, FABRICIUS, CURIUS DENTATUS,
 ATTILIUS REGULUS, tho' all poor, yet rose to greatness; why then
 not

‘ not he? Besides, that riches & even crowns themselves are burdens to
 ‘ the owners & wearers; & that only he who rules *himself*, & teaches
 ‘ his people to serve God aright is most a king, & most deserves to be
 ‘ so. And again, that to *give* a kingdom is better than to *assume* one: that
 ‘ riches then are needless, & crowns, procured only by them, better wanted.’

Book the Third.

SATAN, tho’ much confounded by our SAVIOR’s discourse on *govern-*
ment, ‘ applauds it, & declares him an oracle both in that & matters of
 ‘ war, if he would only apply himself to it; & is surprised therefore that
 ‘ he should so hide his great talents in the wilderness, & thereby deprive
 ‘ himself of the *glory* which he might gain by *martial* arts. Reminds him,
 ‘ that ALEXANDER, SCIPIO & POMPEY had performed wonders before
 ‘ they reached his years, & that CAESAR himself wept, because it was so
 ‘ long before he began to follow *glory*: but adds, that he is not yet too
 ‘ late.’

Our SAVIOR replies, ‘ that *fame* is mostly nothing else but the praise of
 ‘ the *vulgar*, who are a mere herd, & praise the *worst* things; admire they
 ‘ knew not what, or whom, or why? That it little avails to be praised of
 ‘ such; that he who acts above them is more to be commended; that IN-
 ‘ TEGRITY only is TRUE GLORY; and that God himself looks down
 ‘ with pleasure to behold it. That it was for this reason God formerly asked
 ‘ (as he may well remember) if he had seen & considered his servant JOB?
 ‘ That it is no *glory* at all to *conquer* & over-run nations with the sword,
 ‘ but rather *robbery*, & murder, & leading them captive who more deserve
 ‘ to be *free* than their conquerors; & yet vain men must be called bene-
 ‘ factors, deliverers, be deified & worshipped, for such vile acts as these?
 ‘ That, if there be any thing good in *glory*, it flows rather from acts of
 ‘ *peace*, *wisdom*, *patience*, *temperance* (as in the cases of JOB & SOCRATES)
 ‘ whereas if SCIPIO AFRICANUS freed his country from the CARTHAGI-
 ‘ NIANS, merely to acquire *fame*, that then he hath lost all the *true*
 ‘ *glory* of doing so. And that he therefore seeks not *glory*, but the RE-
 ‘ DEMPTION of HIS who sent him.’

SATAN murmuring answers, ‘ that, if he thinks no better of *glory*, he
 ‘ therein sure does not much resemble HIS FATHER, who made all things
 ‘ for his *glory*, & requires the very angels in heaven & every realm & rank
 ‘ of men upon earth to give him *glory*.’ ‘ And reason, saith our SAVIOR,
 ‘ since he created them all, tho’ not so much for *glory*, as to shew his *good-*
 ‘ *ness*, & impart it to them; but then how can *man*, who hath nothing of

‘ his own to *impart* to others, who himself turned *recreant* to God, & yet
‘ would rob God of his due, pretend to *glory*? But see the goodness of
‘ God! God is always ready to advance him to *glory*, who advances his.’

SATAN (who had lost all for pride) now, as he had good reason, letting
glory drop, ‘ reminds him again of his *right* to the JEWISH *throne*, & asks
‘ how he thinks to obtain it, now it is possessed by a stranger, & his country
‘ made a *province* to the ROMANS, who (like ANTIOCHUS) have often
‘ violated the *law* & profaned the very *temple* itself? That JUDAS MACHA-
‘ BEUS did not sit still, or withdraw, like him; but took another course:
‘ & so should he, if he hath any zeal for HIS FATHER’S house, or for the
‘ LIBERTY of his country.’

Our SAVIOR replies, ‘ that there is a time for all things; that HIS FA-
‘ THER knows best when it is proper for him to begin to reign; & perhaps
‘ means to try him first, to see how he can *suffer* & *obey*; that SATAN,
‘ for his part, need not be in haste for the beginning of CHRIST’S king-
‘ dom, since the commencing of that, he knows, will be the end of his
‘ own.’

SATAN returns, ‘ that the fear of *worse*, is worse than the very know-
‘ ing of it. That he would gladly be at the *worst*; & wonders that he
‘ should not as much desire to be at the best. But tells him, he hath not
‘ yet seen the world, & he will therefore shew it him.’ Then carries him
to the top of an exceeding high mountain, & shews him (from the *east* side)
the whole PARTHIAN empire, also the king of PARTHIA then just setting
out to fight the SCYTHIAN. Then suggests, ‘ that, admitting he was even
‘ now seated on DAVID’S *throne*, still, as JUDAEA lies between those two
‘ great empires of ROME & PARTHIA, he would never be able to main-
‘ tain himself long in the possession of it, without one of those two powers
‘ for his *ally*; that the PARTHIAN, he thinks, as the nearest, is the best
‘ of the two for that purpose, & offers therefore to secure him the friend-
‘ ship of that prince, either by league or conquest, just as he pleases, &
‘ thereby also opportunity to restore the TEN lost TRIBES.’

Our SAVIOR answers as before, ‘ that he is resolved to await HIS FA-
‘ THER’S time both in these & all other things; & why should he be so
‘ solicitous about rescuing the TEN TRIBES, since he formerly tempted
‘ DAVID to number the people, which cost him the lives of seventy thou-
‘ sand of them? That those TRIBES were punished with captivity by reason
‘ of their Idolatry, of which neither they nor their posterity ever yet repented;
‘ & therefore deserve not yet to be delivered. For the rest, that God will
‘ bring

' bring them back when he pleases, & then perhaps again cleave the very
' seas for their passage, as he did before when he first brought them into
' *the land of promise.*'

Book the Fourth.

SATAN leads our SAVIOR next to the *west* side of the mountain, &
thence shews him ROME in all its magnificence & splendor, particularly the
capitol & the imperial palace on MOUNT PALATINE, & the APPIAN &
EMILIAN roads thronged with praetors, pro-consuls, lictors, legions, co-
horts, & ambassadors from all parts; & tells him, ' that, now he hath shewn
' him these two great empires of ROME & PARTIA, he hath shewn him
' all the *kingdoms* of the world & all their *glory*, the rest not being worth
' the speaking of;' adding, ' that TIBERIUS, the present emperor, hath
' no son, is now old, retired to CAPREAE to enjoy his sensual pleasures, &
' detested of all for his vices; & suggests, how easie therefore it may be for
' him, endued with every royal virtue, to expel him & give the people
' liberty; nay, offers to do it for him, & bids him then, to aim at the
' highest things, & thereby to secure the throne of DAVID.'

Our SAVIOR replies, ' that all the magnificence of ROME which he hath
' now seen is nothing else but mere luxury; that all the embassies sent
' thither are little better than outlandish flatteries; that instead of expelling
' TIBERIUS for a monster, he thinks, he ought rather first to expel SA-
' TAN for making him one; that the ROMANS (tho' once frugal, mild,
' temperate, just) are now grown a vile, base people (leud, rapacious, vain,
' cruel, effeminate) & therefore deserve not their FREEDOM; that when he
' comes to sit on DAVID's throne, his kingdom shall put an end to all
' other monarchies, & be without end itself: but, when? is not for SATAN
' to know, or him to tell.'

' SATAN replies, ' that our SAVIOR, he finds, will accept of nothing
' which he offers; but, withall, impudently bids him not mistake him,
' for, tho' he did offer him all these things, that it was only conditionally,
' namely, that he should first fall down & worship him, & then hold them
' of him.'

Our SAVIOR rebukes him, ' shews how much more wicked he is for
' this attempt than for his former against EVE, & declares him for ever
' accursed.'

SATAN, tho' now terribly perplexed at his ill success, to sooth him,
' pretends that what he said was only to try him; that at most he desired
' no farther worship of him than what other SONS OF GOD (SPIRITS OF

‘*fire, air, & water*; & MEN) very readily yield him as the GOD of this world & the world below it; that it concerned him to know *what & who* he is; that he hath lost nothing, but gained, by being known; & that he will trouble him no farther about *kingdoms*, for, he sees, he affects them not, but rather *learning* (as indeed he first perceived by his disputing with the rabines) he invites him therefore to be famous for *wisdom*; to shine in all *knowledge*; but furnishes, that all *knowledge* is not couched in MOSES & the *Prophets*, but part in them, & part in *profane learning*. Then shews him ATHENS, & there the house of SOCRATES, & the schools of PLATO, ARISTOTLE, EPICURUS, & ZENO; where (by hearing them, & the best GRECIAN poets & orators) he may quickly learn to excel in *heroic poem*, in *tragedy*, in *oratory*, in *philosophy* in all its branches, ’till he is indeed most fit to be a king.

Our SAVIOR replies, ‘that (whether SATAN imagines he knows all those things *already*, or not) he *knows* what he *ought*; that he, who hath LIGHT *from above*, wants no such instructors as the gentile philosophers, since their doctrines are little better than mere dreams & conjectures; & instances in the philosophers abovementioned, who knew neither *themselves*, nor GOD; nor how the world *began*, or man *fell*; that as for the *poets*, what need of them, when his native language the HEBREW is so strewed with hymns, & psalms, & other pieces of divine poesie, so sublime, so true, & so far beyond all the fables of the other? & that, as for their *orators*, there is as little occasion for them to him who is acquainted with GOD’s *prophets*, which, with the *law* of MOSES, are so much fitter to instruct either a prince or a kingdom.’

SATAN sternly answers, ‘since you value neither *wealth*, nor *crowns*, nor *glory*, nor *learning*, as I found you in the wilderness, even thither I will conduct you, & there leave you; & there you shall soon wish you had accepted my offer to set you on DAVID’S *throne*, or now you are at full age (which certainly is the fittest season for the *prophecies* about you to be fulfilled) on the *throne* of the whole world. But what of *prophecies*? If I know any thing of *fate*, sorrow & scorn, injuries, & stripes & cruel death they portend you; & as for your kingdom, I discover nought of that.’ This said, he transports our SAVIOR back into the wilderness; & disappears.

Night now draws on, & our SAVIOR betakes himself to rest, when SATAN first disturbs him with ugly dreams, then wakes him with a terrible storm of thunder, lightning, rain & winds which tear up the very trees
which

which shelter him, & next endeavors to affright him with infernal ghosts & furies. But he bears all with peace & patience.

The morning at length breaks & the sky clears, when SATAN (as if glad of the change) accosts our SAVIOR with a description of the storm, yet, with a sneer, as if it had been levelled most at him, who no doubt, he faith, is now in a fair way of being a king; which, he yet hints, he may be, if he will be ruled by him; if not, he may see, by those forerunning terrors, what other adversities he is like to meet with.

Our SAVIOR answers, that all the hurt he hath received is only a little wet. That, as for those terrors, they came not from GOD, he knows, but him; & that all the late storm was only a copy of his rage to find himself so disappointed: then advises him to desist, for that he is discerned.

SATAN replies, that he yet doubts whether he be indeed THE SON OF GOD; owns, that he hath heard what the prophets foretold of the MESSIAH, & is not ignorant either, of the annunciation of his birth by GABRIEL; or of the hymn sung by angels on the morning of his nativity; or of the voice from heaven at his baptism by JOHN; but, on the contrary, hath, for those reasons, since eyed him more narrowly; yet that, be he what he will, he himself likewise is THE SON OF GOD, as also are all MEN; HIM indeed, it is true, he thought some way or other more eminently so, & therefore guessed to be his fatal ENEMY; that, for this last reason, he hath tried him as far as man can be tried, & thereby seen his thorough contempt of honor, of riches, kingdoms, & glory; but that to know indeed what he really is more than all other men, he must now, he finds, pursue another course.

He then takes him up, & carries him, from the wilderness to JERUSALEM, & there sets him on the highest point of one of the tallest pinacles of the temple, & then scornfully bids him stand there, if he can; if not, tells him, he may safely cast himself down; for, no doubt, HIS FATHER (as his prophets have foretold) will send his angels, to see that he dash not his foot against a stone.

Our SAVIOR again rebukes him, & stands steadily on the pinnacle, while SATAN (every minute expecting to see him fall) drops down himself with amaze & confusion, & stealing thence to his companions yet sitting in council, there relates his bad success. Mean while a flight of heavenly angels descend, & receiving our SAVIOR on their wings, bear him gently to a green bank, where they set before him a table of celestial food & fruits, &

while

while he refreshes himself, in a hymn declare his VICTORY over the TEMPTER & PARADISE REGAINED. OUR SAVIOR then privately returns home to his mother's house.

4. If it be asked, WHETHER THE PARADISE REGAIN'D (as we now have it) BE COMPLETE, OR NOT?

Those, who take the Affirmative, say, that as the action of the PARADISE LOST was complete when the Fall of Man was complete; so the action of the PARADISE REGAIN'D was complete, when OUR SAVIOR had defeated the Tempter in the wilderness.

Those who take the Negative, say, that as the action of PARADISE REGAIN'D was not complete till CHRIST was ascended up on high & had *led captivity captive*; so, this poem, as it doth not likewise carry on the history so far, cannot therefore be complete.

MILTON's proposition at the beginning of the first book, & his hymn at the close of the fourth, incline one to the first of these opinions; but it may be replied on the other side, that the proposition is sometimes wrote last, or at least sometimes altered at last, to make it answer, not what the author really intended, but what he afterwards found time to perform: that the same may be said of the hymn. And again, that the want of arguments to all the four books, & the four last lines of the fourth, make also for the Negative.

The resolution of this question appearing a matter of some difficulty, I asked the opinion of a learned friend (WILLIAM COWPER Esq. Clerk of the Parliaments) whose answer is wrote with great judgment. Take it therefore in his own words.

' For my opinion about the PARADISE REGAIN'D, *whether complete, or not?* There is no body less possessed of the means to decide such a critical question than my self; or indeed any other philological one; but, if you will have it, I think it is so. And that, not merely because MILTON himself seems to have thought so, by ending it there; but because I observe the ILIAD to be finished by the death, &c. of HECTOR, & the AENEID, by that of Turnus: *i. e.* when the action had proceeded so far as to bring to pass the cardinal event upon which all that was to follow must happen; after Hector's death, Troy must fall; &, when Turnus was slain, Aeneas must establish himself, by marrying Lavinia, &c. So, after the tempter defeated, man was put into a state of *regaining Paradise*, as CHRIST thereby stood enabled to perform all the points of his mission & purposes, which were to be the ground of it. It is these breaks,

' & leaving

‘ & leaving things to be imagined, &c. that, with the use of some other figures, make a poem differ from a dry history. In the first, ’tis enough to shew the reader the *promised land* distinctly; the last ought to carry him thither, & put him in possession.’

5. If we examine either the report of ‘MILTON’s *preferring* the PARADISE REGAIN’D to the PARADISE LOST;’ or, again, ‘*why the PARADISE REGAIN’D hath been so strangely run down*’ by divers other writers, (his friends & admirers?) It will be necessary to set set down here, what, in both these respects, hath been said of these two poems.

‘ In 1670.’ saith Mr. Toland ², ‘MILTON published his PARADISE REGAIN’D,’ [he should say, 1671. for tho’ it was licensed 2. July 1670. it was not published till 1671.] ‘consisting of four books; but generally esteemed much inferior to PARADISE LOST: which he could not endure to hear, being quite of another mind. Yet this occasioned somebody to say, wittily enough, That MILTON might be *seen* in PARADISE LOST, but not in PARADISE REGAIN’D.’

‘ Anno Aetatis 63. [*i. e.* 1671.] saith Mr. Fenton ³, he published his PARADISE REGAIN’D. But, Oh! *what a falling off was there.* — Of which I will say no more, than that there is scarcely a more remarkable instance of the frailty of human reason, than our author gave in *preferring* this poem to PARADISE LOST; nor a more instructive caution to the best writers, to be very diffident in deciding the merit of their own productions.

‘ His time was now [*i. e.* after the restoration] employed, saith Mr. Richardson ⁴, in writing & publishing, particularly PARADISE LOST, &, after that, PARADISE REGAIN’D & SAMSON AGONISTES. The *last* of these is worthy of him. The *other* [the PARADISE REGAIN’D] of any one else. If it be true that he *preferred* this to the *first* of the three, what shall we say?’

To take things as they lie. First, observe here, Mr. Toland doth not use the word *preferred*. He only says, ‘The PARADISE REGAIN’D was generally esteemed much inferior to PARADISE LOST; which MILTON could not endure to hear, being quite of another mind.’ And, by being quite of another mind, I would willingly understand that he means no more than that MILTON thought the PARADISE REGAIN’D, for what there was of it, to be as good or *equal* to the PARADISE LOST; which is far from *preferring* it to that poem. And, admitting this to be MILTON’s

2. Life of Milton. p. 43.

3. Life of Milton. p. xxiv.

4. Life of Milton. p. xciv.

true meaning, perhaps the reader will be of the same mind too; especially if he will be at the pains to make a careful comparison of the two poems. For, by such a comparison, he will see what a spacious field the poet hath in the PARADISE LOST; what a narrow one, in the PARADISE REGAIN'D. In the former he hath the story of the creation, & of man in his innocent & guilty state, with the rebellion & fall of LUCIFER, & all the other various walks of the upper, middle, & nether world, as it were, to range in: in the latter, only the one story, or rather circumstance, of the temptation to make his best of. So that if we consider these two poems in this light (which is the true & only point of view to make a right judgment of them) then I think we must allow the PARADISE REGAIN'D to be a most wonderful work, &, remembering the scantiness of the subject in regard of matter, even admire how the author could spin it out into four such beautiful books as he did, which, next to the PARADISE LOST, make it absolutely the best poem yet extant in our language.

But Mr. Toland goes on. 'This occasioned somebody to say, & that wittily enough, that MILTON might be *seen* in PARADISE LOST, but not in PARADISE REGAIN'D.' To which I answer. There is a great difference between saying a *witty* thing & saying a *wise* one. A man may be *witty* upon any thing, if he will always indulge himself the liberty to be satyrical. This presently raises a laugh. But afterwards, when we come to be serious, & to look for solidity & truth, we really find nothing at the bottom of all such matters, but the phantoms, *wit & humor*. *Wit & humor* are strange things. In this instance too great a fondness for them makes Mr. Toland himself forget the regard which he just now had for that very man whose honor & character he almost every where else so zealously contends for. Poor blind MILTON may be *seen* in PARADISE LOST, but not in PARADISE REGAIN'D! To which I answer, He who cannot see him in the one, I am sure cannot see him in the other.

Next to Mr. Toland comes Mr. Fenton, who, after informing us when MILTON first published his PARADISE LOST & his PARADISE REGAIN'D, immediately cries out, with regard to the latter, *But, Oh! what a falling off was there!* — Now tho' we cannot tell who Mr. Toland's somebody (who was so witty on MILTON) was; yet we know the ghost in the play says,

Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there!

But Mr. Fenton goes on. 'Of which I will say no more, than that there

' is scarcely a more remarkable instance of the frailty of human reason, than ' our author gave in *preferring* this poem to the PARADISE LOST.' Note, here the word *preferr'd*, as far as I can yet find, occurs first. But what foundation Mr. *Fenton* had for using that expression, save only as a deduction from what Mr. *Toland* (as above) reports somebody said wittily enough; I know not: And therefore answer: There is scarcely a more remarkable instance, I think, of the human mind's immediately taking down other peoples prejudices against the best of poems, than this of Mr. *Fenton* himself. For I see nothing at all in the PARADISE REGAIN'D like a *falling off*, & am perfectly astonished that Mr. *Fenton*, a very good poet & a very good judge too, (where he took time to consider things) should so strangely express himself.

After Mr. *Toland* & Mr. *Fenton*, comes Mr. *Richardson*, & (speaking of our author's PARADISE LOST, PARADISE REGAIN'D, & SAMSON AGONISTES) saith, ' The *last* of these is worthy of him. The *other*' [The PARADISE REGAIN'D] ' of any one else. If it be true that he ' *preferred* this to the *first* of the three, what shall we say?' I answer. Mr. *Toland* first printed an unlucky jest, which much hurt the reputation of the PARADISE REGAIN'D among those who had rather sit down contented with other people's judgments, than be at the pains to make a judgment for themselves, tho' very able to do it. This, I conceive, in this instance, was Mr. *Fenton*'s case. And sure Mr. *Richardson* when he said, that the PARADISE REGAIN'D was *worthy of any one else* (consequently, not of the author) was likewise too much swayed by what Mr. *Toland* & Mr. *Fenton* had before dropt to depreciate it, & therefore did not weigh the beauties of it so attentively as he should have done. And indeed, when a good thing is once decried (as this divine poem was by nothing at all at first, I verily believe, but a mere witticism) we are all but too ready to joyn with the pack, &, right or wrong, to hunt it down. To mend the matter too, Mr. *Tonson*, who is (or, at least would be thought to be) the proprietor of both poems, before all his late editions of the PARADISE LOST, prints the life of MILTON by *Fenton*, in which life the PARADISE REGAIN'D is thus unreasonably run down, both to the *author*'s discredit, & the *bookseller*'s disadvantage! And I need not here remind the reader how long the PARADISE LOST it self lay neglected, without any disparagements of this sort, before it could obtain its due credit in the world.

Matters standing thus, I have often wondred in my self how the PARADISE REGAIN'D, under all this load of prejudice, hath nevertheless passed

so many editions as I find it hath; till, the other day, I asked a friend whether he had read it? who answered, he had not. I saw it in your study, replied I. True, returned he; I bought it for the sake of the other poems which are printed with it. But I never read the PARADISE REGAIN'D itself, because it is generally so despised, that I always thought it was good for nothing. Bless me! said I, you have a deal of pleasure to come. You have judgment enough to know what is really good, & what is not, without being carried away by ill-grounded prejudices: Read it, I pray you. He did so; & was charmed with it. And well he might; for let any one else peruse it fairly & candidly, & without any of these prejudices, & he will soon see whether it be unequal in any thing, the length only excepted, to the PARADISE LOST itself.

In fine then I see very little reason to believe MILTON ever *preferred* the PARADISE REGAIN'D to the PARADISE LOST. If he did, he certainly carried it *too high*. But then they who said MILTON could *not be seen* in it; that there is a *falling off* in it; & that it is *worthy of any one but the author*, run it down, I think, as much *too low*. For certainly the PARADISE REGAIN'D is a most admirable poem, & breathes the very genius, & spirit, & soul of MILTON in every line; &, in a word, is worthy, not only of him, but even of

*Blind MELESIGENES, thence HOMER call'd,
Whose poem PHOEBUS challeng'd for his own*⁶.

Monsieur Bayle calls The PARADISE LOST a poem *On the temptation of EVE*, & The PARADISE REGAIN'D a poem *On the temptation of JESUS CHRIST*⁷.

Since I wrote as above I have the pleasure to find, that ' in 1732. there ' was printed at London in 4^o. a *Critique on PARADISE REGAIN'D*, ' pointing out the beauties of it, & written by the learned Mr. Richard ' Meadowcourt, Fellow of Merton College, & Prebendary of Worcester.'

Also that the reverend Mr. John Fortin observes⁸, ' that the PARA- ' DISE REGAIN'D hath not met with the approbation which it deserves; ' tho', he thinks, it hath not the harmony of numbers, the sublimity of ' thought, & the beauties of diction, which are in PARADISE LOST; ' but that it is composed in a lower & less striking style, a style suited ' to the subject. Artful sophistry, false reasoning set off in the most ' specious manner, & refuted by the SON of GOD with strong unaffected

6. P. R. IV. 258.

Lond. 1734. 8^o. p. 171. &c.

7. Article *Milton*, Remark G.

8. Remarks on *Spenser's* poems,

' eloquence,

‘ eloquence, he saith, is the peculiar excellence of this poem. SATAN
‘ here defends a bad cause with great skill & subtilty, as one thoroughly
‘ versed in that craft;

‘ *Qui facere assuerat*

‘ *Candida de nigris, & de candentibus atra.*

‘ His character is well drawn.’

C H A P. X.

1. Of his Samson Agonistes. 2. How he came to write it? 3. How it
may be divided into acts & scenes?

1. **H**IS SAMSON AGONISTES is the LAST of Mr. Milton's NINE most
celebrated *English* poems.

2. It should seem our author made choice of this subject, because SAM-
SON was blind, as he himself was. And the severe satyr on woman, in
SAMSON's discourse with DALILA, looks, I think, as if he still resented
his own ill usage by his first wife, Mrs. MARY POWELL.

*Out, out, Hyaena; these are thy wonted arts,
And arts of ev'ry woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorse,
Confess, & promise wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His vertue or weakness which way to assail:
Then, with more cautious & instructed skill,
Again transgresses, & again submits;
That wisest & best men full oft beguil'd,
With goodness principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Entangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off
As I by thee, to ages an example left¹.*

‘ The SAMSON AGONISTES (saith Mr. Fenton²) is a tragedy not un-
‘ worthy of the Grecian stage, when Athens was in her glory.’ ‘ Mr. Dry-
‘ den, as Langbaine observes³, hath transferred several thoughts in this
‘ poem to his AURENGZEBE.’

1. *Sams. Ag.* 748.

2. *Life of Milton.* p. xxiii.

3. p. 157. & 376.

3. This

3. This sacred drama, in all the editions of it yet published, appears without any division of the same into *acts*. But I will here set down how it may be both divided into *acts*, & again subdivided into *scenes*.

The *first Act* consists of III. Scenes. The first Scene ends with line 11. The second, with line 114. The third, with line 292. The *second Act* consists of II. Scenes. The first Scene ends with line 331. The second, with line 651. The *third Act* consists of III. Scenes. The first Scene ends with line 724. The second, with line 996. The third, with line 1009. The *fourth Act* consists of III. Scenes. The first Scene ends with line 1076. The second, with line 1243. The third, with line 1267. The *fifth Act* consists of VII. Scenes. The first Scene ends with line 1307. The second, with line 1347. The third, with line 1390. The fourth, with line 1426. The fifth, with line 1444. The sixth, with line 1540. The seventh, with line 1759. — This last act is rather too long, & the author apologises for it, when he says, 'It suffices if the whole Drama be found not produced beyond the *fifth Act*.'

C H A P. XI.

I. Of his intended heroic poems, the Arthur & Alfred.

I. **B**ESIDES these NINE greater poems, our author (it may be remembered) also proposed two large heroic poems; the one entitled, ARTHUR, in imitation of the ILIAD; the other, ALFRED, in imitation of the ODYSSEY.

He mentions his design of writing the *first* of these in his MANSUS, a Latin poem inscribed to Giovanni Baptista MANSO, marquiss of Villa, (a great friend of TASSO's) who shewed him many extraordinary civilities at Naples.

*O mibi si mea sors talem concedat amicum
Phoebaeos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
ARTURUMQUE etiam sub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictae sociali foedera mensae,
Magnanimos heroas, & (O modo spiritus adsit)
Frangam Saxonicas BRITONUM sub Marte phalanges.*

And again in his *epitaphium DAMONIS*, a Latin pastoral, wherein he laments the death of his dearest Friend and School-fellow CHARLES DIODATI; written very soon after his return from his travels.

*Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per aequora puppes
Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniae,*

Brennumque,

Brennumque, Arviragumque ducis, priscumque Belinum,
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
 Tum gravidam ARTURO fatali fraude Jogernen,
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlōis arma,
 MERLINI dolus.

He seems to mention a design of writing the last of these, in his MS. in Trinity College Library, where, after setting down a memorandum of an intended dramatic poem on part of the story of ALFRED, he adds —
 ‘ A heroical Poem may be founded somewhere in ALFRED’s reigne, especially at his issuing out of Edelingsey on the Danes, whose actions are well like those of Ulysses !’

Had he wrote these two poems, he would undoubtedly have introduced abundance of fine machinery into the former, by the assistance of MERLIN; & yet perhaps have shone more in the latter, as the story would have been more peaceful, & consequently more roomy for adventures of another sort, than that of the first. For battles & races & tiltings & feastings are things which, as our author himself very freely tells us, he had no manner of fancy to treat of.

Not sedulous by nature to indite
 Warrs, hitherto the onely argument
 Heroic deem’d; chief maistrise to dissect
 With long & tedious havoc fabled knights
 In battels feign’d; the better fortitude
 Of patience & heroic martyrdom
 Unsung; or to describe races & games,
 Or tilting furniture, emblazon’d shields,
 Impresses quaint, caparisons & steeds;
 Bases, & tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
 At joust & torneament; then marshal’d feast,
 Serv’d up in halls with sewers & seneshalls,
 The skill of artifice, or office, mean!
 Not that which justly gives HEROIC name
 To person, or to poem. Mee, of these
 Not skill’d nor studious, higher argument
 Remains; sufficient of it self to raise
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold
 Climat, or years, damp my intended wing

I. MS. Trin. p. 38.

*Deprest; &, much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers, who brings it nightly to my ear* ².

C H A P. XII.

1. *Of his many intended dramatic pieces; & 2. design to have rivalled & outdone Shakespeare; by writing the tragedy of Mackbeth anew: & 3. Johnson, 1. by reviving the chorus of the antients.*

1. **B**Esidés all these our author intended likewise (as may be remembred) upwards of ninety dramatic pieces. I shall here give the catalogue of them from his MS. Common-place-book, now in *Trinity College Library*.

[I. SCRIPTURE Subjects.] ¹.

I. PARADISE LOST: [the first, second, & third plans; as above p. 38, 39, 40, 41.]

II. *Adam* in banishment. [See p. 40. as above.]

III. The flood. [See Numb. V. below.]

IV. *Abram* in *Aegypt*,

V. The Deluge.

VI. *Sodom*.

VII. *Dinah*.

Vide Euseb. Praeparat. Evang. Lib. IX. Cap. xxii.

The Persons.

Dine.

Hamor.

Debora, Rebecca's nurse,

Sichem.

Jacob.

Counselors, 2.

Simeon.

Nuncius.

Levi.

Chorus.

VIII. *Thamar* [Πεπλοφορος] *Cuophorusa*.

Where, *Juda* is found to have been the author of that crime, which he condemn'd in *Tamar*:

Tamar excus'd in what she attempted.

IX. *The golden calfe, or the massacre in Horeb.*

X. *The quails.* Numb. xi.

XI. *The murmurers.* Numb. xiv.

XII. *Corah, Dathan, &c.* Numb. xvi. xvii.

XII. *Moabitides.* Num. xxv. [See Numb. XCIV. below.]

XIII. *Achan.* Joshue vii. & viii.

2. P. L. IX. 27.

1. MS. Trin. p. 35. 36.

XIV. *Josuah*

- XIV. *Josuah* in *Gibeon*. Josh. x.
 XV. *Gideon Idoloclastes*. Judg. vi. vii.
 XVI. *Gideon* pursuing. Judg. viii.
 XVII. *Abimelech* the usurper. Judg. ix.
 XVIII. *Samson* marriing, or in *Ramah Lechi*. Judg. xv.
 XIX. *Samson Purfophorus*, or *Hybristes*, or *Dagonalia*. Judg. xvi.
 XX. *Comazontes*, or the *Benjaminites*, or the *Rioters*. Judg. xix. xx. &c.
 XXI. *Theristria*: a pastoral: out of *Ruth*.
 XXII. *Eliadae*, [or] *Hophni* & *Phinebas*. I. Sam. i. ii. iii. iv.
 Beginning with the first overthrow of *Israel* by the *Philistins*; interlac't
 with *Samuel's* vision concerning *Eli's* Familie.
 XXIII. *Jonathan* rescued. I. Sam. xiv.
 XXIV. *Doeg* slandering. I. Sam. xxii.
 XXV. *The Sheep-shearers* in *Carmel*: a pastoral. I. Sam. xxv.
 XXVI. *Saul* [*Autodaietes*] in *Gilboa*. I. Sam. xxviii. xxxi.
 XXVII. *David* revolted. I. Sam. from the xxvii. C. to the xxxi.
 XXVIII. *David* adulterous. II. Sam. C. xi. xii.
 XXIX. *Tamar*. II. Sam. xiii.
 XXX. *Achitopel*. II. Sam. xv. xvi. xvii. xviii.
 XXXI. *Adoniah*. I. Reg. ii.
 XXXII. *Solomon Gynaecocratumenus*, or *Idolomargus*, aut *Thysiazusae*.
 I. Reg. xi.
 XXXIII. *Reboboam*. I. Reg. xii. Wher is disputed of a politick religion.
 XXXIV. *Abias Thersaeus*. I. Reg. xiv.
 The queen, after much dispute, as the last refuge, sent to the profet
Abias of *Shilo*. Receavs the message.
 The *Epitasis* in that shee, hearing the child shall die, as she comes home,
 refuses to return, thinking thereby to elude the oracle.
 The former part is spent in bringing the sick prince forth as it were desirous
 to shift his chamber & couch, as dying men use; his father telling him what
 sacrifice he had sent for his health to *Bethel* & *Dan*; his fearlesnesse of
 death, & putting his father in mind to set [read, send] to *Abiah*.
 The Chorus of the Elders of *Israel* bemoaning his virtues bereft them, &
 at another time wondring why *Jeroboam*, beeing bad himself, should so
 greive for his son that was good, &c.
 XXXV. *Imbres*, or the *Showers*. I. Reg. xviii. xix.
 XXXVI. *Naboth* συκοφαντήμενος. I. Reg. xxi.
 XXXVII. *Ahab*. I. Reg. xxii.

Beginning at the synod of fals profets.

Ending with relation of *Abab's* death. His bodie brought. *Zedechiab* slain by *Abab's* friends for his seducing. (See Lavater II. Chron. xviii.)

XXXVIII. *Elias* in the mount. II. Reg. i. ὁρειῶτης. Or, better, *Elias* Polemistes.

XXXIX. *Elisaeus Hudrochóos*. II. Reg. iii. *Hudrophantes*. *Aquator*.

XL. *Elisaeus Adorodocétas*.

XLI. *Elisaeus Minutes*, five in *Dothaimis*. II. Reg. v.

XLII. *Samaria Liberata*. II. Reg. vii.

XLIII. *Achaboei Cunoboromeni*. II. Reg. ix.

The Scene, *Jesrael*.

Beginning, from the watchman's discovery of *Jebu*, till he go out.

In the mean while message of things passing brought to *Jesebel*, &c.

Lastly, the 70 heads of *Abab's* sons brought in, & message brought of *Abaziab's* brethren slain on the way. C. x.

XLIV. *Jebu Belicola*. II. Reg. x.

XLV. *Athaliab*. II. Reg. xi.

XLVI. *Amaziab Doryalotus*. II. Reg. xiv. II. Chron. xxv.

XLVII. *Hezechias πολιορκούμενος*. II. Reg. xviii. xix. *Hesechia* besieged.

The wicked hypocrisy of *Shebna* (spoken of in the xi. or thereabout of *Isaiab*) & the commendation of *Eliakim*, will afford ἀφόρμας λόγῳ, together with a faction that sought help from *Egypt*.

XLVIII. *Josiab Αιαζόμενος*. II. Reg. xxiii.

XLIX. *Zedechiab νεοτερίζων*. II. Reg. But the story is larger in *Jeremiab*.

L. *Salymων* Halosis.

Which may begin, from a message brought to the city, of the judgment upon *Zedechiab* & his children in *Ribla*; & so seconded with the burning & destruction of city & temple by *Nebuzaradan*; lamented by *Jeremiab*.

LI. *Afa*, or *Aethiopes*. II. Chron. xiv. with the deposing [of] his mother, & burning her idol.

LII. [Dura] *The three children*. Dan. iii.

II. BRITISH Tragedies ².

LIII. *The cloister-king* *Constans* set up by *Vortiger*. *Venutius*, husband to *Cartismandua*.

LIV. *Vortiger* poison'd by *Roëna*.

LV. *Vortiger* immur'd. *Vortiger* marrying *Roëna*. See Speed. *Reproov'd*

². MS. Trin. p. 37.

by

by Vodin archbishop of London. Speed. The massacre of the Britains by Hengist in thire cups at Salisbury plaine, Malmſbury.

LVI. Sigher of the East-Saxons revolted from the faith, & reclaimed by Jarumang.

LVII. Ethelbert of the East-Angles, slaine by Offa the Mercian. See Holinsh. L. VI. C. v. Speed, in the life of Offa & Ethelbert.

LVIII. Sebert slaine by Penda after he had left his kingdom. See Holinshed p. 116.

LIX. Wulfer slaying his tow sons for beeing Christians.

LX. Osbert of Northumberland slain for ravishing the wife of Bernbocard, & the Dans brought in. See Stow. Holinsh. L. VI. C. xii. And especially Speed. L. VIII. C. ii.

LXI. Edmund, last king of the East-Angles martyr'd by Hinguar the Dane. See Speed. L. VIII. C. ii.

LXII. Sigbert, tyrant of the West-Saxons, slaine by a swinheard.

LXIII. Edmund, brother of Athelstan, slaine by a theefe at his owne table. Malmesb.

LXIV. Edwin, son to Edward the younger, for lust depriv'd of his kingdom, or rather by faction of monks, whome he hated; together [with] the impostor Dunstan.

LXV. Edward, Son of Edgar, murder'd by his stepmother. To which may be inserted the tragedie stirr'd up betwixt the monks & priests about mariage.

LXVI. Etheldred, son of Edgar, a slothful king; the ruin of his land by the Danes.

LXVII. Ceaulin, king of the West-Saxons, for tyrannie depos'd, & banisht, & dying.

LXVIII. The slaughter of the monks of Bangor by Edelfride, stirr'd up, as is said, by Ethelbert, & he by Austine the monke, because the Britains would not receave the rites of the Roman church. See Beda, Geffrey Monmouth, & Holinshed, p. 104. Which must begin with the convocation of British Clergie by Austin to determine superfluous points, which by them were refused.

LXIX. Edwin by vision promised the kingdom of Northumberland on promise of his conversion, & therin establisht by Rodoald, king of [the] East-Angles.

LXX. Oswin king of Deira slaine by Oswie his friend king of Bernitia, through instigation of flatterers. See Holinsh. p. 115.

LXXI. Sigibert of the East-Angles, keeping companie with a person excommunicated, slaine by the same man in his house, according as the bishop Cedda had foretold.

LXXII. Egfride king of the Northumbers slaine in battle against the Piets, having before wasted Ireland, & made warre for no reason on men that ever lov'd the English; forewarn'd also by Cuthbert not to fight with the Piets.

LXXIII. Kinewulf, king of the West-Saxons, slaine by Kineard in the house of one of his concubins ³.

LXXIV. Guuthildis, the Danish ladie, with her husband Palingus, & her son, slaine by the appointment of the traitor Edrick, in king Ethelred's days. Holinsh. L. VII. C. v. Together with the massacre of the Danes at Oxford. Speed.

LXXV. Brightick [king] of [the] West-Saxons poyson'd by his wife Ethelburge, Offa's daughter; who dyes miserably also, in beggery, after adultery, in a nunnery. Speed in Bithrick.

LXXVI. Alfred, in disguise of a minstrel, discovers the Danes negligence; sets on [them] with a mightie slaughter. About the same tyme the Devonshire men rout Hubba & slay him.

LXXVII. Athelstan exposing his brother Edwin to the sea, & repenting.

LXXVIII. Edgar slaying Ethelwold for false play in woing. Wherein may be set out his pride, & lust, which he thought to close [*rectius*, cloke] by favouring monks & building monasteries. Also the disposition of women, in [that of] *Elfrida* towards her husband.

LXXIX. Swane beseidging London, & Ethelred repuls'd by the Londoners.

LXXX. Harold slaine in battel, by William the Norman.

The first Scene may begin with the ghost of *Alfred*, the second son of *Ethelred*, slaine in cruel manner by *Godwin*, *Harold's* father, his mother & brother dissuading him.

LXXXI. Edmund Ironside defeating the Danes at Brentford, with his combat with Canute.

LXXXII. Edmund Ironside murder'd by Edrick the traitor, & reveng'd by Canute.

LXXXIII. Gunilda, daughter to king Canute & Emma, wife to Henry III. emperour, accus'd of in chastitie, defended by her English page in combat against a giant-like adversary; who by him at two blows is slaine, &c. Speed, in the life of Canute.

3. MS. Trin. p. 38.

LXXXIV. Hardik-

LXXXIV. Hardiknute *dying in his cups*: an example to riot.

LXXXV. Edward the Confessor's *divorcing & imprisoning his noble wife Editha, Godwin's daughter*. Wherein is shewed, his over-affection to strangers, the cause of *Godwin's* insurrection. Wherin *Godwin's* forbearance of battel, prais'd; & the *English* moderation on both sides, magnified. His [*Edward's*] slacknesse to redresse the corrupt clergie, & superstitious pretence of chastitie.

III. SCOTCH Stories, or rather BRITISH of the North Parts 4.

LXXXVI. Athirco *slain by Natholochus, whose daughters he had ravisht, & this Natholochus, usurping thereon the kingdom, seeks to slay the kindred of Athirco, who scape him & conspire against him*.

He sends to a witch to know the event.

The witch tells the messenger, that he is the man, that shall slay *Natholochus*. He detests it; but, in his journie home, changes his mind, & performs it. *Scotch Chron. English*. p. 68. 69. [*Holinsh. 1. Edit. p. 73.*]

LXXXVII. *Duffe & Donwald*. A strange story of witchcraft & murder discover'd & reveng'd. *Scotch story* 149. [*Holinsh. 1. Edit. p. 206.*]

LXXXVIII. Haie, *the plowman, who, with his two sons that were at plow, running to the battell that was between the Scots & Danes in the next field, staid the flight of his countrymen, renew'd the battell, & caus'd the victorie, &c.* *Scotch story*. p. 155. [*Holinsh. 1. Edit. p. 206.*]

LXXXIX. Kenneth, *who having privily poison'd Malcolm Duffe, that his own son might succeed; is slain by Fenella.* *Scotch Hist.* p. 157. [*Holinsh. 1. Edit. p. 221.*]

XC. Macbeth. *Beginning at the arrivall of Malcolm at Mack-duffe*. The matter of *Duncan* may be expres't by the appearing of his ghost.

[IV. Other SCRIPTURE Subjects 5.]

XCI. ABRAM from MOREA, or ISAAC redeem'd.

The oiconomie may be thus.

The fift or sixt day after *Abraham's* departure, *Eleazar* (*Abram's* steward) first alone, & then with the *Chorus*, discourse of *Abraham's* strange voiage, thire mistresse sorrow & perplexity; accompanied with frightfull dreams; & tell the manner of his rising by night, taking his servants & his son with him.

Next may come forth *Sarah* herself.

After the *Chorus*, or *Ismael*, or *Agar*.

Next some shepheard or companie of merchants, passing through the

4. MS. Trin. p. 41.

5. MS. Trin. p. 39.

mount in the time that *Abram* was in the mid-work, relate to *Sarah* what they saw. Hence lamentations, fears, wonders.

The matter in the mean while divulg'd, *Aner*, or *Eschol*, or *Mamre* (*Abram*'s confederats) come to the house of *Abram* to be more certaine, or to bring news; in the mean while discoursing, as the world would, of such an action, divers ways; bewayling the fate of so noble a man falln from his reputation, either through divin justice, or superstition, or coveting to doe some notable act through zeal.

At length a servant sent from *Abram* relates the truth; & last he himselfe comes in with a great traine of *Melchizedec*'s, whose shepherds, beeing secretlye witnesses of all passages, had related [the whole] to thir master, & he conducted his friend *Abraham* home with joy.

XCII. BAPTISTES ⁶: [as hereafter.]

XCIII. SODOM ⁷.

The Scene before *Lot*'s gate.

The *Chorus*, consisting of *Lot*'s shepherds come to the citty about some affairs, await in the evening thir maister's return from his evening walk toward the citty gates.

He brings with him two young men, or youths, of noble form. After likely discourses, praepares for thire entertainment.

By then supper is ended the gallantry of the towne passe by in procession, with musick & song, to the temple of *Venus Urania* or *Peor*; &, understanding of tow noble strangers arriv'd, they send two of thire choyest youth, with the priest, to invite them to thire citty solemnities; it beeing an honour that thire citty had decreed to all fair personages, as beeing sacred to thir goddess.

Lot, that knows thire drift, answers thwartly at last. Of which notice given to the whole assembly, they hasten thither, taxe him of praesumption, singularity, breach of city-customs. In fine, offer violence. The *Chorus* of shepherds praepare resistance in thire maister's defence, calling the rest of the serviture. But, beeing forc't to give back, the angels open the dore; rescue *Lot*; discover themselves; warne him to gether his friends & sons in law out of the citty.

He goes, & returns; as having met with some incredulous.

Some other friend or son in law (out of the way when *Lot* came to his house) overtakes him to know his busines. Heer is disputed of incredulity of divine judgements, & such like matters.

6. MS. Trin. p 39.

7. MS. Trin. p. 39.

At last is described the parting from the city.

The Chorus depart with thir master.

The angels doe the deed with all dreadfull execution.

The king & nobles of the city may come forth, & serve to set out the terror. A Chorus of angels concluding, & the angels relating the event of Lot's journey, & of his wife.

The first Chorus, beginning, may relate the course of the city; each evening every one, with *mistresse* or *Ganymed*, gitterning along the streets, or solacing on the banks of *Jordan*, or down the stream.

At the priest's inviting the angels to the solemnity, the angels, pittying thir beauty, may dispute of *Love*, & how it differs from *Lust*; seeking to win them.

In the last Scene, to the king & nobles, when the firce thunder begins aloft, the angel appears all girt with flames, which, he saith, are the flames of true *love*, & tells the king, who falls down with terror, his just suffering, as also *Athane's*, i. e. *Gener*, Lot's son in law, for despising the continual admonitions of *Lot*.

Then, calling to the thunders, lightning, & fires, he bids them heare the call & command of God to come & destroy a godlesse nation. He brings them down with some short warning to other nations to take heed. The title, *Cupid's funeral pile. Sodom burning.*

XCIV. ADAM *unparadiz'd*, ADAM's punishment: [or, PARADISE LOST, the fourth plan, as above, p. 40.]

XCV. MOABITIDES, OR PHINEAS ⁸.

The *epitafis* wherof may lie in the contention,

First, between the father of *Zimri* & *Eleazer*, whether he [ought] to have slain his son without law?

Next, the ambassadors of the *Moabites*, expostulating about *Cosbi*, a stranger & a noble woman, slain by *Phineas*.

It may be argued about reformation & punishment illegal, &, as it were, by tumult.

After all arguments driven home, then the word of the Lord may be brought, acquitting & approving *Phineas*.

XCVI. CHRISTUS PATIENS.

The Scene, in the garden.

Beginning, from the comming thither, 'till *Judas* betraies, & the officers lead him away.

⁸. MS. Trin. p. 41.

The

The rest by Message & Chorus.

His agony may receive noble expressions.

XCVII. CHRIST *born* 9.

XCVIII. HEROD *massacring*, or RACHEL *weeping*. Matt. ii.

XCIX. CHRIST *bound*.

C. CHRIST *crucifi'd*.

CI. CHRIST *risen*.

CII. *Lazarus*. Joan. [x]i.

2. By this long list of intended dramatic pieces, it appears that MILTON's genius inclined him mostly to writings of that sort. His intent, it seems was to have rivalled, nay to have outdone SHAKESPEARE & JOHNSON.

His intent to have rivalled & outdone SHAKESPEARE is evident by his design of writing the tragedy of *Macbeth* anew, after it had been so admirably well done by SHAKESPEARE.

3. His intent to have rivalled & outdone JOHNSON is evident by his design to have revived the *chorus* of the antients.

4. The main article wherein the antient & modern tragedy differs, is, that the former of these hath always a *Chorus*, & the latter none. BEN. JOHNSON saw the want of this beauty in the moderns, & intended to have revived it himself, ' If it be objected (saith he ¹⁰) that what I publish is ' no true poem in the strict laws of *time*, I confess it; as also in the want of ' a proper *chorus*, whose habite & moodes are such & so difficult, as not any, ' whome I have seene since the antients, no not they who have most affected ' lawes, have yet come in the way of. Nor is it needful or almost possible ' in these our times, & to such auditors as commonly things are presented, ' to observe the ould state & splendour of Dramatick Poems, with preserva- ' tion of any popular delight. But of this I shall take more seasonable cause ' to speak in my observations upon *Horace* his *Art of poetry*; which, with ' the text translated, I intend shortly to publish. In the mean time, if, in ' truth of argument, dignity of persons, gravity & height of elocution, ' fulnesse & frequencie of sentence, I have discharged the other offices of a ' tragic writer; let not the absence of these formes be imputed to me, where- ' in I shall give you occasion hereafter (& without my boast) to thinke I ' could better *prescribe* than *omit* the due use, for want of a convenient ' knowledge?

Thus JOHNSON promised; but, what he only promised, MILTON (as we may see by his *SAMSON*) in part performed. And indeed he, & per-

9. *MS. Trin.* p. 40.

10. *Preface to the Fall of Sejanus.* Edit. 1605. 4^o.

haps he only, of all our countrymen, was equal to every enterprise of this kind. And had he pursued it, in working up his other dramatic pieces after the same manner (as, by the several plans of them, we may plainly see he intended to have done) no doubt but he would have finished them, as he did all the rest of his greater poems, with a beauty & a grandeur above all the moderns. What hindered him & made almost all these designs turn up so abortively, was, 1. the mean, narrow-spirited temper of the times, which (as I intimated) could endure nothing of a theatrical representation, no not of a tragedy, tho' written by the greatest master, & performed with all the modesty which could be desired. And 2. his own stepping into business; & 3. into years. And, for all these reasons, our author at length turned his thoughts another way, & (which is next to a miracle!) became even the most happy & fortunate of men, in being thus almost constrained to bestow all the remainder of his leisure, in working up his PARADISE LOST to the utmost perfection, which a poem in any language could ever be capable of.

C H A P. XIII.

1. Of his familiar epistles corrected by himself.
2. of his Paradise Lost, corrected by his direction.
3. of his Latin Thesaurus.

1. 'MILTON's familiar epistles, corrected in some places with his own hand (saith Mr. Camberbach¹) I lent some years ago to Dr. Lancaster, but could never get it back. I had them from his widow.

2. 'The first impression of the PARADISE LOST (saith the same Gent.) my sister Norbury tells me, her husband (who had the culling of my father's books) took with him to Geneva, when he went Governor to Lord Darnley, & dying there, was scandalously plundered of every thing.— It was said this book was corrected by MILTON's own direction.

3. In his middle age our author often employed himself in collecting a new LATIN THESAURUS after the manner of that by Robert Stephens. And, in this great work, he proceeded so far, that he left behind him three large folio MS. volumes, all digested into an alphabetical order, which he made out of TULLY, LIVY, CAESAR, SALLUST, QUINTUS CURTIUS, JUSTIN, PLAUTUS, TERENCE, LUCRETIVS, VIRGIL, HORACE, OVID, MANILIUS, CELSUS, COLUMELLA, VARRO, CATO, PALLADIUS; in short, out of all the best & purest ROMAN authors. Of this valuable work the compilers of the Cambridge dictionary, & they who call

¹ Letter to Mr. Cowper.

hemselves the improvers & editors of Dr. *Littleton's* dictionary, & I think, Mr. *Richard Ainsworth*, all pretend to have had the use². Be that as it will. They would have done more justice to our author, I think, & perhaps have given more satisfaction to the curious, if they had published his *THESAURUS* pure & unmixed as they met with it. And, for a particular reason, I should be extremely obliged to any person who would direct me where now to find the MS.

C H A P. XIV.

1. *He absconds at the Restoration, till Sir William Davenant procures his pardon; 2. yet is afraid of being torn in pieces by the mob.*

1. **A**T the Restoration our author thought proper to abscond 'till he could get his pardon. And he did well to keep out of the way, not only on account of his *EIKONOCLASTES*, & *Defensio pro populo ANGLICANO* (which were ordered to be burnt by the Common Hang-man 27. Aug. 1660.) but also on account of his BAPTISTES. And he himself shews, as I take it, how afraid he then was of being tried for his life, when he speaks of

— *th' unjust tribunals under change of times*
*And condemnation of th' ungrateful multitude*¹.

However he was soon pardoned. There was a secret in it, & that was this.

• Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT now obtained his remission, in return for
 • his own life procured by MILTON's interest, when he himself was under
 • condemnation in 1650.²

2. Having thus escaped a trial (the consequence whereof might have been very fatal to him) our author was still as much afraid of the populace as he was before of CHARLES II. & his judges. The cavalier spirit of the times for awhile ran very high, & by what he saith to his muse, it is, I think, apparent, that he was for some time apprehensive of being torn in pieces by the mob, just as ORPHEUS was by the MOENADES or priestesses of BACCHUS.

Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice; unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,
On evil dayes though fall'n, & evil tongues;
In darkness, & with dangers compass round,

2. See the second preface to Dr. *Littleton's* Dictionary, & the preface to these other two Dictionaries.

1. *Samf. Agon.* l. 695.

2. See *Atth. Ox.* Vol. II. col. 412. & *Milton's* life by Mr. *Richardson*, p. lxxxix.

*And solitude! Yet not alone, while thou
Vist'st my slumbers nightly; or when morn
Purples the east: still govern thou my song,
URANIA, & fit audience find, though few.
But drive farr off the barb'rous dissonance
Of BACCHUS & his revellers; the race
Of that wilde rout that tore the THRACIAN bard
In RHODOPE, where woods & rocks had eares
To rapture, till the savage clamor droun'd
Both harp & voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heav'nlie, shew an empty dreame³.*

C H A P. XV.

1. Of his first, 2. second, & 3. third, wife.

1. MR. MILTON was thrice married.

His first wife was Mary, daughter of Mr. Richard Powell of Forest-hill in Com. Oxon: a gentleman of estate & reputation in that county; but of principles so very opposite to his son-in-law, that the marriage is more to be wonder'd at, than the separation which ensued, in little more than a month after she had cohabited with him in London. Her desertion provoked him both to write several treatises concerning the doctrine, & discipline of divorce; & also to make his addresses to a young lady of great wit & beauty [one of Dr. Davis's daughters¹] but before he had engaged her affections to conclude the marriage treaty, in a visit at one of his relations he found his wife prostrate before him, imploring forgiveness & reconciliation. It is not to be doubted but an interview of that nature, so little expected, must wonderfully affect him. And perhaps the impressions it made on his imagination contributed much to the painting of that pathetic scene in PARADISE LOST, in which EVE addresseth herself to ADAM for pardon & peace. At the intercession of his friends who were present, after a short reluctance, he generously sacrificed all his resentment to her tears².

*soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late, & sole delight;
Now at his feet submissive in distress³!*

3. Paradise Lost. VII. 23.

1. Life by Philips, p. 25.

2. Life by Fenton, Edit. 1725. p. xii.

3. P. L. X. 940.

By this his first wife he had four children. 1. *Anne*, born 29. July, 1646.
 2. *Mary*, born 25. Oct. 1648. 3. *John*, born 16. March, 1650. who
 died an infant. 4. *Deborah*, born 3. May 1652. of whom her mother
 died in childbed. The three daughters all survived their father. *Anne*
 married a master-builder, & died in child-bed of her first child, which
 died with her. *Mary* lived single. *Deborah* left her father when she was
 young, & went over with a lady to *Ireland*, & came again during the
 troubles in *Ireland* under *K. James II.* She married *Mr. Abraham Clarke*,
 a weaver in *Spittle-fields*, & died 24. Aug. 1727. in the 76 year of her
 age. She had ten children, viz. seven sons, & three daughters. But
 none of them had any children, except one of her sons, named *Caleb*, &
 the youngest daughter, whose name is *Elizabeth*. *Caleb* went over to
Fort St. George in the *East Indies*, where he married; & had two sons,
Abraham & *Isaac*. Of these *Abraham* the elder came to *England* with
 the late governor *Harrison*; but returned again upon advice of his father's
 death. And whether he or his brother be now living is uncertain. *Eli-*
zabeth, the youngest child of *Deborah*, married *Mr. Thomas Foster*, a
 weaver, & now lives in *Pelham-street* in *Spittle-fields*, & has had seven
 children, viz. three sons & four daughters, who are now all dead. *Mr.*
Urban Clarke, one of the sons of *Deborah* & a weaver, lives likewise in
 the same place.

2. *Mr. MILTON's second wife* was *Catherine* the daughter of *Captain*
Woodcock of *Hackney*; who died of a consumption, about three months
 after she had been brought to bed of a daughter, who died an infant.
 This is her whole loss he bewails in his twenty third sonnet.

3. *Mr. MILTON's third wife* was *Elizabeth* the daughter of *Mr.*
Minsbul of *Cheeshire*, recommended to him by his friend *Dr. Paget* of
Colemanstreet, to whom she was related; but he had no children by her.
 She died at *Nantwich* in *Cheeshire*, a few years ago.

In spelling marriages (as our author himself expresses it⁸) he always
 thought with them who, both in prudence & elegance of spirit, would choose
 a virgin of mean fortunes honestly bred, before the wealthiest widow.—
 In this he was a *Spaniard*. For the *Spaniards*, I am told, 'abhor all
 widows⁹. Perhaps lest they should hit them in the teeth with their for-
 mer husbands¹⁰.'

5. *Crit. Dic.* Vol. VII. p. 598, note D.

6. *id. ib.* p. 580.

7. *id. ib.* p. 581.

8. *Apol. for Smectym, Toland's Edition* 191.

9. *Democritus junior*, p. 575.

10. *id.* p. 569.

An attempt of something towards an epitaph for him.

1. **M**R. BENSON hath erected a built for our author in *Westminster-abbey*, but none of his admirers, as far as I can yet find, hath bestowed an epitaph on him. When PHAETON, the son of APOLLO, died (& MILTON, if ever any, was another of his sons) his sisters buried, & gave him a monument, & an epitaph too.

Corpora dant tumulo, signant quoque carmine saxum;

Hic situs est

But it is a nice, a tender thing to write an epitaph for MILTON. Every body knows the reason why.

Yet his wonderful stile & immense erudition claim even the highest applause: indeed his application of them, sometimes (as I have often intimated) is another thing. With this premonition, the structure (that is, the disposition & connection) of the following attempt of something towards an epitaph for him, I freely own, is mine. The language chiefly formed in the words of VALERIUS MAXIMUS. For, observe only what that Historian saith of *Terentius Varro*, *Livius Drusus*, *P. Crassus*, *Demosthenes*, *Plato*, *Democritus*, *Carneades*, *Cleanthes*, *Sophocles*, & (his own namesake) *Mu. Valerius Maximus*; & you have the substance of it.

M. S.

JOANNES MILTONUS, SCHOLAE PAULINAE IN PRIMIS, CITO COL-
LEGII CHRISTI APUD CANTABRIGIENSES, ALUMNUS;
MUSARUM SEMPER DISCIPULUS, TANDEMQUE SACERDOS,
FELIX ET IN PROMPTU: QUI TRIBUS TOMIS THESAURUM,
IMMO BIBLIOTHECAM, ROMANAE LINGUAE, TANTA CURA
ET TANTA COPIA DELICIAM, EX OPTIMIS POETIS,
ORATORIBUS, ET SCRIPTORIBUS. UNDIQUE COLLECTUM
ET ORNATUM COMPILAVIT, UT EAM, PER OMNES PAR-
TES AC NUMEROS, PENITUS COGNOVISSE INDICAVERIT;
NEC MINUS GRAECAE: DEFORMI ET MISERO REIPUB-
LICAE STATU, OMNIA TEMPORUM MOMENTA AD DOC-
TRINAM CONFERENS, TAM LABORIOSE HAUSIT, ET
TAM PERTINACITER TRADIDIT SAPIENTIAM; UT NU-
MEN IPSIUS INDUSTRIAE SUSPEXERIT, INCERTUM DISCI-
PULUSNE, AN PRAECEPTOR, ESSET LAUDABILIOR? PO-
PULO NOVA ET INSOLITA LIBERTATE GAUDENTE, HOC

Obiit.
15. Nov.
1677.

1. *Metam.* II.

2. *Val. Max. lib. VIII. capp. vii. ix.*

AUTEM DEFENDENTE, NEMO AD EXPRIMENDUM INGENIUM SUUM ATTENTIOR, ET ADVERSARIUM REPELLENDUM ACRIOR: VIR OMNI DIVINI CARMINIS DULCEDINE, VI, ET SUBLIMITATE SIC INSTRUCTUS; UT ANGLICANA QUICQUID LINGUA ADMIRABILE EST, ID UNO OPERE IMMORTALI COMPREHENSERIT, QUO SOLO OMNIUM EJUSDEM STUDII POETARUM GLORIAM PRAERIPUIT: NON ANNIS, QUAM STYLO VIVACIOR: NAM, UT SENEM ILLUM NATURA, COECUM FORTUNA, FACERE POTUIT; ITA NEUTRA INTERPELLARE VALUIT, NE NON ANIMO ET VIDERET, ET VIGERET, ET (VELINT, NOLINT) VICTOR ABIRET; LONDINI (UBI NATUS V. ID. DECEMBRIS, A. D. M,DC,VIII.) OBIIT XVII. KAL. DECEMBRIS, A. D. M,DC,LXXIV. ET (IN ECCLESIA B. EGIDII, CLAUDORUM JUXTA PORTAM, SEPULTUS) FANO D. PETRI WESTMONASTERIENSIS (ALTERO VELUTI IPSIUS FAMAE TEMPLO) BUSTO DIGNATUS EST A. D. M,DCC,XXXVII. HOC AUTEM NON ULTERIUS JUSTO.

Cripplegate parish is divided into two parts, the Ward & the Lordship. And *Milton's* burial is thus entered in the Parish Register. — 'L. John Melton, Gentleman. Consumption. Chancel. 12. Nov. 1674.' 3.

C H A P. XVII.

1. *Of the eight pictures of him.*

LYSIPPUS, we are told¹, made several statues of ALEXANDER the Great, according to his several ages. And the world is now become so fond of MILTON (who, it cannot be denied, was as great in poetry as ever ALEXANDER was in war) that, I think, they would be glad of as many statues or pictures of him too. This leads me to set down a short account of the several busts & pictures now extant of him.

I. The *first* is a picture, a three quarters piece, drawn when he was yet a school-boy, about fifteen years of age. The original is now in the hands of the right honorable ARTHUR ONSLOW; & there is a neat print of it (before Dr. BENTLEY's Edition of the PARADISE LOST) done by Mr. George Vertue. In this print our author is represented as a very beautiful youth; & it doth not at all flatter him. For he appears much handsomer in the painting, than in the graving.

3. *Ex informatione Viri Reverendi Johannis Wilson, S. T. B. Collegii Sacrosanctae & indivi-* duae Trinitatis apud Cantabrigiensis Socii.
1. *Rolin.* Vol. XI. Pt. I. 8°. Lond. 1737. p. 72.

II. The

II. The *second* is a picture, another three quarters piece, drawn, it is said, when he was but one & twenty. There is a print of this picture before his smaller poems printed in 1645. & again 1713. This latter engraved by Mr. M. Vandergucht. In this print he is represented, not at all handsome, but as a person of a very sour, ill-natured aspect; & were it not for the words *anno aetatis 21^o*. I should have taken the original to have been done when our author was upwards of thirty. The original, as I take it, is that picture which MILTON himself makes such a joke of in his *Greek* epigram, that he therein tells his friends, if they compare it with the person who sat for it, they will find it so unlike him, that it is rather the picture of a bad painter, than of the man it was designed for.

III. The *third*, a picture, an half length, drawn when he was about five & twenty. The original was once the property of Sir John Meres of Kirby-Belers in Com. Leic. Kt. but is now mine. And you have a good print of the head prefixed to this work. However, as the plate exhibits the head only, & as no engraving can express the coloring of the complexion & drapery, & perhaps something of the features, I shall here add a short description of the whole. MILTON is here drawn sitting in a red velvet chair, in a russet colored night-gown, lined with blue. His hair, a dark brown; parted on the crown, & some locks hanging (as the fashion of the times then was) pretty much over his forehead. His eyes, inclining to black. His nose large & strait. His mouth & all his features handsome & very agreeable. His tip & whiskers (an essay towards a beard) of a thick, lightish, down. His complexion fair & florid; yet, thro' the mellowness of the paint, a little, & but a little, inclining to brown. His shirt open at the neck, but tied, at the wrists, with great bow-knots of black riband. His right hand resting in his lap, & holding the verge of his night-gown between his thumb & forefinger. His left hand lying over an open book, on a table covered with a loose red velvet table-cloth. The open dexter leaf of the book, numbered page 30. And on the edge of the book, a label, inscribed PARADISE LOST, with a *c* not an *f*; as he often wrote it.—By the way, the PARADISE LOST here alluded to, is not the PARADISE Lost of X. or XII. Books, but the *Dramatic* Poem of that name, the plans whereof you have above; & which, in part, he wrote early.

IV. The *fourth*, a bust, done for him in his life-time. There is a curious print of this bust (prefixed to the last edition of our author's *prose works* in 1738.) designed by Mr. RICHARDSON, & engraved by Mr. Vertue. It should seem this bust was done when MILTON was about fifty. It carries a great deal of comeliness & dignity in the aspect.

V. The

V. The *fifth*, a picture, an half length, when he was sixty two. All the common prints of our author are copied from this picture: The best of which, I think, is that before Dr. BENTLEY's edition of the PARADISE LOST. In almost all the copies of this picture MILTON appears with something of the haughty, & something of the squalid.

VI. The sixth, an head in Craions, now or late in the hands of Mr. RICHARDSON; There is an excellent etching of this piece done by the said Mr. RICHARDSON, & published before his *Explanatory notes & remarks on the PARADISE LOST*. 'This print, saith Mr. RICHARDSON,² is done from a picture which I have reason to believe MILTON sat for not long before his death. I have therefore given a little more life to the print, & but a little. The complexion must be imagined as of one, who had been fair & fresh-colored. The color of his eyes inclined to blue, not deep. The *gutta serena* (which was MILTON's case) does not appear to common eyes, & at a little distance. But blindness, even of that kind, is visible in the color, motion, & look of the eye, which has the sad unhappiness of being extinguished by it³. 'Tis wonderfully exprest in the picture from whence this print was made, as well as the sett of the mouth, & the rest of the air.'

VII. The seventh, a bust, standing on a cenotaph of white marble (between the monuments of BUTLER & PRIOR) in the south-cross isle of Westminster-abbey, under which is wrote

MILTON.

'In the year of our LORD CHRIST 1737.

'This bust of the author of the PARADISE LOST was placed here by WILLIAM BENSON Esquire, one of the two auditors of the impress to his majesty K. GEORGE II. formerly surveyor of the works to his majesty K. GEORGE I.

'RYSBRACK was the statuary who cut it.'

VIII. It should seem also (tho' Mr. Richardson thinks not) that our author had some skill in painting, as well as in music & poetry. 'There being still extant (saith Mr. Comberbach⁴) 'a sketch of an head of MILTON upon board, indeed rather a drawing or painting, & by what I can remember, no ways curious, except that it is given out to have been drawn by himself. And, upon recollection, I think I have heard his wife say so.'

2. Life. p. ii.

3. His eyes being black at twenty six & inclining to blue at sixty: This alteration, no doubt, was occasioned by his blindness,

4. Letter to Mr. Cowper.

Since

Since I wrote as above Mr. *Richardson* senior (who has an exceeding good hand that way) hath etched two or three more prints of our author. And Mr. *Benson* hath struck several fine medals of him. Mr. *Rysbrack* is also cutting two more busts of him (one from Mr. *SPEAKER*'s picture) both at the charge of Mr. *BENSON*. And thus new honors are now almost daily done unto him.

*Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit.* —

Of all these pictures & busts, the third, I should think, is best, as it was drawn when our author was just arrived at that complete beauty & strength of life, wherein he supposes his own *ADAM* to have been created. It is a fine mixture of youth & manhood, at that bloomy age.

C H A P. XVIII.

An Examination of Milton's stile: viz. 1. *He sometimes, tho' rarely lengthens a word.* 2. *He very often shortens a word.* 3. *He often softens a word.* 4. *He often makes use of old words.* 5. *When he wants a proper word to express his sense, he coins a new one.* 6. *He very often drops a word.* 7. *He sometimes repeats a word.* 8. *He naturalizes many Greek words;* 9. *& almost innumerable Latin words.* 10. *He often introduces technical words.* 11. *Of his elisions, melting of syllables, & using something like an English dactyl foot.* 12. *He often makes the substantive an adjective,* 13. *or verb,* 14. *or participle,* 15. *or adverb;* 16. *or places it between two adjectives.* 17. *He often makes the adjective a substantive,* 18. *or verb,* 19. *or adverb;* 20. *or puts it after the substantive,* 21. *or before the infinitive mood.* 22. *He often makes the verb a substantive,* 23. *or adjective,* 24. *or participle;* 25. *or puts it between two accusatives.* 26. *He sometimes makes the participle an adjective,* 27. *or adverb.* 28. *He very often uses the complex epithet;* 29. *& as often the continuative epithet, substantive, or verb.* 30. *Of his transpositions.* 31. *return of the same, or very near the same, words & lines.* 32. *The justness of his metaphors;* 33. *fineness of his simile's;* 34. *liveliness of his descriptions;* 35. *inimitable beautifulness of his poetic preventions;* 36. *boldness of his other figures; as (i.) the metonymie,* 37. *(ii.) irony,* 38. *(iii.) catachresis,* 39. *(iv.) exclamation,* 40. *(v.) correction,* 41. *(vi.) apostrophe,* 42. *(vii.) suspension,* 43. *(viii.) prosopopoeia,* 44. *(ix.) transition,* 45. *(x.) sentence,* 46. *(xi.) epiphonema.* 47. *His admirable mixtures of opposite passions;* 48. *delightful imitations of the antients,* 49. *& of Scripture.* 50. *Conclusion.*

THERE is often something in MILTON's phrase & expression so very singular, that few of all those many persons who have endeavored to imitate his *style*, have been able to come up to it. This observation led me, in this last reading of his works, to remark what particulars that singularity consists of. And that singularity, if I err not, among divers other arts of the like sort, consists mostly of such practices as these.

I. He sometimes, tho' rarely, *lengthens* a word. As,

Beëlzebub for *Beëlzebub*. (P. L. I. 81.)

Eremit, for *Hermit*. (P. L. III. 474. P. R. I. 8.)

Hesebon, for *Heshbon*. (P. L. I. 408.)

To add another instance.

——— *aires*, *vernal aires*,

Breathing the smell of field & grove, attune

The trembling leaves. — P. L. IV. 264.

where *attune*, for *tune*, to make them ruffle, or speak as it were in soft music.

II. He very often *shortens* a word. As,

illumin, for *illuminate*. P. L. I. 23. 666.

supernal, for *supernatural*. P. L. I. 241. VII. 573. XI. 359.

acclaim, for *acclamation*. P. R. II. 234.

auxiliar, for *auxiliary*. P. L. I. 578.

reck'd, for *reckon'd*. P. L. II. 50.

monarchal. for *monarchical*. P. L. II. 428.

ingrate, for *ungrateful*. P. L. III. 97. V. 811.

maligne, for *malignant*. P. L. III. 553.

impregns, for *impregnates*. P. L. IV. 500. IX. 737.

plaind, for *complain'd*. P. L. IV. 504.

clime, for *climate*. P. L. V. 1. XI. 707.

mystic, for *mystical*. P. L. V. 178.

submiss, for *submissive*. P. L. V. 359. VIII. 316. IX. 377. P. R. I. 476.

muſe, for *muſing*. P. L. VII. 52.

alterne, for *alternately*. P. L. VII. 348.

frequent, for *frequenting*. P. L. VII. 504.

habitant, for *inhabitant*. P. L. VIII. 99.

insatiate, for *unsatiated*. P. L. IX. 536.

unsuspect, for *unsuspected*. P. L. IX. 771. P. R. II. 398.

proportional, for *proportionable*. P. L. IX. 936.

fulmin'd, for *fulminated*. P. R. IV. 270.

IND, for INDIA. P. L. II. 2.

OB, for OBY. P. L. IX. 78.

III. He

III. He often *softens* a word. As,
traverse, for *transverse*. P. L. I. 568.
panim, for *paynim*. P. L. I. 765.
recline, for *reclined* or *reclining*. P. L. IV. 333.
ammiral, for *admiral*. P. L. I. 294.
cressets, for *crescents*. P. L. I. 728.
seneshal, for *seneschal*. P. L. IX. 38.
far-fet, for *far-fetch'd*. P. R. II. 400.

ALCAIRO, for GRAND CAIRO. P. L. I. 718.

IV. He often makes use of *old* words. *Amavit praeterea genus dicendi vetustum.* † As,

natheless, for *nevertheless*. P. L. I. 299.
earst, for *e'erwhile*. P. L. I. 360.
scath'd, for *scorched*. P. L. I. 613.
sheer (adverb.) for *clean*, *quite*. P. L. I. 742. IV. 182. VI. 325. P. R. IV. 419.

welkin, for *firmament*. Comus. 1040. P. L. II. 538.
frore, for *frosty*. P. L. II. 595.
lore, for *lesson* or *lure*. Comus 34. P. L. II. 815. IX. 1128. P. R. I. 484.
ken, for *fight*. P. L. III. 623. XI. 379.
aread, for *tell*, *appoint*, *decree*. P. L. IV. 963.
avant, for *march*, *go on before*. P. L. IV. 963.
meathe, for *mead*. P. L. V. 345.
minstrelsy, for *music* or *musicians*. P. L. VI. 168.
behests, for *commands*. P. L. VI. 185.
won, for *haunt*. P. L. VII. 457.
bann, for *curse*. P. L. IX. 925.
murky, for *dark*. Comus. 1014. P. L. X. 280.
tine (verb) for *to light*. P. L. X. 1075.
bevy, for *company*. P. L. XI. 582.
emprise, for *enterprise*. P. L. XI. 642.
carol, for *song*. Comus. 874. P. L. XII. 367.
chaunt, for *sing*. P. R. II. 289.
recreant, for *apostate*, *renegado*. P. R. III. 138.
guerdon, for *reward*. Lyc. 73.
puissant, for *powerful*. Arc. 60.
saw, for *prophecie*. Comus 115.

† Spartian. in Adriano. cap. xvi.

glozing, for *feigning*. Com. 171.

fwinkt, for *tired*. Com. 303.

bosky, for *woody*. Com. 323.

bourn, for *rivulet*. Com. 323.

benizon, for *blessing*. Com. 342.

pranckt, for *dressed*. Com. 784.

foothest, for *truest*. Com. 848.

sheen (subst.) for *shine*. Comus 918.

purpled (French) for *flourished with a needle*. Com. 1020.

‘These words make his poems appear more venerable, & give them a greater air of antiquity!’

V. When he wants a proper word to express his sense, he coins a *new* one. As.

—— *the bee with honied thigh*. Il Pens. 142.

—— *Sericana, where Chineses drive*

With sails & wind thir canie waggons light. P. L. III. 437.

—— *& roseate dews dispos'd*

All but th' unsleeping eyes of GOD to rest. P. L. V. 646.

—— *Though strange to us it seemd*

At first, that angel should with angel warr,

And in fierce hosting meet. — P. L. VI. 91.

—— *at th' other bore with touch of fire*

Dilated & infuriate. — P. L. VI. 485.

Tby father, who is holy, wise, & pure,

Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest

To tread his sacred courts. — P. R. I. 487.

—— *& flying behind them shot*

Sharp fleet of arrowie showers. — P. R. III. 323.

—— *elephants endorst with towers*

Of archers. — P. R. III. 329.

‘If the reader is offended at this liberty in our *English* poet (saith Mr. Addison ²) I would recommend to him a discourse in *Plutarch*, which shews how frequently *Homer* hath made use of the same liberty.’

‘Tis certain this practice is not so easie as some perhaps may think it. *Marcus Pomponius Marcellus* was so bold as to criticise on a speech of *Tiberius*. [What the new word, which that emperor would have introduced, was, I find not.] *Attejus Capito* endeavoured to justify it, by

1. Mr. Addison, Spect. N^o. 285.

2. *ubi supra*.

‘maintaining,

' maintaining, that the word criticised by *Pomponius* was *Latin*, or, if not, yet, being adopted, it would be so. *Pomponius* made that memorable answer, you may make men *free* of the city, CAESAR, but not *words* 3.'

VI. He very often *drops* a word. And indeed one of the greatest arts in composition, I think, is easing the verse of all superfluous words, by dropping or letting any or all the words be understood, which can possibly be so. This is a secret which our author knew well, & practised so frequently that you can hardly read ten lines in him, without observing something of it. I will therefore instance only in a few passages. As,

And where thir weakness, how attempted best,

By force or subtlety. — P. L. II. 357.

Admit only the words *dropped*, & we must read: *And where thir weakness lies, & how it may be best attempted.*

Unanswerd lest thou boast. — P. L. VI. 163.

for, *lest thou boast thy self unanswerd.*

How cam'st thou speakable, of mute? — P. L. IX. 563.

for, *how camest thou, of a mute creature, to be able to speak.*

Bold deed thou hast presum'd — P. L. IX. 921.

for, *a bold deed thou hast presum'd to do.*

O miserable of happie! — P. L. X. 720.

for, *O miserable of happie state, condition, or the like.*

O welcom hour whenever — P. L. X. 770.

for, *O welcome hour whenever it comes.*

———— *Thereafter as I like*

The giver. — P. R. II. 320.

for, if food were now set before me, I should *thereafter do* (eat, or forbear) *as I like the giver.*

VII. He sometimes *repeats* a word. As,

———— *so good,*

So fit, so acceptable, so divine. P. L. X. 138.

Thus *Shakespeare.*

And on my side it [truth] is so well apparell'd,

So clear, so shining, & so evident,

That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye 4.

' She is of *so* free, *so* kind, *so* apt, *so* blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested 5.'

3. See *Rollin*. Vol. XI. Part. II. p. 177.

5. *Othello*. Vol. VII. p. 423.

4. I Part *Henry VI*. Vol. IV. p. 139.

But

But to add another instance of two from our author

— *with pins of adamant*

And chains they made all fast; too fast they made

And durable — P. L. X. 318.

— *Fond wish! couldst thou support*

That burden, heavier then the earth to bear;

Then all the world much heavier — P. L. X. 834.

Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heav'n

Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here

These chains & torments? — P. L. II. 194.

And this is the figure in which Mr. POPE is most frequent ⁶. As,

Never, never wicked man was wise.

VIII. He naturalizes many Greek words. As,

Cynosure. Comus 344. *L'Allegro.* 80.

phalanx. P. L. I. 550.

panoplie. P. L. VI. 527.

— *the clear hyaline, the glassie sea.* P. L. VII. 619.

— *then purg'd with Euphrasie & Rue*

The visual nerve. P. L. XI. 414.

See how in warlike muster they appear

In Rhombs & wedges. — P. R. III. 308.

Archers, & flingers, cataphracts, & spears. Samf. 1620.

— *sword players, & ev'ry sort*

Of Gymnic artists. — Samf. 1322.

IX. And almost innumerable Latin words. As,

translucent. Comus 886.

humid. Com. 1017. P. L. IX. 193.

umbrageous. P. L. IV. 257.

dole, dolor. P. L. IV. 894.

facil. P. L. IV. 967. VIII. 65. IX.

1158. P. R. I. 51.

prone. P. L. I. 195. IX. 497.

dulcet. P. L. I. 712. V. 346.

fervid. P. L. V. 301. VII. 224.

sylvan. P. L. V. 377.

magnific. P. L. V. 773.

hostil. P. L. V. 904.

orient. P. L. V. 15.

orbed. P. L. VI. 543.

sapience. P. L. VII. 194. IX. 793.

1018.

precipitance. P. L. VII. 291.

jubilant. P. L. VII. 564.

liquid lapse of murm'ring streams.

P. L. VIII. 263.

nocent. P. L. IX. 187.

gratulating. P. L. IX. 473.

ire. P. L. IX. 692.

prompt. P. L. IX. 854.

6. Mr. Spence, on the *Odyssey*.

bland.

<i>bland.</i> P. L. IX. 855.	<i>sequent.</i> P. L. XII. 165.
<i>cincture.</i> P. L. IX. 1117.	<i>palpable.</i> P. L. XII. 183.
<i>surge.</i> P. L. X. 417.	<i>laving.</i> P. R. I. 280.
<i>congratulant.</i> P. L. X. 458.	<i>frequency.</i> P. R. II. 130.
<i>reluctant.</i> P. L. X. 515.	<i>fragil.</i> P. R. III. 388.
<i>attrite.</i> P. L. X. 1073.	<i>turmes.</i> P. R. IV. 66.
<i>cohort.</i> P. L. XI. 127.	<i>triumphals.</i> P. R. IV. 578.
<i>appetence.</i> P. L. XI. 619.	<i>debel.</i> P. R. IV. 605.
<i>tenor.</i> P. L. XI. 632.	<i>immedicable.</i> Samf. 620.
<i>insanguin'd.</i> P. L. XI. 654.	<i>ornate.</i> Samf. 712.
<i>gurge.</i> P. L. XII. 41.	

X. He often introduces *technical* words, or terms of art, peculiar to the several sciences & occupations of life.

Thus, when he is upon building (saith Mr. Addison) he mentions Doric pillars, pilasters, cornice, freeze, architrave. When he talks of heavenly bodies you meet with *eccliptic*, *eccentric*, the *trepidation*, stars dropping from the *Zenith*, rays *culminating* from the Equator 7. Also

— *planetarie motions* & *aspects*

In *sextile*, *square*, & *trine*, & *opposite*

Of *noxious efficacie*; & *when they joyne*

In *synod unbenigne* — P. L. X. 658.

When he touches on falcony, we read of birds,

Which *summe thir pennis.* P. L. VII. 421.

And *stoop on their wings.* P. L. VIII. 351.

He is a tarr on the water,

He *lookd*, & *saw the ark hull on the flood.* P. L. XI. 840.

And an organ-builder on the land; understanding,

How in an organ, from one blast of wind,

To many a row of pipes the sound-board *breathes.* P. L. I. 709.

From which two last lines only I am satisfied that, before his eyes failed him, our author could take an organ to pieces, & clean it, & put it together again, without any other person to help him.

But the use of all technical words is generally reckoned a fault. Yet, saith Mr. Spence 8, tho' the banishing of all technical words be laid down as a rule never to be transgressed, I should imagine they might be admitted in some cases, even where there is not that absolute necessity either of using them, or of losing the sense of the original.

7. Spect. N°. 297. 8. On the *Odyssey*. p. 170.

And herein he thought with our author.

XI. As to his elisions, melting of syllables, & using something like an *English* dactyl foot: he generally cuts off the letter *y* in the word *many*, when the next word begins with a vowel (which yet seems not to be cut off, but rather to remain) whereby he gives a particular softness to the foot, & makes it read like an *English* dactyl. As,

— *so, over many a tract*

Of heav'n they march'd, & many a province wide. P. L. VII. 76.

Here is another verse where *y* final is cut off, & again not cut off, before two words beginning each with a vowel.

Where glory is false glory attributed

To things not glorious. — P. R. III. 69.

A third, which reads as if it had two dactyl feet.

— *which wrought them pain*

Implacable, & many a dolorous groan. P. L. VI. 657.

A fourth, as if it had three.

Embryo's, & idiots, eremits, & friars. P. L. III. 474.

A fifth, as if it had an anapaest foot.

Least entering on the Canaanite allarm'd. P. L. XII. 217.

In the same manner our author often melts the word *spirit*, when it stands before a word beginning with a vowel, into a monosyllable. As,

Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind

Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light. P. L. VI. 659.

And here is another verse, where he partly melts & partly cuts off the latter syllable of the word *ruin*, by the first syllable of the word *indeed*.

Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise. Saml. 1515.

These & some other innovations in the measure of his verse, have varied his numbers in such a manner, as makes them incapable of satiating the ear, & cloying the reader, which the same uniform measure would certainly have done, & which the perpetual returns of rhyme never fail to do in long narrative poems 9.

XII. He often makes the substantive an *adjective*, or, if you will, puts it adjectively. As,

— *smoothing the raven downe*

Of darknesse till it smil'd. — Comus. 251.

— *sooner found in lowly sheds*

With smoakie rafters, then in tap'strie halls

9. Mr. Addison. Spect. N^o. 285.

And courts of princes. — Comus. 325.

Oft in her absence mimic Fansie wakes

To imitate her. — P. L. V. 110.

— Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound

The chariot of paternal Deitie. P. L. VI. 749.

But they, or under ground, or circuit wide,

With serpent-errour wandring, found thir way. P. L. VII. 301.

— oft he bow'd

His turret crest & sleek enamel'd neck. P. L. IX. 524.

The wisest, unexperient, will be ever

Tim'rous & loath, with novice modesty. P. R. III. 240.

— till morning fair

Came forth with pilgrim steps & amice grey. P. R. IV. 426.

So Horace. Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.

XIII. He often makes the substantive a verb. As,

— ayrie touns that syllable mens names. Comus. 208.

— chercheft in a comely cloud. Il Pens. 125.

— part, huge of bulk!

Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir gait,

Tempest the ocean. — P. L. VII. 410.

— last

Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, & spread

Thir branches hung with copious fruit; or gemm'd

Thir blossoms: — P. L. VII. 323.

— long were to tell

What I have don, what suffer'd, with what pain

Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep

Of horrible confusion. — P. L. X. 469.

XIV. He sometimes makes the substantive a participle. As,

Half-spi'd, so thick the roses bushing round

About her glow'd — P. L. IX. 426.

XV. And sometimes an adverb. As,

If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet

Extend his ev'ning beam. — P. L. II. 492.

For, If perchance: not si forte, but si per casum.

Not truly penitent, but chief to try

Her husband — Samf. 754.

XVI. He often places the substantive between *two adjectives*, which is very classical. As,

Bitter constraint & *sad occasion deare*. Lycidas 6.

————— *his sleep*

Was aerie-light, from pure digestion bred,

And temp'rat vapors bland. — P. L. V. 3.

————— *her heav'nly forme*

Angelic ————— P. L. IX. 457.

Skie lowr'd, & mutt'ring thunder, som sad drops

Wept at compleating of the mortal sin

Original ————— P. L. IX. 1002.

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,

That with exhilarating vapour bland

About thir spirits bad plaid, & inmost pow'rs

Made erre, was now exhal'd — P. L. IX. 1046.

Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,

Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure. P. L. X. 365.

XVII. He often makes the adjective a *substantive*; whereby the epithet itself expresses the substantive. As,

Such place eternal justice had prepar'd

For those rebellious. — P. L. I. 70.

————— *quite consume us, & reduce*

To nothing this essential — P. L. II. 96.

————— *which must needs remove*

The sensible of pain ————— P. L. II. 277.

————— *who shall tempt with wandring feet*

The dark, unbottom'd, infinite abyss,

And through the palpable obscure find out

His uncouth way ————— P. L. II. 404.

————— *or spread his aerie flight*

Upborn with indefatigable wings

Over the vast abrupt. — P. L. II. 407.

The Stygian council thus dissolv'd; & forth

In order came the grand infernal peers:

Midst came thir mighty paramount — P. L. II. 506.

Where paramount, for lord paramount.

————— *they on the trading flood*

Through

*Through the wide Aethiopian, to the Cape
Ply nightly stemming tow'rd the pole — P. L. II. 640.*

*———— as when two black clouds,
With heav'n's artill'ry fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian. — P. L. II. 714.*

*Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wilde expanse. — P. L. II. 1013.*

*The rising world of waters dark & deep
Won from the void & formless infinite. P. L. III. 11.*

*But cloud insted, & ever-during dark
Surrounds me. — P. L. III. 45.*

*Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear. P. L. III. 380.
———— upon the firm opacous globe*

*Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs. — P. L. III. 418.*

———— from one entire globose

Stretcht into longitude. — P. L. V. 753.

Tenfold the length of this terrene. — P. L. VI. 78.

———— through the vast of heav'n

It sounded. — P. L. VI. 203.

*———— who thought
All like himself rebellious. — P. L. VII. 139.*

Down to this habitable — P. L. VIII. 157.

Downward as farr antartic. — P. L. IX. 79.

———— what we by day

*Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides*

Tending to wilde. — P. L. IX. 209.

Whose higher intellectual more I shun. P. L. IX. 483.

———— & with capacious mind

Consider'd all things visible in heav'n,

Or earth, or middle. — P. L. IX. 603.

So shall ye die perhaps, by putting off

Human, to put on gods. — P. L. IX. 713.

Prevenient grace descending, had remov'd

The stonie from thir hearts. — P. L. XI. 3.

Within thick clouds & dark ten-fold involv'd. P. R. I. 41.

Who dwell this wilde. — P. R. I. 331.

Wandred this barren waste. — P. R. I. 353.

And follow'd thee still on to this wast wild. P. R. IV. 523.

XVIII. He sometimes makes the adjective a *verb*. As,

————— *perhaps more valid armes,*

Weapons more violent, when next we meet,

May serve to better us & worse our foes. P. L. VI. 438.

XIX. He sometimes makes the adjective an *adverb*. As,

And all amid them stood the tree of life

High eminent. — P. L. IV. 218.

————— *well may we afford*

Our givers thir own gifts, & large bestow

From large bestowd. — P. L. V. 316.

Cast out from GOD & blessed vision

Into utter darkness, deep ingulft — P. L. V. 613.

————— *He full*

Resplendent all his FATHER manifest

Expres'd. — P. L. X. 65.

————— *& of provisions laid in large.* P. L. XI. 732.

XX. He sometimes puts the adjective after the *substantive*. As,

What thanks sufficient or what recompense

Equal, have I to render thee, divine

Hystorian? — P. L. VIII. 5.

Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd. P. L. IX. 321.

So spake the enemie of mankind, enclos'd

In serpent, inmate bad! — P. L. IX. 494.

XXI. And sometimes before the *infinitive* mood, where it always runs very smoothly. As,

Outragious to devour — P. L. II. 435.

XXII. He often makes the verb a *substantive*. As,

Thee I re-vist now with bolder wing,

Escapt the STYGIAN pool, though long detain'd

In that obscure sojourn. — P. L. III. 13.

Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls. P. L. III. 492.

————— *under foot the violet,*

Crocus & hyacinth, with rich inlay

Broiderd the ground — P. L. IV. 700.

This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd. P. L. IV. 792.

————— *yet what compare?* P. L. V. 467.

Instant

Instant without disturb they took allarm. P. L. VI. 549.

Sole EVE, associate sole, to me beyond

Compare, above all living creatures deare. P. L. IX. 227.

—— *But, if much converse perhaps*

Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield. P. L. IX. 247.

—— *but DELIA's self*

In gait surpass'd & goddess-like deport. P. L. IX. 388.

How can I live without thee! How forgoe

Thy sweet converse & love! — P. L. IX. 907.

—— *for such pleasure, till that hour,*

At feed or fountain, never had I found. P. L. IX. 596.

XXIII. He sometimes makes the verb an adjective. As,

Made so adorn for thy delight the more. P. L. VIII. 576.

XXIV. Sometimes a participle. As,

Thoughts which how found they harbour in thy brest,

ADAM, *misstought of her to thee so dear?* P. L. IX. 288.

Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,

Misgave him. — P. L. IX. 845.

Over the foaming deep high archt, a bridge

Of length prodigious, joining to the wall

Immoveable of this now fenceless world

Forfeit to DEATH. — P. L. X. 301.

XXV. And sometimes puts it between two accusatives. As,

—— *My almightie arms*

Gird on, & sword upon thy puissant thigh. P. L. VI. 713.

XXVI. He sometimes makes the participle an adjective. As,

—— *as late clouds*

Justling or pusht with winds rude in thir shock

Tine the slant lightning — P. L. X. 1073.

XXVII. And sometimes an adverb. As,

Had not th' almightie FATHER, where he sits

Shrin'd in his sanctuarie of heav'n secure,

Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen

This tumult, & permitted all advis'd. P. L. VI. 674.

XXVIII. He very often uses the complex epithet. As,

smooth-enamel'd green. Arcades, 84.

silver-buskin'd nymphs. Arc. 33.

shallow-searching fame. Arc. 41.

dire-looking planet. Arc. 52.

- elm *star-proof*. Arc. 89.
 blue-hair'd *deities*. Comus. 29.
 mis-us'd *wine*. Com. 47.
 dark-veild *Cotytto*. Com. 134.
 grey-hooded *even*. Com. 198.
 pure-ey'd *faith*, white-handed *hope*. Com. 223.
 violet-imbroiderd *vale*. Com. 243.
 love-lorn *nightingale*. Com. 244.
 flowry-kirtled *Naiades*. Com. 264.
 empty-vaulted *night*. Com. 260.
 low-roosted *lark*. Com. 327.
 ill-greeting *touch*. Com. 412.
 close-curtain'd *sleep*. Com. 569.
Daphne root-bound. Com. 679.
 smooth-hair'd *filk*. Com. 741.
 vermil-tinctur'd *hip*. Com. 777.
 love-darting *eyes*. Com. 778.
 lewdly-pamper'd *luxury*. Com. 795.
 sun-clad *pow'r of chastity*. Com. 807.
 hard-besetting *need*. Com. 882.
 amber-dropping *hair*. Com. 887.
 tinsel-slipper'd *feet*. Com. 902.
 coral-paven *bed*. Com. 911.
 rushy-fringed *bank*. Com. 915.
 rosie-bosom'd *hours*. Com. 1011.
 heart-easing *mirth*. Allegro 13.
 ivy-crowned *Bacchus*. Alleg. 16.
 fresh-blown *roses*. Alleg. 22.
 bright-hair'd *Vesta*. Penferoso. 23.
 smooth-shaven *green*. Pens. 66.
 dewy-feather'd *sleep*. Pens. 151.
 harpy-footed *Furies*. P. L. II. 596.
 sail-broad *vanns*. P. L. II. 927.
 arch-chimic *sun*. P. L. III. 609.
 heav'n starr-pav'd. P. L. IV. 976.
 sleep aery-light. P. L. V. 4.
 night-warbling *bird*. P. L. V. 40.
 love-labor'd *song*. P. L. V. 41.

full-orb'd *moon*. P. L. V. 42.
 sky-tinctur'd *grain*. P. L. V. 285.
 all-bearing *mother*. P. L. V. 338.
 two-handed *sway*. P. L. VI. 251.
 wide-wasting *edge*. P. L. VI. 253.
 victory eagle-winged. P. L. VI. 763.
 three-bolted *thunder*. P. L. VI. 764.
 sleek-enameld *neck*. P. L. IX. 525.
 wisdom-giving *plant*. P. L. IX. 678.
 fair-inticing *fruit*. P. L. IX. 996.
 heav'n-banisht *host*. P. L. X. 437.
 heart-sick *agony*. P. L. XI. 482.
 moon-struck *madness*. P. L. XI. 486.
 joint-racking *rheum*. P. L. XI. 488.
 ill-mated *marriages*. P. L. XI. 684.
 triple-color'd *bow*. P. L. XI. 897.
 double-founted *stream*. P. L. XII. 144.
 death-like *sleep*. P. L. XII. 434.
 deep-vaulted *den*. P. R. I. 116.
 thick-warbled *notes*. P. R. IV. 246.
 various-measur'd *verse*. P. R. IV. 256.
 low-rooft *house*. P. R. IV. 273.
 tongue-doubty *giant*. *Samf.* 1181.
 So *Shakespeare*.
 temple-haunting *martlet*. V. 404.
 fhard-born *beetle*. V. 427.
 grey-coated *knot*. VII. 143.
 &c. &c.

XXIX. And as often the *continuative* epithet, substantive, or verb. As,

Unrespited, unpiti'd, unrepriev'd. P. L. II. 185.
 Unshaken, uneduc'd, unterrified. P. L. V. 899.
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous. P. R. III. 243.
 Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd. P. R. III. 429.
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous. *Samson*. 417.
 Impartial self-severe, inexorable. *Samf.* 828.
 Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean. *Samf.* 1364.
 Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable. *Samf.* 1424.

In

In which case he affects to make his verse to consist of three words only.
(So *Shakespeare*.

Unhousel'd, unanointed, unaneal'd. VII. 253.)

Tho' he sometimes admits of four such words. As,

Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n. P. L. VI. 852.

Private, unactive, calm, contemplative. P. R. II. 81.

So much for the *continuative epithet*. In the next place observe how he heaps the *substantive* in the same manner.

Love was not in thir looks, either to God

Or to each other; but apparent guilt,

And shame, & perturbation, & despaire,

Anger, & obstinacie, & hate, & guile. P. R. X. 111.

What if he hath decreed that I shall first

Be try'd in humble state & things adverse,

By tribulations, injuries, insults,

Contempts, & scorns, & snares, & violence,

Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting

Without distrust or doubt, that he may know

What I can suffer, how obey? — P. R. III. 187.

A murtherer, a revolter, & a robber. *Sams.* 1180.

And the *Verb*.

————— *he before had sat*

Among the prime in splendour, now depos'd,

Ejected, empti'd, gaz'd, unpity'd, shun'd,

A spectacle of ruin or of scorn

To all the host of heav'n. — P. R. I. 412.

XXX. The *transposition* of his words is an art of our author's, for which some *blame*, but others, I think, more justly *commend* him.

Of those who *blame* him for his *transpositions*, one writes thus. 'What
' *transpositions* is MILTON forced to, as an equivalent for want of rhyme, in
' the poetry of a language which depends upon a natural order of words?
' And even this would not have done his business, had he not given the
' fullest scope to his genius, by chusing a subject upon which there could be
' no hyperboles. We see (however he be deservedly succesful) that the
' ridicule of his manner succeeds better than the imitation of it. Because
' *transpositions*, which are unnatural to a language, are to be fairly derided,
' if they ruin it, by being frequently introduced; & because hyperboles,
' which

' which outrage every lesser subject where they are seriously used, are often beautiful in Ridicule ¹⁰.'

Of those who commend him for his transpositions, one writes thus. ' There is a good deal of stiffness which yet attends our language, from the stated order of words in such a repeated succession; & tho' we are much freer than our neighbors the French in this particular, I should be glad to see our poets, at least, go yet farther towards the liberties of the old Greeks & Romans. Mr. Pope hath some strokes towards this: he is sometimes bold in varying the expected range of words, to give his sentences a new agreeable air: he transposes their order, often by his own judgment, & often in imitation of some of our best poets, who have succeeded in it before ¹¹.'

To instance now in some of our author's transpositions.

————— *Be this, or aught*

Then this more secret, now design'd, I haste

To know, & this once known, shall soon return. P. L. II. 837.

Here, if all the words dropped were inserted, & all the words transposed set in their due order, he would say, — '*I haste to know if it be this, or aught more than this, which is now design'd; & when this thing is once known, I shall soon return.*'

This is a beautiful transposition.

————— *Admiration siesd*

All heav'n, what this might mean, & whither tend,

Wond'ring ————— P. L. III. 271.

This, a bold one.

———— *Eye within, due at her hour prepar'd*

For dinner savourie fruits ————— P. L. V. 303.

For — *at her due hour.*

This, another.

————— *much their work outgrew*

The bands dispatch of two. ————— P. L. IX. 202.

For — *the dispatch of two hands.*

This, another.

————— *nor known 'till now*

True relish, tasting. ————— P. L. IX. 1023.

For — *nor, tasting, known &c.*

¹⁰. Dr. Parnelle. Preface to the life of Zoilus. p. v.

¹¹. Mr. Spence, on the Odyss. p. 170.

This is bolder still.

— *& to death condemn'd*

A shameful & accurst! — P. L. XII. 412.

For, *& condemn'd to a shameful & accursed death.*

This is a fine one.

— *though all by mee is lost,*

Such favour I unworthie am vouchsaf,

By mee the promis'd seed shall all restore. P. L. XII. 621.

For, — *Tho' all is lost by me, yet unworthie I am vouchsafed such favor,*
that the seed promised by me shall restore all.

This likewise is remarkable.

Divided by a river, of whose banks

On each side an imperial city stood. P. R. IV. 32.

For, *divided by a river, on each side of whose banks stood an imperial city.*

But this surpasses all the rest, & is greatly beautiful.

— *the hand*

Sung with the voice, & this the argument. P. R. I. 171.

For, — *the voice sung with the hand, &c.*

XXXI. His frequent & beautiful return of the same, or very near the same words, after the manner of Homer, is another. As,

What better can we do, than to the place

Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall

Before him reverent; & there confess

Humbly our faults, & pardon beg; with tears

Wat'ring the ground, & with our sighs the air

Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite; in sign

Of sorrow unfeign'd, & humiliation meek? —

So spake our father penitent: nor EVE

Felt less remorse. They forthwith to the place

Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell

Before him reverent; & both confess'd

Humbly thir faults; & pardon begg'd; with tears

Wat'ring the ground, & with thir sighs the air

Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite; in sign

Of sorrow unfeign'd, & humiliation meek. P. L. X. 1086.

Whereon the great Dr. BENTLEY very judiciously observes, 'The last
' seven verses, being a repetition of the former, the mood & tense only of
' the verbs changed, is an imitation of HOMER & VIRGIL; & shews an
' assurance

‘ assurance in the poet, that what was once well said will bear repeating, & has the true air both of simplicity & grandeur.’

There is another way of fetching the same words over again, though quite in another manner. As,

*I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To pray'rs than winds & seas, yet winds to seas
Are reconciled at length, & sea to shore :
Thy anger unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.* Samf. 960.

The first of these instances, I think, may be called a *return* of the same words, the latter a fine *turn* of words.

XXXII. His metaphors are very just.

‘ Metaphor or translation is a figure, saith Vossius, wherein a word is transferred from its proper signification into another through a certain similitude. And therefore three things are to be respected in a metaphor, & those are the proper & foreign signification of the word, & the similitude.’

Now consider any of our author's underwritten metaphors in these three points of view, & you will immediately see the boldness & the justness of them.

*Sight hateful, sight tormenting ! thus these two
Imparadis'd in one another arms,
The happier EDEN, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss, while I to hell am thrust.* P. L. IV. 505.
*Orb within orb, THE FATHER infinite,
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat THE SON.* P. L. V. 596.

————— *at each behind*
*A seraph stood, & in his hand a reed
Stood waving tip with fire ———* P. L. VI. 578.
*The grassie clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
The tawny lion pawing to get free
His hinder parts ———* P. L. VII. 465.

————— *four faces each*
*Had like a double JANUS, all thir shape
Spangled with eyes ———* P. L. XI. 128.

XXXIII. His simile's are very fine.

‘ Comparisons from lesser things relieve & refresh the mind, which had been long kept upon the stretch of close Intention 12.’ For instance,

12. Introduction to the Clasic's, by Ant. Blackwall. M. A. 1718. 8°. p. 223.

As bees

In spring time, when the sun with TAURUS rides,
 Pour forth thir pop'lous youth about the hive
 In clusters; they among fresh dews & flowers
 Flie to & fro, or on the smoothed plank,
 The suburb of thir straw-built cittadel,
 New rubb'd with baum, expatiate & confer
 Thir state affairs. So thick the aerie croud
 Swarm'd & were straiten'd; till, the signal giv'n,
 Behold a wonder! they, but now who seem'd
 In bigness to surpass earths giant sons,
 Now less then smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
 Throng numberless; like that pygmean race
 Beyond the INDIAN mount, or faerie elves. P. L. I. 768.

But how sublime, how rapturous is our author's comparison of Lucifer's
 diminished spendor & faded beauties to the sun over-clouded or eclips'd 13?

his form had yet not lost
 All her orig'nal brightness, nor appear'd
 Less then arch-angel ruin'd, & th' excess
 Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun new-ris'n
 Looks through the horizontal misty air,
 Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
 In dim eclips, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, & with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shon
 Above them all th' arch-angel. — P. L. I. 591.

No less sublime is that comparison of the rest of his companions, to so many
 mountain oaks, all new blasted by lightning.

Millions of spirits for his fault amerct
 Of heav'n, & from eternal splendors flung
 For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,
 Thir glory wither'd. As when heav'n's fire
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks or mountain pines,
 With singed top thir stately growth, though bare,
 Stands on the blasted heath. — P. L. I. 609.

XXXIV. His descriptions are very lively.

Instead of an index of our author's most admired descriptions, Mr. Richard-

son gives us an index of his *pictures*. The fancy is pretty enough. For the alteration of the *term* makes it look like the discovery of so many new beauties. This is a certain proof that his descriptions are very lively. But, for the rest, it is only a genteel compliment to Mr. *Richardson's* own profession. For what Mr. *Richardson*, or any other painter, would call a Table of *Milton's* pictures, a poet, or any other writer, would only entitle an index of his descriptions.

XXXV. His *poetic preventions* are inimitably beautiful.

The '*poetic prevention*' is, when we speak of things yet to come, as if 'they were already present'¹⁴. As, in that celebrated instance of the supposed shaking of the earth, before the earth was, in the fight between the good & evil angels.

————— all heav'n
Resounded; & had earth bin then, all earth

Had to her centre shook. — P. L. VI. 217.

Such again is that simile, where the waters hastening to their places are compared to soldiers running to their standards.

Part rise in chrystal wall, or ridge direct,

For haste; such flight the great command impress'd

On the swift flouds: as armies at the call

Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)

Troop to thir standard. — P. L. VII. 293.

But how bold is this, where ADAM speaks of his first transe, as if he had been in one before.

Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell

Of fancie, my internall sight; by which,

Abstract as in a transe, methought I saw,

Though sleeping, where I lay, & saw the shape

Still glorious before whom awake I stood:

Who stooping open'd my left side — P. L. VIII. 460.

Another of his *precurrent simile's* is that where he compares ADAM & EVE praying after their fall, to *Deucalion* & *Pyrrha* praying after their flood.

————— nor impotent less

Seem'd thir petition, then when th' antient pair

In fables old, less antient yet then these,

DEUCALION & chaste PYRRHA, to restore

¹⁴ Mr. Spence, p. 212.

*The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of THEMIS stood devout* — P. L. XI. 9.

XXXVI. His other figures are exceeding bold. As first, the *Metonymie*.

' *Metonymie* is a trope whereby one name is put for another, which it may properly stand for, by reason of the near relation or mutual dependence there is between both ¹⁵.'

For instance. — *he in delight*

Both of her beauty & submissive charms

Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter

On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds

That shed May-flow'rs. — P. L. IV. 496.

Where the effect for the cause. *May-flowers*, for *rain*.

And on her ample square, from side to side,

All autumn pil'd. — P. L. V. 393.

Where the cause for the effect. The season for its fruits.

— *nor did the dancing rubie*

Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavor or the smell,

Or taste, that cheers the hearts of Gods & men,

Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream. Saml. 543.

Where the color of wine, for the wine itself.

XXXVII. Secondly, the *Irony*.

' *Irony* is a figure whereby a man speaks contrary to his thoughts, that he may speak with more force & advantage ¹⁶.'

' Thus MILTON represents God almighty addressing his blessed Son upon the revolt of LUCIFER, & laughing to scorn the attempts of those most ungrateful & infatuated rebels in a very majestic *Irony*. ¹⁷.'

SON, thou in whom my glory I behold

In full resplendence, Heir of all my might!

Nearly it now concerns Us to be sure

Of our omnipotence! — P. L. V. 719.

XXXVIII. Thirdly, the *Catachresis*.

' *Catachresis* or *abuse* is a bold trope, which borrows the name of one thing to express another thing; which either hath no proper name of its own, or, if it hath, the borrow'd name is more surprizing & acceptable by its boldness & novelty ¹⁸.'

' MILTON's description of RAPHAEL's descent from the empyreal heaven to Paradise affords a beautiful example of this figure ¹⁹.'

15. Mr. Blackwall. p. 156.

16. 17. *id.* p. 166.

18. 19. *id.* p. 196.

Down thither prone in flight
 He speeds, & through the vast ethereal skie,
 Sailes; between worlds & worlds. — P. L. V. 266.

XXXIX. Fourthly, the *Exclamation*!

‘*Exclamation* is a figure that expresses the breaking out & vehemence of any passion ²⁰.’

So Eve in our author.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
 Thee, native soil, these happy walks & shades,
 Fit haunt of Gods! — P. L. XI. 267.

XL. Fifthly, the *Correction*.

‘*Correction* is a figure whereby a man earnestly recalls & retracts what he had said or resolv’d ²¹.’

So ADAM, in our author.

first & last
 On mee, mee onely, as the source & spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due:
 So might the wrauth! — Fond wish! couldst thou support
 That burden, heavier then the earth to bear;
 Then all the world much heavier! — P. L. X. 831.

XLI. Sixthly, the *Apostrophe*.

‘*Apostrophe* or *address* is when a man, in a vehement commotion, turns himself on all sides, & directs his speech to the living & dead, to angels & men, to rocks, groves & rivers ²².’

So our author.

O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, & bowrs!
 With other echo late I taught your shades
 To answer, & resound farr other song. — P. L. X. 860.

‘ADAM’s morning hymn (P. L. V. 153. &c.) is a chain & continuation of the most charming *apostrophes*; ’tis an astonishing flight of poetry in imitation of the inspired writers, & can scarce be out-done by human wit ²³.’

XLII. Seventhly, the *suspension*.

‘*Suspension* begins & carries on a period or discourse in such a manner as pleases the reader all along; & keeps him in expectation of some considerable thing in the conclusion ²⁴.’

20. *id.* p. 179. 21. *id.* p. 183. 22. *id.* p. 187. 23. *id.* p. 188. 24. *id.* p. 190.

With

‘ With what infinite sweetness does EVE carry on, with what grateful surprize close up that rapturous speech to ADAM, worthy an inhabitant of Paradise & the state of innocence ²⁵!

*Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds: pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, & flour,
Glistring with dew: fragrant the fertile earth
After soft show'rs: & sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening milde: then silent night
With this solemn bird, & this fair moon,
And these, the gemms of heav'n, her starrie train.*

*But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds: nor rising sun
On this delightful land: nor herb, fruit, floure,
Glistring with dew: nor fragrance after show'rs:
Nor grateful evening milde: nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring starr-light, without thee is sweet.* — P. L. IV. 641.

XLIII. Eighthly, the *prosopopeia*.

Prosopopeia, or *fiction of a person*, hath two parts.

1. ‘ When good & bad qualities, accidents & things inanimate are introduced in discourse, & described as rational beings ²⁶.’ As,

*now gentle gales,
Fanning thir odorif'rous wings dispense
Native perfumes, & whisper whence they stole
Those balmie spoiles.* — P. L. IV. 156.

2. ‘ When we give a voice to inanimate things; & make rocks, woods, rivers, buildings, &c. to express the passions of rational creatures ²⁷.’ As,

*So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth-reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat!
Earth felt the wound; & Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, give sign of woe,
That all was lost.* — P. L. IX. 780.

Again.

*Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs; & Nature gave a second groan,*

²⁵. id. p. 190.

²⁶. id. p. 233.

²⁷. id. p. 236.

*Skie lowr'd, & mutt'ring thunder, some sad drops
Wept, at compleating of the mortal sin*

Original. ——— P. L. IX. 1000.

XLIV. Ninthly, the *Transfition*.

Transfition is of two sorts.

1. 'When a speech is introduced abruptly, without express notice given
' of it ²⁸.' As when our author gives an account of our first parents even-
ing devotions.

*Both turn'd, & under open skie, ador'd
The GOD that made both skie, air, earth, & heav'n;*

————— *Thou also mad'st the night,*

MAKER OMNIPOTENT, & thou the day! — P. L. IV. 721.

2. 'When a writer suddenly leaves the subject he is upon, & passes on
' to another from which it seems very different at the first view; but yet
' hath a relation & connection with it, & serves to illustrate & enlarge
' it ²⁹.'

XLV. Tenthly, the *Sentence*.

'Sentence is an instructive & lively remark made on something very ob-
' servable & agreeably surprizing; which contains much sense in few
' words ³⁰!'

1. Tis either direct & plain; as,

————— *be lowlie wife.* P. L. VIII. 173.

2. Or indirect & disguis'd. As,

————— *Fool! not to think how vain*

Against th' OMNIPOTENT to rise in arms! P. L. VI. 135.

XLVI. Eleventhly, the *Epiphonema*.

'*Epiphonema* is a lively acclamation placed at the end of a discourse or
' narration. So MILTON, on the obstinacy of the rebel angels, who were
' so infatuated that they would not submit, tho' they knew almighty power
' & majesty came armed against them ³¹.'

In heav'nly spirits could such perverseness dwell! P. L. VI. 788.

XLVII. His mixtures of opposite passions are admirable. As,

1. Joy & fear.

————— *like that pigmean race*

Beyond the INDIAN mount, or faerie elves,

Whose midnight revels, by a forrest side

Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,

28. id. p. 245.

29. id. p. 247.

30. id. p. 249.

31. id. p. 252.

I R

Or

Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
Sits arbitress, & neerer to the earth
Wheels her pale course, they on thir mirth & dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy & fear his heart rebounds. P. L. I. 780.

2. Horror & joy.

He ceas'd. For both seem'd highly pleas'd, & DEATH
Grinn'd horrible a gasty smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd, & blest his maw
Destin'd to that good hour. — P. L. II. 845.

XLVIII. His imitations of the antients are delightful. For instance.

As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A shape within the watry gloom appeerd,
Bending to look on me. I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon returnd,
Pleas'd it returnd as soon with ans'ring looks
Of sympathie & love: there I had fixt
Mine eyes till now, & pin'd with vain desire
Had not a voice thus warnd me, 'What thou seest,
'What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thy self,
'With thee it came & goes: but follow me,
'And I will bring thee where no shadow staies
'Thy coming, & thy soft imbraces, hee
'Whose image thou art, &c.' — P. L. IV. 460.

Now what a beautiful copy is this of the *Narcissus* of Ovid, viewing & admiring of himself in the fountain?

Corpus putat esse quod umbra est.

Speñat humi positus geminum ceu lumina sydus,

Et dignos Baccho digitos, & Apolline crines,

Impubesque genas, & eburnea colla, decusque

Oris, & in niveo mistum candore ruborem:

Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.

Quod videat nescit; sed, quod videt, writur illo

Ista re percussae, quam cernis, imaginis umbra est:

Nil habet ista sui, tecum venitque, manetque,

Tecum discedet, si tu discedere possis. —

Et placet, & video; sed, quod videoque, placetque,

Non tamen invenio; tantus tenet error amantem ³².

Add here, his double imitation of that tender line of *Horace*.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

So dear I love him, that with him all deaths

I could endure; without him, live no life. P. L. IX. 832.

————— *if death*

Consort with thee, death is to mee as life: —

———— *to loose thee were to loose my self.* P. L. IX. 953.

Several other passages of the like sort will be taken notice of in the following notes.

XLIX. And his imitations of scripture are as charming.

Under this head I will mention two or three remarkable instances, none of which, I think, have been hitherto taken notice of by any writer.

1. That beautiful line, wherein our author calls the light,

Bright effluence of bright essence increate! P. L. III. 6.

seems to me, not a thought of his own, but an imitation of *Solomon*. *She [wisdom] is a pure influence flowing from the glory of the almighty.* Wisdom vii. 25.

2. There is scarce a more sublime thought in all MILTON, than in those three admirable lines which make a part of the description of that grand incident of the MESSIAH's driving the rebellious angels out of heaven.

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd

His thunder in mid-volie; for he meant

Not to destroy, but root them out of heav'n. P. L. VI. 853.

Yet this thought, if I err not, is also borrowed from scripture. I see it, I think, twice there. First, in the *Maschil* of *Asaph*. *Yea many a time turned he his wrath away, & would not suffer his whole displeasure to arise.* Ps. lxxviii. 39. And then, in *Solomon*. *Thou, mastering thy power, judgest with equity.* Wisd. xii. 18.

3. ADAM's account of his own dream, in which, as he tells RAPHAEL, he beheld the formation of EVE,

Under his forming hands a creature grew

Man-like, but different sex; so lovely faire.

That what seemd fair in all the world, seemd now

Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,

And in her looks; which from that time infus'd

Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before. P. L. VIII. 470.

is, the latter part of it, sure taken from that easie, natural relation of that strange impression which the first view of *Judith* made upon the heart of

Holofernes. — *Her beauty took his mind prisoner.* Judith xvi. 9. Words so exceeding soft & tender, that all the amplification in the world can add nothing to their great elegance & expressiveness. *Shakespeare*, as I shall hereafter shew, was as fond of that passage as *MILTON*.

L. Upon the whole, whenever I take up *MILTON*, & sit down to read any of his NINE best *English* Poems, he delights me so, that I am almost ready to apply his own beautiful words (with which he makes *Adam* address *Raphael*) to himself.

— *While I sit with thee, I seem in heav'n
And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare
Then fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst,
And hunger both, from labour, at the houre
Of sweet repast; they satiate, & soon fill,
Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbu'd, bring to their sweetness no satietie.*

Par. Lost. VIII. 210.

C H A P. XIX.

Explanatory & Critical Notes on divers Passages of Milton's Poems.

I.

*Such musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the CREATOR GREAT
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.*

Ode. 117.

Here our author had many sublime passages of scripture in his thoughts. As, *The morning stars sang together, & all the sons of God shouted for joy.* Job xxxviii. 7. *God builded his spheres in the heaven.* Amos ix. 6. margin. *He made Arcturus, Orion & Pleiades, & the chambers of the south.* Job ix. 9. *the stars of heaven & the constellations thereof.* Isaiah xii. 10. *He stretched out the north over the empty space, & hanged the earth upon nothing.* Job. xxvi. 7. *I brake up for it my decreed place, & set bars & doors, & said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; & here shall thy proud waves be stayed.* Job xxxviii. 10. 11. *Be still, & know that I am God.* Ps. xlv. 10.

The lonely mountains ore
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard & loud lament.

Ode 181.

Our author alludes to a famous story mentioned by *Plutarch* of one *Epithernes*, who had been his school-master. That imbarcking for *Italy*, & being one evening becalmed before the *Paxe* (two little islands between *Corcyra* & *Leucadia*) they suddenly heard a voice from the shore (most of the passengers being yet awake) calling to one *Thamuz*, an *Egyptian* pilot, who would not answer till the third call. Then, when you come to *Palodes* (said the voice) proclaim it aloud, that the great God *PAN* is dead. All in the ship, who heard this, were amazed. And *Thamuz*, when he came to the place appointed, made proclamation accordingly. Whereupon was heard a great lamentation, with many groans & cries. All this coming to the knowledge of *Tiberius*, he sent for *Thamuz*, who avouched the truth of it. This was about the time when *CHRIST* suffered. After which the oracles at *Delphos* & other places, it is said, became silent.

III.

And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heav'n's queen & mother both,
Now sits, not girt with tapers holy shine.

Ode 200.

The Roman Catholicks now make the B. Virgin a sort of

Mooned Ashtaroth,
Heav'n's queen & mother both;

often drawing her with crescent horns, or rising out of an half moon; as may be seen by innumerable popish Gravings.

IV.

And sullen MOLOCH fled,
Hath left, in shadows dred,
His burning idol, all of blackest hue.
In vain, with cymbals ring,
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue.

Ode 205.

1. Sandy's travels (from *Plutarch de defectu oraculorum*) p. 11.

The

The image of *Moloch* was an half statue, with a calf's head, arms stretched out, & seven holes in the breast, wherein the victims were put. The first, for flour; the second, for young pigeons; the third, for lambs; the fourth, for kids; the fifth, for calves; the sixth, for bulls; & the seventh, for children. The great wicker idol (whereof there is a sculpture in *Sammes Britannia* ².) seems to be nothing else but a figure of *Moloch*, tho' *Sammes* would have it to be the image of I know not what *Phoenician* giant.

V. The brutish gods of NILE as fast.

ISIS, & ORUS, & the dog ANUBIS, hast;

Nor is OSIRIS seen —

Ode 210.

The statue of *Isis* (wife of *Osiris*, king of *Egypt*) was generally represented with the head of a lioness; *Osiris*, with that of an Ox. Her sacrifices & worship were infamous. For which reason her priests were forbid to say any thing of them. *Isis, cum Osiridis, a fratre Typhone interempti, reliquias anxie conquireret, ejusdem pudendorum imaginem divino cultu honestavit, ut inquit Diodorus* ³. — *Quum Typhon inventum Osiridis cadaver in partes quatuordecim divisum disjecisset, Isis perquirendo singulas reperit praeter pudendam, quae in fluvium projecta mox a piscibus devorata. Illius igitur loco, ad ejus similitudinem, τὸν Φαλλὸν consecravit; cui etiam nunc diem festum Aegyptii celebrant. Hoc autem phallo percuti solitos in sacris illis execrandis Aegyptios probabile est* ⁴.

Orus, the same as *Sol*; generally drawn with the head of a lion.

Anubis, son of *Osiris*, the same with *Mercury*; & generally drawn with the head of a dog ⁵. So *Virgil*.

Latrator Anubis ⁶.

Osiris the same as *Apis* & *Serapis*, son of *Jupiter* & *Niobe*, being slain by *Typhon*, was said to be changed into an ox, & worshipped under that form. *Plutarch* & *Heliodorus* reckon the *Nile* to be *Osiris*, & the land of *Egypt*, *Isis*. At *Alexandria* he was worshipped by the names of *Osiris* & *Adonis*; & *S. Cyril*, bp. of that city, saith, that the letters mentioned by *Isaiah* were nothing else but the messages which the cities of *Egypt* interchangeably sent to one another, to give notice that *Adonis* was found again ⁷.

Thus the *Egyptians* worshiped an ox. And it is easie to see that the

². p. 105.

³. *Pignorius de mensa Isiaca*. Amf. 4^o. 1670.

p. 32.

⁴. *Gronov. in Herod. lib. II. p. 111.*

⁵. *Pignor. p. 63.*

⁶. *Aeneid. VIII. 698.*

⁷. See note on *Par. Lost. XII. 504. infra.*

'calf set up near mount Sinai, by Aaron, was the effect of the Israelites
'abode in Egypt; as were also those which were afterwards set up by Jero-
'boam⁸.' *The morris dance, with its ribbands & bells, is a dance in complete*

VI. *Who knows not CIRCE*
The daughter of the sun? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling swine.

Comus. 50.

From Horace.

— *Circes pocula nosti,*
Quae si cum sociis stultus cupidusve bibisset,
Vixisset canis immundus, aut amica luto sus⁹.

VII.
The sounds & seas with all thir finnie drove
Now to the moone in wav'ring morrice move.

Comus. 115.

The *morris* or *modrish* dance was first brought into England, as I take it, in Edward III. time, when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, where he had been to assist his father-in-law, Peter, K. of Castile, against Henry the bastard. This dance was usually performed abroad by an equal number of young men, who danced in their shirts with ribbands & little bells about their legs. But here in England they have always an odd person besides, being a boy dressed in a girl's habit, whom they called *Maid Marian*. The place where they danced was often in the field, & called the *five*, *seven*, or *nine*, *men's morris*, just according to the number of the dancers. So Shakespeare.

The nine-mens morrice is filled up with mud,

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,

For lack of tread are undistinguishable¹⁰.

— *I have seen*

Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,

Shaking the bloody darts, as be his bells¹¹.

I cannot forbear observing on the boy dressed in girl's cloaths introduced into this dance, that, tho' the young folks of England had, by this Spanish expedition, got a new diversion, yet they could not forbear dashing it with their old favorit one of *Maid Marian*. 'Thus, as Shakespeare adds, they

8. Rollin. Vol. I. p. 42.

9. Epist. II. Lib. I.

10. Midsummer Night's Dream. Vol. I. p. 93.

11. II Part Henry VI. Vol. IV. p. 248.

made more matter for a *May-morning*¹². Having, as a pancake for *Shrove-Tuesday*, a *morris* for *May-day*¹³.

The *morris* dance, with its *ribands* & *bells* & *Maid Marian*, is odd enough. But how much stranger is the *Pyrrhic* dance, a dance in complete armor, & so called from *Pyrrhicus*, the *Spartan*, who first invented it? *Scaliger* the father revived it in the presence of the Emperor *Maximilian*; & *saepe* & *diu*, *non sine stupore totius Germaniae representavimus*, saith he¹⁴. — Yet much stranger still was that *Horse ballet*, the dance or ball performed by horses, at the emperor's wedding in 1666.¹⁵

VIII.

Hale Goddess of nocturnall sport,
Dark-vail'd COTYTTO, & whose the secret flame
Of mid-night torches burnes! Mysterious dame
(That ne're art call'd, but when the dragon woome
Of STYGIAN darknesse spets her thickest gloome
And makes one blot of all the aire)
Stay thy clowdie ebon chaire

Wherein thou rid'st with HECAT, & befriend

Us thy vow'd priests, 'till utmost end

Of all thy dues be don

Comus. 128.

This poem being of the pastoral sort, our author hath many pastoral words in it, which give a great beauty to it. Here are two: *woome*, for *womb*; & *spets*, for *spits*.

Dragon woome (a substantive epithet) with an eye to the dragons which drew the chariot of *Luna*, who governs the night. So again *il Penseroso*, 59.

— Cynthia checks her dragon yoke

Gently ore th' accusom'd oke.

Cotytto, the goddess of impudence, originally a strumpet, had midnight sacrifices at *Athens*. She is here therefore very properly said to be *dark-vail'd*. Her *dues* or rites were called *Cotyttia*, & her priests *Baptae*; because they who were initiated into her mysteries were sprinkled with warm water.

Hecate, daughter of *Jove* & *Latona*, was called *Luna* & *Cynthia*, in heaven; *Diana*, on earth; & *Proserpine* & *Hecate* in hell. *Orpheus*, in

12. *Twelfth Night*. Vol. II. p. 511.

lib. I. cap. xviii.

13. *All's well that ends well*. Vol. II. p. 386.

15. I forget where I met with this particu-

14. Mr. *Pope*, notes on his *Transl.* of the *Iliad*. Vol. IV. p. 57. from *Scaliger's Poet*,

lar. F. P.

his *Argonauts* faith, she had three heads; on the right, that of a horse; on the left, a dog's; &, in the middle a swine's. Hence *Ovid*,

Tuque triceps Hecate ¹⁶. —

And *Shakespeare*,

By the triple Hecat's team ¹⁷.

IX.

Com, knit hands, & beate the ground

In a light fantastick round.

The measure.

Comus. 143.

The *measure* is an old way of expression for *the dance*; & sometimes a particular mode of it. Let *Shakespeare* explain this.

Beatrice to Hero. 'The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time. If the prince be too importunate, tell him there is *measure* in every thing; & so dance out the answer. For hear me, *Hero*, wooing, wedding, & repenting is a *Scotch jig*, a *measure*, & a *cinque pace*. The first *suit* is hot & hasty, like a *Scotch jig*; & full as fantastical. The wedding, mannerly modest; as a *measure*, full of state & ancestry. And then comes repentance, & with his bad legs falls into the *cinque pace*, faster & faster, 'till he sinks into his grave' ¹⁸.

Play musick; & you brides & bridegrooms all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall ¹⁹.

Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths

To drink to these fair ladies, & a measure

To lead them once again; & then let's dream

Who's best in favour ²⁰.

But, let them measure us by what they will,

We'll measure them a measure, & be gone ²¹.

X.

They left me then, when the gray-hooded eev'n,

Like a sad votarist in palmer's weeds,

Rose from the hindmost wheels of PHOEBUS waine.

Comus. 188.

MILTON generally wrote *eevening*, *eeven*, or *eeve*, for *evening*, *even*;

¹⁶. *Metam.* IX. 194.

p. 417.

¹⁷. *Midsummer night's dream*. Vol. I. p.

¹⁹. As you like it. Vol. II. p. 267.

¹⁸.

¹⁸. *Much Ado about nothing*. Vol. I.

²⁰. *K. Henry VIII.* Vol. V. p. 27.

²¹. *Romeo & Juliet*. Vol. VII. p. 141.

or *even*; to distinguish the noun *even* from the adverb *even*. So *l'Allegro* 129.

Such fights as youthful poets dream

On summer eves by haunted stream.

Shakespeare makes the *palmer* & the *pilgrim* to be all one. As,

' Helena. *Where do the palmers lodge, I beseech you?*

' Widow. *If you will tarry, Holy Pilgrim, but till the troops come by, I will conduct you where you shall be lodged* ²².'

And our author here dresses the *palmer* in grey. And so he does the *pilgrim*. *Par. Regain'd*. IV. 426.

————— *the morning fair*

Came forth with pilgrim steps & amice grey.

as if their habit & order (if I may so speak) were the same. But, if I err not, they differ in both. A *pilgrim*, as I take it, is indeed a *votarist* (as our author calls the *palmer*) one who is upon his journey to the holy-land, but hath never been there: his habit, a *ruffet*, or dark brown grey. A *palmer*, one who hath been there, & is now returned; his habit *white*: in allusion to that of S. *John*, — *clothed with white robes & palms in their hands*. Apoc. vii. 9. For it was the practice (as I have somewhere read) of the father guardian of the holy sepulchre of our Lord at *Jerusalem*, to give every *pilgrim* who came to visit it a branch of *palm*, which he ever after carried in his hand, in token of his having been there, & thereby of a *pilgrim* became a *palmifer* or *palmer*. This usage of giving *palms* to the *pilgrims* the father guardian at first learned of the *Jews*. 'For it was a constant custom among them on the solemnity of the great *Hosannab* (which was always kept on the seventh or last day of the feast of tabernacles) to carry palms in their hands, & cry *Hosanna* ²³.'

XI.

Was I deceav'd, or did a sable cloud

Turne forth her silver lining on the night?

I did not err, there does a sable cloud

Turne forth her silver lining on the night,

And casts a gleame over this tufted grove!

Comus. 221.

These lines are truly poetical. The return of the words is very beautiful; & the intimation which they carry in them (that God hath always an eye to

²². All's well that ends well. Vol. II. p. 412. Newton. p. 269.

²³. Observat. on the Apoc. by Sir Isaac

distressed innocence, & will at last succor it) finely insinuated, by the dark cloud so unexpectedly turning out its *silver lining*. — When all relief seems hopeless, heaven beams out comfort to the virtuous.

XII.

I oft have heard

My mother CIRCE, with the SIRENS three

Amidst the flow'rie-kirtled NAIADES,

Culling thire potent hearbs & baleful drugs;

Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soule

And lap it in ELYSIUM. SCYLLA wept,

And chid her barking waves into attention;

And fell CHARYBDIS murmur'd soft applause.

Comus 253.

Hearbs, for berbs. Very pastoral.

The name *Siren* is derived from the *Hebrew*, *Sir*, a song; as *fir bassirim*, the song of songs; or, as our old bibles have it, *the ballad of ballads*. The *Sirens* plied on the coasts of *Sicily*, where they tempted passengers on shore, sung them asleep, & then killed & robbed them. *Ulysses*, to avoid the danger of them (as *Homer* relates) by *Circe's* advice, stopped the ears of his companions with wax, & tied himself to the main mast, that, tho' he heard them, he might not stir. And great reason had he to do so, if they sung as *Homer* & *Mr. Pope* say they did.

O stay, the pride of Greece, ULYSSES stay!

O cease thy course, & listen to our lay!

Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,

The song instructs the soul, & charms the ear.

Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!

Approach! & learn new wisdom from the wise!

We know whate'er the kings of mighty name

Atchiev'd at ILION in the field of FAME;

Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies:

O stay, & learn true wisdom from the wise²⁴!

Sophocles & *Val. Cato* were called *Sirens*, for the sweetness of their poeie. And *Isocrates* had the image of a *Siren* set on his monument, for the like reason.

Flow'rie-kirtled (as this is a poem of the pastoral kind) is more elegant than *robed*.

24. *Odyss.* (translated by *Mr. Pope.*) XII. 222.

Scylla wept — but why? — (With extasie to hear the *Sirens* music: for joy, as we commonly say. — She & *Circe* being both enamoured of *Glaucus*, *Circe* turned her into a rock, with dogs about her lower parts. Barking waves is therefore very beautiful. This rock lies in the sea betwixt *Sicily* & *Italy*. Some think it is hollow, & say, that the waves dashing against the sides of it, make a dreadful noise like the barking of dogs. *Virgil* is of this opinion.

And *Ovid*.

Scylla rapax canibus Siculo latrare profundo 25.

Our author drew his picture of *Scylla*, with dogs about her lower parts, from this fiction of *Scylla*.

Charybdis is a gulf of the *Sicilian* sea (now called *Galofaro*) near the rock *Scylla*. *Bochart* derives the name from the Hebrew *chor obdan*, *foramen perditionis*. *Fell Charybdis* then is very proper. *Virgil* calls it, *implacata Charybdis* 27. And *Ovid*, *ratibus inimica Charybdis* 28. *Horace* likens a lewd woman to it, & pities his companion who was fond of her.

ab miser,

Quanta laboras in Charybdi?

Digne puer meliore flamma 29.

XIII.

I know each lane, & every alley Greene,

Dingle, or bushie dell of this wide wood.

Comus 312.

I know of no such substantive as a *dingle* in our language. The word here, as I take it, is an adjective, & agrees with *dell*. Both together signify a low, deep place, where briars hang thick & long, & if I may so speak, *dingle-dangle* over one's head, & which, consequently, if not well known & carefully avoided, would, in the night, go near to tear one's eyes out. The rest of the line, I think, shews this to be the sense. It is a pastoral word then, & so is *dell*, for *dale*.

XIV.

Unmuffle, yee faint stars! And thou, fair moon

That wont'st to prove the trav'lers benizon,

25. *Aeneid*. III.

26. *Metam.* VII. 64.

27. *Aeneid*. III.

28. *Metam.* VII. 63.

29. *Carm.* I. xxvii. 18.

*Stoope thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinberit Chaos. —*

Comus 333.

Love. — *Lawe's* Edit. & Edit. 1673. & 1713. but *love the travellers benizon* is hardly sense. I therefore venture to read, against the authority of all these copies, *prove*; which makes the whole exceeding clear & natural.

XV.

*And thou shalt be our starre of ARCADIE
Or TYRIAN cynosure —*

Comus 343.

Jupiter had a son by *Calisto*, called *Arcas* (from ἀρκῦς, i. e. ἀρκῦς, q. d. *urfinus, ursae filius.*) *Juno* turned *Calisto* into a bear, & her own son *Arcas* shot her. Thereupon *Jupiter* translated her, & made her the greater bear-star, & *Arcas* himself (when he died) the lesser.

Or Tyrian cynosure. The *Tyrians* being great navigators were much guided by the *κυνόσουρα*, i. e. *κυνὶς ὑπὸ κανὶς cauda*, or *ursa minor*.

The *starre of Arcadie* & the *Tyrian cynosure* are two names then for the same thing; & accordingly there is no comma in *Mr. Lawe's* Edition after *Arcadie*.

From *Arcas* the country & people of *Arcadia* derive their names.

In his *l'Allegro* our author points to the place where he supposes a pretty girl lives, & (as every beautiful woman may be said to be a *star* to which the eyes of mankind are much directed) thereby makes the reader almost fancy that he sees her.

*Towers & battlements he sees
Boosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.*

So *Democritus junior*. 'Tis the general humor of all lovers; she is his stern, his pole-star, his guide; his *cynosure*, his *Hesperus* & *Vesperus*; his life, his soul, his every thing, dreaming & waking; she is always in his mouth; his heart, eyes, ears, & all his thoughts are full of her.' (p. 512. 513.) 'In the mean time he raves on her; her sweet face, eyes, actions, gestures, hands, feet, speech, length, breadth, height, depth, & the rest of her dimensions, are so survey'd, measured & taken by that astrolabe of phantasie, & that so violently sometimes, with such earnestness & eagerness, such continuance, so strong an imagination, that at length he thinks he sees her.' id. p. 514.

Boosom'd;

Boosom'd; for rising, swelling, rounded like a woman's breast. Another pastoral word, & very beautiful ³⁰.

XVI.

Of night or loneliness it recks me not.

Comus 408.

It recks me not: a way of speech much used by *Shakespeare*.

_____ *reason thus with life.*

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,

That none but fools would reck ³¹.

_____ *careless, reckless, fearless*

Of what's past, present, or to come ³².

_____ *I am reckless what*

I do to spite the world ³³.

That's all I reck ³⁴. _____

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,

Shew me the steep & thorny way to heav'n,

Whilst, like a puffed & careless libertine,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,

And recks not his own read ³⁵.

XVII.

'Tis CHASTITIE, my brother; CHASTITIE.

She, that has that, is clad in compleat steele;

And like a quiver'd nymph with arrowes keene,

May trace huge forrests & unharbour'd heaths,

Infamous hills & sandie per'lous wildes;

Where, through the sacred rayes of CHASTITIE,

No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaneer

Will dare to soyle her virgin puritie.

Yea there, where very desolation dwells

By grotts & caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,

She may passe on with unblencht majestie:

Be it not don in pride, or in presumption.

Comus 426.

What a fine paraphrase is this on the beginning of that celebrated Ode of *Horace*, which he addresses to *Aristius Fuscus*.

30. See preface to *Herod the Great*, note 7.

31. *Measure for Measure*. Vol. I. p. 348.

32. *ib.* p. 372.

33. *Macbeth*. Vol. V. p. 423.

34. *Cymbeline*. Vol. VI. p. 423.

35. *Hamlet*. Vol. VII. p. 242.

*Integer vitae, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra;
Sive per Syrteis iter aestuosas
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quae loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes* ³⁶.

Bandite, or *bandito*, from *bando*, Ital. *edictum publicum*; & *bandire*, *edicto publico proscribere*; originally, from the Anglo-Saxon, *abannan*; to proclaim or publish: an outlaw or fugitive: called in the *Low-Countries*, *Free-booters*; in *Germany*, *nightingales*; in *Spain*, *Bandilero's*; in the north of *England*, *Moss-Troopers*; in *Ireland*, *Tories*.

XVIII.

*Som say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blew meager bag, or stubborne unlay'd ghost
That breaks his magicke chains at Curfeu time,
No goblin or swart faerie of the mine,
Hath hurtfull pow'r ore true virginity.*

Comus 438.

Curfeu, from *couvre feu*, i. e. *cover up* or *put out your fire*. *William* the Conqueror to prevent people from meeting in the night to hatch rebellion, ordered a bell to be rung in every village at eight of the clock, to warn them to put out their lights, & go to bed. This severe law is well commented on by a modern poet.

*The shiv'ring wretches at the Curfew sound,
Dejected sunk into their sordid beds,
And, thro' the mournful gloom of antient times,
Mus'd sad, or dreamt of better* ³⁷.

Our author in the passage now commented makes the ghosts of the dead begin to appear at *Curfeu* time. He therein follows *Shakespeare*. 'This is the foul *Flibberti gibbet*. He begins at *Curfew*, & walks 'till the first cock' ³⁸.

Shakespeare also makes the fairies, as well as other spirits,

rejoice
To hear the solemn Curfew ³⁹.

³⁶. *Carm.* I. xxii. 1.

³⁷. *Liberty*: by Mr. Thompson. IV. 755.

³⁸. *K. Lear*. Vol. V. p. 166.

³⁹. *Tempest*. Vol. I. p. 64.

And

And he rings a *Curfeu* (or rather *descurphew*) bell, at three in the morning.

— stir, stir, the second cock bath crow'd,

The curphew bell bath rung, 'tis three a clock ⁴⁰.

Minsbew derives the word *goblin*, from the French *gaber*, to devour. Hence the *English*, to *gobble* or eat any thing up presently: because formerly nurses used to tell children, that such & such *goblins* would come & eat them up.

Swart, from the *Anglo-Saxon* *ſwearc*, or *ſwartby*. *Colliers* & other miners always look *ſwart* & brown; & the fairies who belong to those places, are here said to have the same complexion. The *Rosicrucians* have many stories of these spirits; who, as they suppose, have the keeping of the treasures of the earth.

The word occurs again in our author. *Lycidas*. 138.

On whose fresh lap the swart starre sparsely looks.

The swart starre, i. e. *Sirius*, the dog-star; so called *ἀνὰ τὰ σέγειν*, a *ficcando*: because in the dog days the ground parches, imbrown, & looks sun-burnt or *ſwartby*.

Frequent in *Shakespeare*. As,

' *Syracuse Antipholis*. What complexion is she of?

' *Syracuse Dromio*. Swart, like my shoe; but her face nothing like so clean kept ⁴¹.

Note also, when our author writes *ore* with a little o, he means the adverb *over* abbreviated; with a great O, the *Ore* of any metal. (So the heralds: *Or*; gold.) And this to distinguish both from the *oar* of a boat.

XIX.

— but set at nought

The friv'lous bolt of CUPID. —

Comus. 450.

Bolt was antiently a very common term for *arrow*. Witness the old proverb, *the fool's bolt is soon shot*. Which proverb, & the passage here quoted, may be very well illustrated from the words of *Shakespeare*.

' *Beatrice*. He set up his bills here in *Messina*, & challenged *Cupid* at the flight; & my uncle's fool, reading the challenge subscribed for *Cupid*, & challenged him at the *bird-bolt* ⁴².

' *Biron*. Shot by heaven! proceed, sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt him with thy *bird-bolt* under the left pap ⁴³.

40. *Romeo & Juliet*. Vol. VII. p. 203.

41. *Comedy of Errors*. Vol. III. p. 31.

42. *Much Ado about nothing*. Vol. I. p. 404.

43. *Love's labor's lost*. Vol. VII. p. 133.

XX. — whose

XX.

——— whose artfull strains have oft delay'd
The budding brooke to heare his madrigale.

Comus. 504.

A madrigale is a *carmen agreste*, a pastoral, a love song:

——— It is old & plain;
The spinsters & the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it; it is filly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love 44.

XXI.

To tell thee sadly ———

Comus. 519.

Sad, sadness, & sadly, were antiently used to signify grave, gravity, & (as here) gravely. So Shakespeare.

Be sad, as we would make you 45. ———

i. e. be grave & serious. So Seneca.

Laetitia juvenem, frons decet tristis senem 46.

XXII.

Of dire CHIMAERA's & enchanted iles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell.

Comus. 527.

The Greek word *χίμαιρα* signifies a goat, & there is a fiery mountain of the same name in *Lycia*, on the top whereof (they say) are lions; in the middle (where plenty of pasture) goats; &, at the bottom serpents. Hence the *Chimaera*, a monster of the poets, which vomits fire, hath the head & neck of a lioness, the belly of a goat, & the tail of a dragon or serpent. So *Lucretius*.

*Qui fieri potuit triplici cum corpore ut una,
Prima leo, postremo draco, media ipsa Chimaera,
Ore foras aurem efflaret de corpore flammam* 47 ?

And Ovid.

——— *mediis in partibus hircum,
Pectus & ora leae, caudam serpentis habebat* 48.

Bellerophon made this mountain habitable, & is therefore said to have killed the *Chimaera*.

44. Twelfth Night. Vol. II. p. 487.

45. Prologue to *Henry VIII.* Vol. IV.

46. *Hippolytus.* 452.

47. Lib. V.

48. *Metam.* IX. 646.

‘ *Homer*, in his XVI. *Iliad*, saith, *Amisodarus* bred the *Chimaera*. And
 ‘ *Eustathius*, on that passage, notes, that the antients guessed the *Chimaera*
 ‘ was not a fiction, since *Homer* thus marks the time wherein she lived, but
 ‘ thought it some beast of that prince’s herds, who, being grown furious &
 ‘ mad, had done a great deal of mischief, like the *Calydonian* boar. *Ami-*
 ‘ *sodarus* was king of *Caria*, & *Bellerophon* married his daughter 49.

Chimaera was also the name of one of *Aeneas* his great ships 50.

By *enchanted isles*, our author, as I take it, means, the isle of *Circe*; the
 isle of *Delos* (once said to have been a floating island) & the isle of *Lesbos*,
 ‘ at which last, saith Mr. *Sandys*, we lay in a little bay, under a cliff;
 ‘ where not one of us but had his sleep interrupted by fearful dreams, he
 ‘ that watched affirming he had seen the devil; so that in a great dismay
 ‘ we put from shore about midnight. Whether it proceeded from the na-
 ‘ ture of the vapours of the place, or what other cause, I leave to decide.
 ‘ It is reported too of a little rocky island hard by, formerly named *Aex*,
 ‘ & sacred to *Neptune*, that none could sleep upon it, for being disturbed
 ‘ with apparitions 51.

‘ There are certain *rifted rocks* in some caves by the lake *Avernus*,
 ‘ whither *Homer* brought his *Ulysses*, & *Virgil* his *Aeneas*, to offer sacrifice
 ‘ to *Pluto* & *Hecate* there said to give answer. *Eustathius* & *Alcadinus*
 ‘ affirm, that *Christ*, after his death, returned from hell that way, & then
 ‘ clave those rocks 52.

XXIII.

I sate me downe to watch upon a bank
With ivie canopi'd & interwove
With flaunting hony-suckle, & began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rurall minstrelsie,
Till Fancie had her fill,————

Comus. 553.

Flaunting, i. e. gorgeous.

Hony-suckle, i. e. the *perichlymenon* or woodbine, whose flower is called
 the honey-suckle.

A *minstrel* is either a *musician* or a *musical instrument*. *Minstrelsie* is
 usually taken for a band of music, playing in concert: but here it signifies
 only a shepherd’s pipe. *Minstrels* or musical instruments were antiently
 used by the *Jews* to comfort the living at the departure of the dead. *When*

49. Mr. *Pope*. Notes on his translation of the
Iliad. Vol. IV. 8^o. p. 226.

50. *Virgil*, *Aeneid*. V.

51. *Travels*. p. 18. 19.

52. *id.* p. 279.

Jesus came into the ruler's house, & saw the minstrels, & the people making a noise, he said unto them, give place, the maid is not dead, but sleepeth. Matt. ix. 23, 24. When the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, David took an harp, & played with his hand; so Saul was refreshed and was well; & the evil spirit departed from him. 1. Sam. xvi. 23. Elisha called for a minstrel. And it came to pass when the minstrel played, that the hand of the LORD came upon him. 2. Kings iii. 15.

XXIV.

At which I ceas't, & listen'd them awhile
'Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsie-flighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd SLEEP.

Comus. 561.

The poets make Somnus, a god; the son of Night, & brother of Death. And here (supposing him to be gently carried round the globe with his mother Nox) the easiness of a litter, with drowsie horses, & close curtains, are admirably suited to his nature. But in the editions of 1673. & 1713. it is drowsie frighted. Excellent indeed! They must be clever animals which can be drowsie & frighted at the same time! The great MILTON could never be guilty of such a gross absurdity. It was the printer's fault, & none of his. In his MS. (in Trinity Coll. Camb.) it stands, as I correct, drowsie flighted.

XXV.

At last a soft & solemne breathing sound
Rose like a steame of rich distill'd perfumes
And stole upon the aire, that ev'n SILENCE
Was tooke e're she was 'ware & wisht she might
Deny her nature, & be never more
Still, to be so displac't. I was all eare,
And took in strains that might create a soule,
Under the ribs of DEATH! —————

Comus. 566.

Pause awhile, good reader, & mark here this wonderful description of a fine song by a fine voice at a distance. It is one of the most sublime passages in all MILTON. The last stroke, *I was all eare*, &c. is surprisingly beautiful.

XXVI. —

I'll find him out

I T 2

And

*And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curles to a foule death,
Curs'd as his life.*—————

Comus. 618.

There is hardly a more agreeable research than to observe how any great author (such as MILTON) corrects himself. In our author's MS. (in *Trinity Coll. Camb.* & in Mr. *Lawe's* Edition) these lines stand thus.

————— *Ile find him out,
And force him to restore the purchase back,
Or drag him by the curles, & cleave his scalpe
Downe to the hippes.*—————

But here our author afterwards found he had committed an egregious mistake. He had threatned to drag *Comus* by his *curled bair*, & then to *cleave his scalpe*, i. e. his *bald pate*. Now *curles* upon a *bald pate* is a good joke. He therefore altered the two last lines (as we see by Edit. 1673.) to what we read above.

XXVII.

*He call'd it HEMONY, & gave it me,
And bad me keepe it as of sov'ran use
'Gainst all incantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
Or gastly fairies apparition.*

Comus. 650.

Hemony; ἄνεμών (from ἀνέμω, *ventus*, q. d. *herba venti*; quod nisi vento spirante non aperiat se flos) some take it for the red flower growing in corn, called the corn rose or wild poppy; some for the pass-flower or rose parsley; some for the emrose, corruptly called the *Anemone*; some for celandine. *Nicander* saith it sprung out of the blood of *Adonis*. *Theocritus* affirms, that the herb grew out of the tears of *Venus*, & the flower out of the blood of *Adonis*.

In Mr. *Lawe's* Edit. & Edit. 1673. & 1713. it is *gastly furies apparition*. But I do not remember the *furies* were ever said to appear much. *Dion* in *Plutarch* indeed is said to have had a *fury* appear to him. Undoubtedly therefore our author wrote, as I read, *fairies*.

XXVIII.

*Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Aegypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such pow'r to stirre up joy as this.*

Comus. 691.

Thonis,

Thonis, K. of *Thonis* near *Zephyrium*, on a time entertained *Menelaus* & *Helena*, & the poet speaks of certain medicaments which *Polydamna* (the wife of *Thonis*) then presented to *Helena*.

Quae Polydamna dedit, Thonis clarissima conjux.

These medicaments *Homer* (*Odyss.* IV. 221.) calls *Νηπενθές*, 'which was, saith *Bayle* ⁵³, I know not what, endowed with an excellent virtue.'

'*Non morabar hic studiosos variis quaestionibus, ut Petrus le Sena an Nepenthes ex eorum numero esset medicamentorum quae chimica arte paratur, an simplex quid & solius naturae proprietate efficax. — Aio Nepenthes fuisse unum e terra nascentibus, quoddam scilicet herbae aut virgulti genus* ⁵⁴.'

'The *Chevalier de Mere* imagines that *Nepenthes* was nothing but the charms of *Helena's* conversation. Here is the manner in which he expresses himself in a discourse addressed to a lady. — 'Tho' *Homer* does not expatiate upon *Helena's* eloquence, notwithstanding he speaks so largely of that of *Ulysses* & *Nestor*; yet he gives us to understand by a mystery of poetry, that it was a pleasure to hear her speak, & here is in a few words what led me to think in that way. *Ulysses* was, a long time after the taking of *Troy*, unable to return to *Ithaca*. His son *Telemachus* was in great anxiety; &, in order to know whether he was living or not, he went to visit *Nestor*, who could not inform him what was become of his father. Upon this the youth went from thence to *Menelaus*, where he saw *Helena* & supped with her. He being very melancholy, that princess pitied him, & made use of a charm to make him forget all his uneasiness. This charm, saith *Homer*, was a liquor, which she poured into the wine before it was brought to the table, & this mixture was so potent, that, after having tasted it, it was impossible for a person to shed a tear all that day. She had likewise an admirable secret, which she received from the graces. You know, Madam, that there is no lady that imitates the sound of your words; but, if she had observed you, she would have assumed so perfectly your voice & manner, that she would have been taken for you ⁵⁵.'

Another saith,

Amor, voluptas, Venus, gaudium,

Jocus, ludus, sermo suavis, suaviatio:

are the true *Nepenthes* ⁵⁶; & perhaps not erroneously.

⁵³. Crit. Dict. Vol. VI. p. 62.

⁵⁴. Petrus Petrus in *Homeri Nepenthe*, cap. 3. init. p. 6.

⁵⁵. *Discours des Agremens*, p. 140. edit. Holland.

⁵⁶. *Plaut. Bacch.*

XXIX.

~~What grim aspects are these,~~
~~These oughly-headed monsters?~~

Comus. 711.

Oughly (so, in all copies) a way of spelling peculiar to MILTON; which I at first thought introduced to image *ugliness*, if possible, more *ugly* than itself; but since fancy was done only to give the word a more *pastoral* air.

XXX.

Comus. O foolishness of men! that lend their eares
 To those budge doctors of the STOICK furre,
 And fetch their precepts from the CYNICK tubb,
 Praising the leane & fallow abstinence!

Comus. 723.

Budge; an old word for *lamb's-fur*; & *lamb's-fur* the type of *innocence*. So Shakespeare. — 'A furr'd gown to keep him warm, & furr'd with fox & lamb-skins too; to signifie that *craft*, being richer than *innocency*, stands for the facing 57.'

Zeno of Citium taught in a common porch of the city, & his disciples were thence called *Stoics*; from *στοα*, *porticus*. Seneca (Epist. 83.) saith, they were the strongest & most holy sect of philosophers. Of which sect was *Pantaenus*, patriarch of *Alexandria*, who (as S. Jerom saith) went to the *Indies* to convert the *Brachmans*. And indeed, as the *Stoics* & the *Brachmans* agree in many things, who so fit to convert the latter as the former?

The *Cynics* were the disciples of *Antisthenes* & *Diogenes*.

XXXI.

Obtruding false rules pranckt in reason's garbe.

Comus. 777.

Pranckt, i. e. dressed, clad. So Shakespeare.

—— that miracle & queen of gems,

That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul 58.

—— your high self,

The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obscur'd,

With a swain's wearing, & me, poor lowly maid,

Most goddess-like pranckt up 59.

—— I do despise them;

For they do prank them in authority

Against all sufferance 60.

57. Measure for Measure. Vol. I. p. 359.

58. Twelfth Night. Vol. II. p. 489.

59. Winter's Tale. Vol. III. p. 120.

60. Coriolanus. Vol. VI. p. 58.

Shakespeare

Shakespeare borrowed this word of Chaucer. So Fenton.

And eke to shew his lillied bond

Full feaously he praunkt his bond.

XXXII.

Com, no more ;

This is meere morall babble, & direct

Against the canon laws of our foundation.

Comus. 824.

In Mr. Lawe's Edition an *Apocope* after direct' to shew that it stands for directly ; the last syllable whereof is cut off by the vowel in the beginning of the next line. So Virgil.

ignari hominumque, locorumque

Erramus ⁶¹.

And Shakespeare.

Oh what a world is this, when what is comely

Envenoms him that bears it ⁶² !

XXXIII.

There is a gentle nymph, not farre from hence,

That with moist curb sways the smooth SEVERN stream,

SABRINA is her name, a virgin pure.

Whilom shee was the daughter of LOCRINE,

That had the scepter from his father BRUTE.

She, guiltlesse dam'sell, flying the mad pursuit

Of her enraged step-dam GUENDOLYN,

Commended her faire innocence to th' flood

That stay'd her flight with his crosse-flowing course.

The water-nymphs that in the bottome play'd

Held up their pearled wrists, & tooke her in,

Bearing her streight to aged NEREUS hall.

Comus. 841.

Locrine, K. of the Britons, married Guendolyn, daughter of Corineus, duke of Cornwall. In a battel which he fought with the Hunnes or Scythians, near the Humber, he took prisoner a young lady of great beauty (the daughter of a Scythian king) named Estrilda. Her he kept as a mistress, & by her had Sabrina. And Corineus duke of Cornwall dying, Locrine then put away Guendolyn & married Estrilda. At which Guendolyn, resenting the injustice done her, flew to Cornwall, raised a great army of her friends, & fought Locrine, & slew him. After which she threw the lady & her

61. Aeneid. I.

62. As you like it. Vol. II. p. 209.

daughter

daughter into a river, called, after the name of the latter, *Sabrina*, i. e. the *Severn*. ⁶³.

To *Nereus hall*, i. e. to the *Aegean sea*; where *Nereus* chiefly resided ⁶⁴.
He was one of the sons of *Oceanus* & *Tethys*.

XXXIV.

And the *CARPATHIAN* wifard's hooke.

Comus. 890.

The *Carpathian* wifard, i. e. *Proteus*; another son of *Oceanus* & *Tethys*.
He lived in the gulph of *Scarpanto*, & was reckoned a wifard. So *Virgil*.

Est in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates

Coeruleus Proteus ⁶⁵. —————

He was also reckoned a *shepherd*, & painted (as here) with a *sheep-hook*,
because he tended the sea-calves. Alluded to by *Horace*,

Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos

Visere montes ⁶⁶.

XXXV.

By dead *PARTHENOPE*'s deare tomb.

Comus. 897.

Parthenope, one of the *Sirens*. She drowned herself for madness that
she could not allure *Ulysses* or any of his men to come ashore. Her body
was drove aland, & buried (they say) at *Naples*.

XXXVI.

Rise, rise, & heave thy rosie head
From thy coral-paven bed,

Comus. 904.

Paven, a more pastoral word, for *paved*.

Shakespeare uses the *paved bed*, very elegantly, to signify the grave.

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,

Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,

And take her hence in horror ⁶⁷. —————

XXXVII.

Nor wet October's torrent flood

Thy molten crysell fill with mudde.

Comus. 948.

Here *water* is very properly called *molten crysell*. Because water would
not be a fluid, unless *molten*, & kept so by the heat of the sun.

⁶³. See *Holingshed*, *Stow*, & our author's
Hist. of England. *Toland's* Edit. p. 8.

⁶⁴. *Apollonius*, lib. iv.

⁶⁵. *Georg.* IV.

⁶⁶. *Carm.* lib. I. *Ode* iii.

⁶⁷. *Measure for Measure*. Vol. I. p. 395.

XXXVIII.

*Back, shepherds, back: Anough your play
 'Till next sun-shine holiday.
 Here be, without duck or nod,
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes & such court-guise,
 As MERCURY did first devise
 With the mincing DRYADES,
 On the lawns & on the leas.*

Comus. 976.

Anough, for enough. Very pastoral.

By ducks & nods our author sneers at the country people's awkward way of dancing. And, the two brothers & the lady being now to dance, describes their elegant way of moving by — *trippings* — *lighter toes* — *court-guise*, &c. He follows *Shakespeare*, who makes *Ariel* tell *Prospero*, that his masquers,

*Before you can say, come & go,
 And breathe twice, & cry so, so,
 Each one, tripping on his toe,
 Will be here with mop & mow* ⁶⁸.

And Oberon command his Fairies,

*Ev'ry elf & fairy sprite
 Hop as light as bird from briar,
 And this ditty after me
 Sing & dance it trippingly* ⁶⁹.

The *Dryads* were wood-nymphs. But here the ladies who appeared on this occasion at the court of the lord president of the marches, at *Ludlow*, are very elegantly termed *Dryades*. Indeed the prophet complains of the Jewish women for mincing as they go. *Esay* iii. 16. But our author uses that word only to express the neatness of their gait.

XXXIX.

Hence loathed melancholy, &c.

L'Allegro, I.

This poem & the *IL PENSEROSO* contain many beautiful imitations of the *Kalendae Decembris Saturnales* of *Statius*. Observe how that poem begins, & compare it with the beginning of this.

*Et Phoebus pater, & severa Pallas,
 Et Musae procul ite feriatae;*

⁶⁸. *Tempest*. Vol. I. p. 54.⁶⁹. *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Vol. I. p. 148.

*Jani vos revocabimus Kalendis.
Saturnus mihi compede exoluta,
Et multo gravidus mero December,
Et ridens jocus, & sales protervi
Adfint, dum refero diem beatam
Laeti Caesaris, ebriamque noctem. &c.*

XL.

So buckfom, blithe, & debonair.

L'Allegro. 24.

Buckfom (from the *Anglo-Saxon*, bocpum; *tractabilis*) yielding.

Blithe (from the *Anglo-Saxon*, bliðe) merry. The *Danes* call the month of *February bliide mānet*, the merry month; from the *Carnival*, or modern *Bacchanalia*, which always falls some time in that month.

Debonair, French, q. d. *de bon aire*. A metaphor taken from an hawk, q. d. *de bono nido*, i. e. *de bona stirpe*. The *aire* signifies an hawk's nest. Hence an *ayry* or *eyery* of hawks; i. e. a company of young hawks hatched in the same nest. So *Shakespeare*.

————— *I was borne so high,
Our airy buildeth in the cedars top,
And dallies with the wind, & scorns the sun.*

K. Richard III. Vol. IV. p. 420.

'But there is, Sir, an *aiery* of Children, that cry out on the top of
'question.' *Hamlet*. Vol. VII. p. 275.

XLI.

*Haste thee, nymph, & bring with thee
JEST & youthful JOLLITY,
Quips & cranks, & wanton wiles,
Nods & becks, & wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on HEBE's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
SPORT that wrinckled CARE derides,
And LAUGHTER holding both his sides.*

L'Allegro. 25.

Jollity, from the French, *joli* (which perhaps from the Latin, *jovialis*, i. e. *sub laeto & foelici sydere natus*) a jovial fellow.

Quips; pinching jokes which spare nobody; as if we should say, *whips*. So *Falstaffe* — 'No quips now, *Pistoll* 70.'

70. *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Vol. I. p. 235.

Crank (the adjective) *sanus*; sound & hearty. A *crank* then (the adjective made a substantive) must signify a merry jest, such as *crank* folks, people in high health, are apt to abound with.

Shakespeare hath *to crank* (a verb) signifying to twist & turn as a *Maeander*,

*See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out* 71.
or to double, as an hare.

*And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare
Mark the poor wretch; to over-shut his troubles
How he out-runs the wind, & with what care
He cranks & crosses with a thousand doubles.
The many umfits, through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth, t' amaze his foes* 72.

XLII.

*And the jocond rebecks sound
To many a youth & many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade.*

L'Allegro. 94.

A rebeck (*French*, rebec; *Italian*, ribecca; a rebacchando, *ubi re sensum auget, quia sc. hoc in conviviiis, commensationibus, & symposiis uti solebant*) a psaltery, or little fiddle of three strings.

XLIII.

*Then to the spicy nutbrown ale,
With stories told of many a feat;
How faery MAB the junkets eat;
She was pincht & pull'd, she fed;
And he, by FRIAR'S-LANTHORN led:
Tells, how the drudging GOBLIN swet,
To earn his cream-bowle duly set,
When, in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His shad'wy flae bath thresh'd the corn
That ten day lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And, stretcht out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength.*

L'Allegro, 100.

71. I. Part *Henry IV.* Vol. III. p. 393.

72. *Venus & Adonis*, 8°. 1728. p. 80.

Sed, for said, very pastoral.

Formerly the common people had many strange notions of certain pigmy phantoms called *elves, ouphs, & fairies*; who, as they thought, seldom did any body any great harm; but played their wanton tricks more for mirth than mischief: the two principal spirits of which sort they called *Oberon & Mab*, the king & queen of the rest. Besides which they talked much of a great lubberly bull-beggar spirit, called *Puck* or *Robin-Good-Fellow*; a very good-natured daemon likewise, if humored & indulged, but, if thwarted & contradicted, as peevish & unlucky as the devil himself.

Our author here gives an humorous description of a supposed conversation among a knot of country lasses & fellows, upon this whimsical subject of the fairies, as they are got together drinking a cup of nappy in the evening of a country wake. And first one of the girls relates how she was *pinched & pulled* one night by some of them. Then one of the swains tells what a dance he was once led by a *friar's lanthorn*, or, as others term it, *Jack a lanthorn* or *Will with the wisp*. Then touches some of the pranks of *Robin-Good-Fellow*.

Reginald Scot gives a brief account of this imaginary spirit, much in the same manner with this of our author. 'Your grand-dames, maids, were wont to set a *boll of milk* for him, for [his pains in] grinding of malt or mustard, & sweeping the house at midnight. And you have also heard, that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good wife of the house, having compassion of his nakedness, laid any cloaths for him. For, in that case, he would say,

What have here now? — Hempen, hampen!

Here will I nere more tread nor stampen.

[In short, he would accept of nothing] 'besides his *white bread & milk*; which was his standing fee 73.'

Shakespeare speaks much of this old *Lar*.

Fairy. *Or I mistake your shape & making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd & knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin-Good-Fellow. Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villagere,
Skim milk, & sometimes labor in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless huswife chern;
And sometimes make the drink to bear no barme;
Misthead night-wand'ers, laughing at their harm?*

73. *Discovery of Witchcraft, Lond. [1588. &] 1651. 4^o. p. 66.*

*Those that Hobgoblin call you & sweet Puck,
You do their work, & they shall have good luck?*

*Puck. — Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wand'rer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, & make him smile,
When I a fat & bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing, in likeness of a filly-foale.
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometimes for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And tailor cries, & falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hippos & loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, & neeze, & swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there 74.*

In the same play he makes Puck say,

*What hempen home-spuns have we swagg'ring here?
I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
[Thro' brook,] thro' bog, thro' brake, thro' briar 75,
Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a bound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometimes a fire;
And neigh, & bark, & grunt, & roar, & burn,
Like horse, bound, hog, bear, fire, at ev'ry turn 76.*

I do not hear that Robin-Good-Fellow at present offers to shew away any where in England. It is said indeed that he sometimes appears yet in the farther parts of Scotland, where he is now much better known by the name of Brownie.

XLIV.

*And crop-full out of dores he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.*

L'Allegro. 115.

74. *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Vol. I. p. 91. *Thro' brook.*
By the way, *villageree*, *topples*, *loffe*, *waxen*,
neeze, are all pastoral words.

75. This line wanting a foot, I have added,

76. *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Vol. I. p.
106. 107.

The cock begins to crow about two (the time of day break) in *long* days; &, after two, about once an hour ('till day-break) in *short* days.

Shakespeare touches this old imaginary circumstance, of spirits & ghosts ceasing to walk at the *first* cock crow, very beautifully.

Bernardo. *It was about to speak, when the cock crew.*

Horatio. *And then it started, like a guilty thing*

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,

Doth, with his lofty & shrill sounding throat,

Awake the God of day; &, at his warning,

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

Th' extravagant & erring spirit hies

To his confine: & of the truth herein

This present object made probation.

Marcellus. *It faded on the crowing of the cock.*

Then proceeds to paraphrase another fancy of the like sort.

Some say, that ever against that season comes,

Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth all night long:

And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad;

The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, no witch hath pow'r to charm:

So ballow'd & so gracious is the time 77.

XLV.

Towred cities please us then,

And the busie humm of men, &c.

L'Allegro, 118.

Fugit pigra quies, inersque somnus.

Haec cernens, alias adivit urbes.

Stat. Sat. Syl. I. vi. 91.

XLVI.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,

If JOHNSON'S learned sock be on;

Or sweetest SHAKESPEARE, Fancy's child,

Warble his native wood-notes wilde.

L'Allegro. 131.

77. *Hamlet*. Vol. VII. p. 230.

Hic

Hic agnoscitur omne quod theatris

Aut forma placet, aut probatur arte.

Statius, Saturn. Syl. I. vi. 67.

' *The child of Fancy*, with the additional epithet of *sweetest*, is an expression perfectly fine, becoming both the praiser & the praised ⁷⁸.'

Yet borrowed, I think, from the very person he commends. For *Shakespeare* makes *Orsino* call *Viola*,

Orsino's mistress & his *Fancy's Queen* ⁷⁹.

XLVII.

Or likest how'ring dreams,

The fickle pensioners of MORPHEUS train.

Il Penferoso. 9.

Morpheus, the minister of *Somnus*, so called because he feigns the *τὰς μορφὰς*, the very countenances, words, manners, & gestures of mankind, & exhibits them in dreams. So *Ovid*.

Excitat artificem, simulatoremque figuræ

Morphea ⁸⁰ —————

XLVIII.

Black, but such as in esteem

Prince MEMNON's sister might beseech,

Or that starr'd ETHIOPE queen that strove

To set her beauty's praise above

The sea-nymphs, & their pow'rs offended.

Il Penferoso. 17.

Memnon, K. of *Ethiopia*, son of *Tithonus* (brother of *Laomedon*) by *Aurora*, repairing with a great host of eastern people to the relief of *Priamus* K. of *Troy*, was there slain by *Achilles*; about whose tomb, it is said, came every year strange birds who fought 'till they killed one another, as it were in atonement of his ghost. And every fifth year they did the like about the blackamoor princes court in *Ethiopia*.

Cassiope, wife of *Cepheus* K. of *Ethiopia*, after having triumphed over all the beauties of her age, daring to compare herself to the *Nereids*; raised their indignation against her to such a degree, that they sent a prodigious whale into the country, so that to appease them she was commanded by the oracle to expose her daughter *Andromeda*, to be devoured by the monster; but *Perseus* delivered *Andromeda*, & procured *Cassiope* to be taken into heaven. For which last reason our author here calls her the *starr'd Ethiopie queen*.

78. Dr. Sewell.

79. Twelfth Night. Vol. II. p. 536.

80. Metam. XI. 634.

XLIX.

'Lest PHILOMEL will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night.

Il Penseroso. 56.

Philomela, daughter of Pandion K. of Athens, whom Tereus K. of Thrace (who had married her sister Progne) ravished, & cut out her tongue that she might not disclose it, & cast her into prison; wrought the whole story in embroidery, & sent it to her sister. At the feast of Bacchus they were all to meet. Progne therefore took her sister out of prison, & made her kill her son Itys, & dress, & serve him up to Tereus; who, in a rage, when he found it out, would straightway have killed them; but, running after his wife, she was changed into a swallow, he into a lapwing, Itys into a pheasant, & Philomela into a nightingale; who with her melancholy notes still bewails the sad disasters of her family.

That beautiful simile in Virgil where he introduces her lamenting her lost young, can never be too much admired.

*Qualis populea moerens Philomela sub umbra
Amisſos queritur foetus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit, at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque ſedens miſerabile carmen
Integrat, & moeſtis late loca queſtibus implet.*

Thus translated, by Mr. Lee.

*Thus in ſome poplar ſhade the nightingale
With piercing moans does her loſt young bewail:
Which the rough hind, obſerving as they lay
Warm in their downy neſt, had ſtole away:
But ſhe in mournful ſound does ſtill complain,
Sings all the night, tho' all her ſongs are vain,
And ſtill renews her miſerable ſtrain.*

L.

*Sweet bird, that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, chauntreſs, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy eeven ſong.*

Il Penseroso. 61.

Here again our author, I think, had *Shakespeare* in his eye.
How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!

*This shady, desert, unfrequented wood,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here I can sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses & record my woes*⁸¹.

LI.

*Oft, on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.*

Il Penferoso. 73.

Here the two last lines admirably describe the motion & sound of some heavy, great, abbey, bell. We seem to hear it.

LII.

*Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the bear
With thrice great HERMES, or unsphear
The spirit of PLATO*

Il Penferoso. 85.

Hermes Trismegistus, the Egyptian philosopher, flourished a little after *Moses*. In his time the study of philosophy rose to a great height in *Egypt*, where before they minded little else save astronomy. He maintained the truth of one God, against the idolatry & polytheism of his countrymen, & first divided the day into twelve hours.

' *Trismegistus* DEUM iisdem nominibus appellat, quibus nos *Deum* & *Patrem*. Ac ne quis nomen ejus requirat, ἀνώνυμον, i. e. *sine nomine* esse dixit; eo quod nominis proprietate non egeat, ob ipsam scil. unitatem. Deo igitur nomen non est, quia solus est: nec opus est proprio vocabulo, nisi cum discrimen exiget multitudo, ut unamquamque personam sua nota & appellatione designet. Deo autem, qui semper unus est, proprium nomen est, DEUS⁸².'

Plato, called by *Cicero*, the divine philosopher, was a scholar of *Socrates*, & chief of the sect of the *Academics*. He travelled into *Italy* to hear the *Pythagoreans*, & into *Egypt* to hear the *Gymnosophists*; where he read the books of *Moses*.

81. Two Gent. of Verona. Vol. I. p. 215.

82. Lactant. Institut. divin. lib. I. cap. vi.

LIII.

*Som time let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall com sweeping by,
Presenting THEBS, or PELOPS line,
Or the tale of TROY divine.*

Il Penseroso. 77.

Seneca wrote a tragedy called *Thebais*; but here, I fancy, our author had two tragedies of *Euripides* in his eye. In the *Phenissae* (the first of them) *Antigone* appears on the walls of *Thebes*, to view the army of the enemy, & learn the names of the principal leaders. In *The Suppliants* (the other of them) the poet describes the battel between the *Athenians* & *Thebans*, & gives the characters of the seven generals who fell in the *Theban* war.

Atreus (son of *Pelops* & *Hippodamia*) king of *Mycenae*, a city in *Greece*, banished his brother *Thyestes*, for committing adultery with his wife *Aërope*; &, afterwards calling him home again, bad him to a feast, & caused the children which he had begotten of her, to be dressed & set before him to eat; at the horror of which fact the sun went back. *Thyestes* asked *Apollo*, how he might revenge this cruelty? He answered, that, if he would lie with his own daughter (a most diabolical oracle, this!) he should beget a son of her, who should revenge it. He did so, & begat *Aegisthus*, of his own daughter *Pelopea*; who afterwards slew his uncle *Atreus* & his cousin *Agamemnon*. He found out the eclipse of the sun; which gave occasion to some part of the story ⁸³.

Euripides hath a tragedy called *Troades*, & *Seneca* another called *Troas*. *Farnaby* calls the latter a *divine* tragedy; & *Daniel Heinfius* prefers it to the *Troades* of *Euripides*, especially for the chorus.

LIV.

*But, O sad virgin, that thy powre
Might raise MUSAEUS from his bowre;
Or bid the soul of ORPHEUS sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down PLUTO's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek.*

Il Penseroso. 103.

Musaeus, an antient poet, who went with *Jason* to fetch the golden fleece.

⁸³. See the two tragedies called the *Electra* of *Sophocles* & the *Thyestes* of *Seneca*.

The late Dr. King (of *Doctor's Commons*) hath palinodied the story of *Orpheus & Eurydice* so humorously, that I cannot forbear transcribing his conclusion.

— Gentle Sir, *you may command*
A tune from a departing band;
The stile & passion both are good,
'Tis The three children in the wood.
He sang, & pains themselves found ease;
For griefs when well exprest, can please.
When he describ'd the children's loss,
And how the robins cover'd them with moss;
To hear the pity of those birds,
Ev'n Bocai's tears fell down with Orpheus words.

LV.

Or call up him that left half told
The story of CAMBUSCAN bold,
Of CAMBALL & of ALGARSIFE,
And who had CANACE to wife,
That own'd the vertuous ring & glass;
And of the wondrous hors of brass,
On which the TARTAR king did ride.

Il Penferoso. 109.

The poet & poem here meant are *Chaucer* & his *squiers tale*.

LVI.

And (if ought else great bards beside
In sage & solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys & of trophies hung;
Of forests & enchantments dear;
Where more is meant than meets the ear)

Il Penferoso. 116.

The principal poet & poem here meant are *Spenser* & his *fairy queen*.
 ' Which poem is an allegory of that fort in which the fable or story consists
 ' for the most part of fictitious persons or beings, creatures of the poets
 ' brain, & actions surprising & without the bounds of probability or nature.
 ' In works of this kind therefore, it is impossible for the reader to rest in
 ' the literal sense, but he is of necessity driven to seek for *another meaning*
 ' under those wild types & shadows ^{84.}

^{84.} Essay on allegorical poetry, by Mr. John Hughes (printed before his edition of *Spenser's* works) p. xxxvi.

LVII.

*Thus, NIGHT, oft see me in thy pale career,
'Till civil-suited MORN appear;
Not trickt & frounc't, as she was wont
With the ATTICK boy to hunt.*

Il Penferoso. 121.

The night is riotous, & wicked things (thence called deeds of darkness) often done in it; but the morning, ashamed of such matters, & consequently more civil-suited. This common observation is finely expressed by *Shakespeare*.

————— *Light thickens, & the crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop & drowse;
While night's black agents to their prey do rouse*⁸⁵.

Shakespeare calls *tricking* dress.

'Mrs. Page. — Go get us properties & *tricking* for our fairies

⁸⁶.'

Tricking is also a term of art, signifying the drawing of an escutcheon or coat of arms with a pen, as *blazonry* does painting the same with colors.

Frounc't is another word to the same purpose, signifying much the same as *frizled*, *crisped*, *curled*. There is also a distemper called the *Frounce*; peculiar to hawks.

The Attic boy, i. e. *Cephalus*.

LVIII.

*And, as I wake, sweet musick breathe
Above, about, and underneath.*

Il Penferoso. 151.

Or *underneath*. Edit. 1673. & 1713. But I venture to read *and underneath*. What confirms me in this reading is *Cassio's* pious salutation to *Desdemona*, whereof these fine lines are almost a direct copy.

*Hail to thee, lady! & the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on ev'ry hand,
Enwheel thee round*⁸⁷. —————

LIX.

*Yet once more, O ye laurels, & once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh & crude,
And, with forc'd fingers rude,*

⁸⁵. *Macbeth*. Vol. V. p. 427.⁸⁶. *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Vol. I. p. 292.⁸⁷. *Othello*. Vol. VII. p. 406.

*Shatter your leaves before the mellowing yearé.
Bitter constraint, & sad occasion deare
Compells me to disturb your season due.
For LYCIDAS is dead!*

Lycidas 1.

These words, *Yet once more*, are to remind us that this is not the first poem of this sort written by our author. They refer, as I take it, 1. To his poem on the death of a fair infant, a niece of his, dying of a cough. Written anno (aetatis, 17.) 1625. 2. To his epitaph on Shakespeare, written (anno aetatis 22.) 1630. And 3. to his epitaph on Jane (daughter to Thomas viscount Savage of Rock-Savage in Com. Cestr.) late wife of John Paulet, marquiss of Winton: Written whilst he was yet at Cambridge.

The laurel was sacred to *Apollo*, the god of learning; the myrtle, to *Venus*, the goddess of beauty; the ivy to *Bacchus*, the god of wine; but here, by a more beautiful turn, they are all devoted to *Lycidas*, as a person full of learning, youth, & joy; &, as he died young, gathered unripe to strew his cenotaph, which we may here suppose erected for him in the temple of the *Muses*.

With ivy never-sere, i. e. never seared, scorched, or struck with lightning. Shakespeare often uses the word.

Calumny will fear
Virtue it self⁸⁸.

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo, down,
Thy crown do's fear mine eye-balls⁸⁹.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf⁹⁰.

LX.

Who would not sing for LYCIDAS! He knew
Himself to sing, & build the lofty rhyme.
He must not stote upon his watry biere
Unwept, & welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Lycidas 10.

neget quis carmina Gallo⁹¹.

Biere Camb. Edit. which corrects Edit. 1673. & 1713. *beare*.

88. The winter's tale. Vol. III. p. 85.

89. *Macbeth*. Vol. V. p. 444.

90. *ib.* p. 463.

91. *Virg. Ecl. X. 3.*

Meed,

Meed, i. e. reward. *Shakespeare* often uses it. As,
Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look 92.

Meed, *I am sure*, *I have received none* 93.

He also sometimes uses it to signify merit. As,

—— *my meed hath got me fame* 94.

LXI.

*Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd LYCIDAS?*

For neither were ye playing on the steep

Where your BARDS, the famous DRUIDS, lie,

Nor on the shaggie top of MONA high,

Nor yet where DEVA spreads her wisard stream.

Lycidas. 50.

Mona, the isle of *Anglesea*, was, for a long time, the principal residence of the *Druids*. *Selden* saith 'they made choice of it, for its thick woods & groves; whence it was then called *Inis-Dowil*, the dark isle.' See his account of the name, profession, sacrifice, places of assembling & subversion of the *Druids*; in his notes on *Drayton's Polyolbion*, Song IX. Mr. *Henry Rowlands*, vicar of *Llanjdan*, in the isle of *Anglesea*, saith, 'the *Druids*, when they left *Mona*, retired first to the isle of *Man*, & then to *Ireland* & *Scotland* 95.'

Spenser (in the catalogue of *English* rivers, who were present at the marriage of the *Thames* & *Medway*) mentions,

The Dee, which Britons long ago

Did call divine 96.

But *Drayton* is very full to our purpose.

A brooke it was, suppos'd much bus'nesse to have seene,

Which had an antient bound 'twixt Wales & England been,

And noted was by both to be an om'nous flood,

That, changing of his foards, the future ill or good

Of either country told; of eithers warre, or peace;

The sicknesse, or the health; the dearth, or the increase 97.

LXII.

Ay me, *I fondly dream!*

Had ye been there — For what could that have don?

92. *Two Gent. of Verona*. Vol. I. p. 215. 4^o. p. 107.

93. *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Vol. I. p. 255.

96. *Fairy Queen*. IV. xi. 39.

94. III Part *Henry VI*. Vol. IV. p. 376.

97. *Polyolbion*. Song X.

95. *Mona antiqua restaurata*. Dublin 1723.

What

*What could the muse her self that ORPHEUS bore,
The muse her self, for her enchanting sonne?
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roare,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift HEBRUS to the LESBIAN-SHORE.*

Lycidas. 56.

Ab me, Camb. Edit. but *Ay me*, Edit. 1673. & more pastoral.

Orpheus was the son of the muse *Calliope*. It is said the *Moenades*, the priestesses of *Bacchus*, tore him to pieces in the time of their sacrificing, because he sang the praises of all the gods but him. Others say, that all the women in general joined with those priestesses, because, out of sorrow for the loss of his wife, he abandoned the company of all other women, & persuaded others to do the like. *Ovid* goes farther & suggests a *παιδαγωγία* for the reason.

*Ille etiam Thracum populis fuit author amores
In teneros transferre mares.*

It is added they threw his head & harp into the river *Hebrus*, which were thence born down by the stream to *Lesbos*. The harp, having seven strings (which represented the planets) was given him by his father *Apollo*. It was taken up into heaven, & graced with nine stars, by the nine *Muses*. And *Orpheus* himself was turned into a swan.

LXIII.

*To sport with AMARYLLIS in the shade,
Or with the tangles of NEAERA's hair.*

Lycidas 68.

Amaryllis, a country lass in *Theocritus* & *Virgil*.

Neaera, *Aegon's* mistress, in *Virgil's* third eclogue.

LXIV.

*FAME is the spurre that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmitie of noble mind)
To scorn delights & live laborious dayes.
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind FAIRIE, with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise;
(PHOEBUS reply'd, & touch'd my trembling eares.)*

Lycidas 70.

Guerdon,

Guerdon, French; a reward, recompence, prize. *Spenser* uses the word often. And so doth *Shakespeare*. As,

— There's thy *guerdon*, go ⁹⁸.

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well *guerdon'd* for these good deserts ⁹⁹.

And am I *guerdon'd* at the last with shame ¹⁰⁰?

where we hope. *Camb. Edit.* when *Edit.* 1673. & 1713.

blind furie, *Camb. Edit.* *fury*. *Edit.* 1673. & 1713. But what have the *furies* to do with the *abhorred shears*? The *fates* indeed (who may be elegantly called *fairies*) are often & not improperly said to be *blind* (because no man can foresee what his fate or fortune will be) & the *abhorred shears* are expressly said to belong to *Atropos*, one of the three. And, for these reasons, I read, *Blind fairie*.

Phoebus reply'd, &c.

— *Cynthius aurem*

Vellit & admonuit ¹⁰¹.

LXV.

O fountain *ARETHUSE*, & thou honor'd floud,

Smooth-sliding *MINCIUS*, crown'd with vocal reeds.

Lycidas. 85.

Arethusa, one of the *Nereids*, a companion of *Diana*, & beloved of the river *Alpheus*. *Diana* turned her into a fountain, called after her *Arethusa*, at *Elis* in *Peloponnesus*; whose waters, to avoid mixing with the *Alpheus*, run under ground by secret channels, & brake out again about *Syracuse* in *Sicily*; whither also *Alpheus* pursues her.

Mincius, a river of *Venice*, now called *Mencio* & *Menzo*; which makes the city of *Mantua*, famous for the birth of *Virgil*; thence called the *Mantuan swan*: the smoothness & music of whose verse is here insinuated by the gentleness of the stream & the great plenty of reeds growing on its banks.

LXVI.

But now my oat proceeds,

And listens to the HERALD OF THE SEA.

Lycidas 88.

The herald of the sea, i. e. *Triton*, son of *Neptune*, by the nymph *Salacia*. He was a man to the middle, & a dolphin below, with forefeet like an

98. *Love's labor's lost*. Vol. II. p. 119.

99. II Part *Henry VI*. Vol. IV. p. 220.

100. III Part *Henry VI*. Vol. IV. p. 356.

101. *Virg. Ecl.* VI. 6.

horse, & two circled tails. He swims (like an herald) before his father's chariot, sounding his conche.

LXVII.

*And sage HIPPOTADES their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd.*

Lycidas. 96.

Hippotades, i. e. *Aeolus* son of *Jupiter* by *Sergesta*, daughter of *Hippotas*.

LXVIII.

*Last came, & last did go
The pilot of the Galilean lake, &c.*

Lycidas 108.

From this, & what follows, one would think our poet had read *Il divorzio Celeste*, fathered (but some think, not very justly) on *Ferrante Pallavicini*. The author, whoever he was, a *Roman* Catholick, supposes, ' That *Jesus Christ*, observing that the church of *Rome* his spouse, being ' become a prostitute to the lusts of many pontifs, & particularly to *Urban* ' *VIII.* resolved to divorce himself from her, & to cohabit no longer with ' an adulteress. The motives which prompt him to this separation are, her ' having lessened his honor in the opinion of mankind; her consuming per- ' petually her substance, merely to satiate the rapacious appetites of those ' who commit adultery with her; & for the daily contempt brought on ' him by the dissolute actions which are committed in the most barefaced ' manner in his own family: *Rome* being degenerated to a public brothel. ' Divine justice, being fully persuaded of the validity of these reasons, resolves ' upon the divorce. However, in order to proceed with its usual circum- ' spection, & as an example to mankind, it resolves first to cause an exact ' enquiry to be made into the conduct of the spouse in question, & therefore ' commands *S. Peter* to descend to the earth. Accordingly he visits *Lucca*, ' *Parma*, *Venice*, & lastly the ecclesiastical state & the city of *Rome*, whence ' (after being a witness of the abuses, & hearing, by the complaints of mul- ' titudes, of the dissoluteness of the church) he returns to heaven: where ' the complaints being fully proved, the divorce is solemnly pronounced. Im- ' mediately upon the publication of this divorce, *Luther*, *Calvin*, & others ' go & offer their respective churches to *Christ*, as a spouse for him; but ' *Christ*, calling to mind the injuries he had received from his *Romish* spouse, ' resolves for the future to lead a life of celibacy ^{102.}

102. *Bayle*, in *Crit. Dict.* Vol. VIII. 127. a.

LXIX.

*And, when they list, their lean & flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched-straw.
The hungry sheep look up & are not fed,
But swoln with wind*

Lycidas, 123.

Allusion to Virgil,

*non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen* 103 ?

Dante (in his poem *del paradiso*, cant. 9. & 29.) complains, 'that the pope himself of a shepherd is become a wolf; & again, that vain questions & fables echo from the pulpit all the year long, & the poor sheep come back fed with wind' 104.

LXX.

*Return, ALPHEUS! The dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams.*

Lycidas 132.

Alpheus, a river of *Arcadia*, near *Elis*, runs down by *Pisae* into *Greece*, & is there swallowed up, & runs under-ground, & passes thence thro' the sea, without mingling with it, till he arrives at *Sicily*, where he blends his current with the fountain *Arethusa* near *Syracuse*; infomuch, that any thing thrown into the river on the side of *Greece*, shews itself in *Arethuse*. The mythologists by this fable suggest, that as *Alpheus* (i. *αλφειος*, a spot or imperfection) follows *Arethusa* (i. *αρετη*, virtue) so matter desires form, as its proper good; & the soul, virtue, as its proper form. But our author here makes *Alpheus* to sink into the earth at the stern voice & speech of *S. Peter*. Which thought is very beautiful, & a much better reason for his disappearing than his supposed pursuit of *Arethusa*.

LXXI.

He touch'd the tender stops of various quills.

Lycidas 188.

Touching & stops are terms generally used to express the nature & manner of playing on the organ & key instruments only: but our author here applies them, & very agreeably, to the pipe of any sort. *Shakespeare* doth the same. As,

*Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;*

103. *Eclog. III.*

104. *Crit. Dict. Vol. IV. p. 516. b.*

*And of so easie & so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wav'ring multitude
Can play upon't* ^{105.}

' *Hamlet.* Oh, the recorders! Let me see one. — Will you play upon this pipe?

' *Guildestern.* My Lord, I cannot. I know no touch of it.

' *Ham.* 'Tis as easie as lying. Govern these ventiges with your finger & thumb, give it breath with your mouth, & it will discourse most eloquent musick. Look you, these are the stops.

' *Guil.* But these I cannot command to any utterance of harmony. I have not the skill.

' *Ham.* Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; & there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. Why do you think that I am easier to be plaid on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, tho' you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me ^{106.}

LXXII.

his other parts besides
*Prone on the flood, extended long & large
Lay floating many a rood: in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
TITANIAN or EARTH-BORN, that warr'd on JOVE,
BRIAREOS or TYPHON, whom the den
By antient TARSUS held, or that sea-beast
LEVIATHAN, which GOD of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream.*

P. L. I. 194.

Mr. Hughes faith, 'our great MILTON owned Spenser for his original ^{107.}' And it is certain he often had him in his eye. The passage now cited is an instance of it. For how alike is this description of Satan floating on the fiery gulf, to that of the great dragon advancing towards the red cross knight in Spenser?

*By this the dreadful beast drew nigh to hand,
Half flying, & half footing in his haste,*

^{105.} Prologue to II. Part Henry IV. Vol. III. p. 438.

^{106.} *Hamlet.* Vol. VII. p. 304.

^{107.} Essay on allegorical poetry. p. xxvii.

That with his largeness measured much land,
 And made wide shadow under his huge waste;
 As mountain doth the valley overcast.
 Approaching nigh, he reared high afore
 His body monstrous, horrible & vast,
 Which (to increase his wondrous greatness more)
 Was swoln with wrath, & poison, & with bloody gore ¹⁰⁸.

LXXIII.

like the moon, whose orb
 Through optic glass the TUSCAN artist views
 At ev'ning from the top of FESOLE,
 Or in VALDARNO, to descry new lands,
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.

Par. Lost. I. 287.

As when by night the glass
 Of GALILEO, less assur'd, observes
 Imagin'd lands & regions in the moon.

Par. Lost. V. 261.

' Galileo discovered the surface of the moon not to be smooth, but rough,
 ' & full of prominencies & cavities. He observed a new motion of Trep-
 ' dation, the moon appearing to him sometimes on one side, & sometimes on
 ' the other. He found that *Venus* imitated the aspects of the moon, ap-
 ' pearing now round, then one half, & afterwards forked. He demonstrated
 ' a very sensible change in magnitude in the apparent diameters of *Venus* &
 ' *Mars*; a matter of no small consequence in the Theories of *Copernicus* &
 ' *Tycho*. He discovered spots in the sun, which he saw were not fixed &
 ' constant, like those of the moon, but changeable, appearing as it were
 ' to move about the sun. He found that about *Jupiter* four other planets
 ' were moving, never before discovered by any person, which, in honor of
 ' the house of *Medicis*, he called the *Medicean* stars. By the very frequent
 ' eclipses of these stars, he had thoughts of finding out the longitude. He
 ' imagined that the planet *Saturn* was tricorporate; one, spherical, that in
 ' the mids; & two other lesser ones, on the sides. He demonstrated that
 ' the *via lactea*, & the *nubilous* stars, are a multitude of little stars so near
 ' each other, & so small, that the naked eye cannot distinguish them sepa-
 ' rately. All these observations he made in a few years ¹⁰⁹.

¹⁰⁸. *Fairy Queen*. I. xi. 8.

¹⁰⁹. *Crit. Dict.* Vol. V. p. 373. a. b.

LXXIV.

Thick as Autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In VALLOMBROSA : —————

Par. Lost. I. 302.

From Virgil :

Quam multa in sylvis autumni frigore primo
Lapsa cadunt folia. ——— Aeneid. VI. 309.

LXXV.

Though of thir names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial; blotted out & ras'd
By thir rebellion, from the books of life.

Par. Lost. I. 361.

' The author spoke it, *Book of life*, according to the Scriptures, not ' plural.' Dr. Bentley.

Records generally imply more *books* than one. And what if the author supposed that there were other worlds, & those inhabited, & that there were *books of life* relating to them (as here to angels) as well as this? Such a notion is very philosophical & poetical; & 'tis certain he does suppose the first of these things, &, by a *licentia poetica*, may as freely suppose the last. Speaking of the moon, he says,

Those argent fields more likely habitants,
Translated saints, or middle spirits hold,
Betwixt th' angelical & human kind. III. 460.

Again. ————— *starrs*

Numerous, & ev'ry starr perhaps a world
Of destin'd habitation. VII. 620.

Again. ————— *And other suns perhaps,*

With thir attendant moons thou wilt descrie,
Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live.

For such vast room in nature unpossess

By living soules, desert & desolate,

Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute

Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so farr

Down to this habitable, which returnes

Light back to them, is obvious to dispute. VIII. 148.

Besides, the prophet Daniel says, *the judgment was set, & the books were opened.* Dan. vii. 10. And S. John, *I saw the dead, small & great, stand before God. And the books were opened. And another book was opened,*
which

which is the book of life. And the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books. Rev. xx. 12.

LXXVI.

highly they rag'd

*Against THE HIGHEST, & fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on thir sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance against the vault of heav'n.*

P. L. I. 666.

' It was usual with some nations, to raise great cries, & to strike their
' swords against their bucklers, as they advanced to charge an enemy. This
' noise, joined to that of the trumpets, was very proper to suppress in them,
' by a kind of stupefaction, all fear of death, & to inspire them with a
' courage & boldness that had no view but victory ^{110.}

LXXVII.

his tongue

Dropt manna.

P. L. II. 112.

I was hardly ever more pleased with any one stroke in all MILTON, when
I first read him, than this. But the thought is SHAKESPEARE'S.

*Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people ^{111.}*

LXXVIII.

*Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, & reason'd high
Of providence, fore-knowledge, will & fate,
Fixt fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.*

P. L. II. 557.

When I read these lines & observed there was no use made in them of
the words *chance & fortune*, I could not help thinking but our author had
seen the underwritten passage.

' *Meminisse oportet dictorum Basilii magni — Ethnicorum voces esse
' casum & fortunam — & Augustini — poenitere se usum fuisse for-
' tunae nomine ^{112.}*

LXXIX.

*Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark & wilde, beat with perpetual storms*

^{110.} Rollin Vol. XI. Part II. p. 15.

^{111.} Merchant of Venice. Vol. II. p. 85.

^{112.} Bucani Institut. Theolog. Loc. XIV.
Quaest. xiv.

Of whirlwind & dire hail; which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, & ruin seems
Of antient pile; all else deep snow & ice;
A gulf profound, as that SERBONIAN bog
Betwixt DAMIATA & mount CASIUS old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns froze, & cold performs th' effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed FURIES bal'd
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought; & feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce!
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Thir soft ethereal warmth, & there to pine
Immoveable, infixt, & frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurri'd back to fire.

P. L. II. 586.

The hint of this passage, where our author speaks of cold in hell, & makes the punishment of Satan & his companions to consist in suffering interchangeably the utmost of both extremes, is borrowed from *Shakespeare*.

Ay, but to die, & go we know not where:
To lye in cold obstruction, & to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; & the delightful spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick ribb'd ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless & incertain thoughts
Image howling; — 'Tis too horrible!¹¹³

LXXX.

The one seem'd woman to the waste, & fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fould,
Voluminous & vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide CERBERIAN mouths full loud, & rung

¹¹³. Measure for Measure. Vol. I. p. 352.

A hideous

*A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd thir noyse, into her woomb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd & howl'd
Within, unseen.* —————

P. L. II. 650.

This beautiful description of SIN is a copy of the pictures of *Scylla* in *Virgil*, & of *Error* in *Spenser*. See an account of the former, note XII. *supra*. The latter I shall insert here.

*The youthful knight could not for ought be staid,
But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistering armour made
A little glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plain,
Half, like a serpent horribly displaid,
But th' other half did woman's shape retain,
Most loathsom, filthy, foul, & full of vile disdain.*

*And as she lay upon the dirty ground,
Her huge long tail her den all overspread,
Yet was in knots & many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortal sting. Of her there bread
A thousand young ones, which she daily fed,
Sucking upon her pois'nous dugs, each one
Of sundry shapes, yet all ill favoured.
Soon as that uncouth light upon them shone
Into her mouth they crept, & all were gone ¹¹⁴!*

LXXXI.

*Tb' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; GOD & his SON except,
Created thing not valu'd be nor shun'd.*

P. L. II. 677.

Thus pointed in Mr. Fenton's edit. 1725. In the edition of 1674. the last line runs thus.

Created thing naught valu'd be nor shun'd.

From this passage thus inaccurately pointed, occasion hath been taken to charge our author with *Arianism*. But I see no possible ground for that objection, if we read & point, as I have been instructed by a very learned person,

114. *Fairy Queen*. I. i. 14. 15.

Tb'

*Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd;
Admir'd: naught fear'd, GOD & his SON except:
Created thing nor valu'd he nor shun'd.*

LXXXII.

*At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through mine entrails —*

P. L. II. 780.

The *Japanese* have several idols, as *Amida*, *Xaca*, &c. 'Of *Xaca* the *Bonzes* tell a thousand impertinent stories. They say, that he was born eight hundred times in different species, before he was born of a woman; & that when he was born of her, he issued thro' his mother's side, through which he had gnawed with his teeth ¹¹⁵.'

LXXXIII.

*At last his sail-broad vannes
He spreads for flight, & in the surging smoak
Uplifted spurns the ground: thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious. —*

P. L. II. 927.

This description of *Satan's* flying thro' *Chaos*, is very like that of the great dragon, flying to meet the red cross knight, in *Spenser*.

*His flaggy wings, when forth he did display,
Were like two sails, in which the hollow wind
Is gather'd full, & worketh speedy way:
And eke the pens that did his pinions bind
Were like main-yards, with flying canvas lin'd;
With which, when as him list the air to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage find,
The clouds before him fled for terror great,
And all the heav'ns stood full amazed with his threat ¹¹⁶.*

And again.

*Then with his waving wings displayed wide.
Himself up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divide
The yielding air, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts & element unsound*

¹¹⁵. Bayle, in *Crit. Dict.* Vol. V. p. 364.

¹¹⁶. *Fairy Queen*. I. xi. 10.

*To bear so great a weight : he cutting way
With his broad sails* ^{117.}

LXXXIV.

*be had of mee
All he could have : I made him just & right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.*

P. L. III. 96.

So again, *Paradise Lost*, IX. 351.

*GOD left free the will ; for what obeyes
Reason, is free ; & reason he made right :
But bid her well beware*

*‘ Mens nostra, ob gratiam liberi arbitrii, sui juris ac libera est ^{118.}
‘ Sed cur (inquies) huic vasi, scilicet homini, non insitum est, ut peccare
‘ non possit, ut etiam nobis volentibus facultas peccandi desit? Quoniam, in-
‘ quam, & tu servos, non quando vinctos in custodia retines, benevolos esse
‘ tibi existimas, sed cum sponte omnia quae erga te oportet, videris agere.
‘ Sic item DEO eum puta fore amicum, non qui coactus, sed qui sponte sua
‘ virtuteque illi obtemperat. Virtus vero ex voluntate perficitur, non ex ne-
‘ cessitate ^{119.}*

Our author had this last passage of S. Basil in his eye, when he wrote—
‘ Many there be that complain’d of divine providence for suffering ADAM
‘ to transgress. Foolish tongues ! when GOD gave him reason, he gave him
‘ freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing ; he had been else a meer artifi-
‘ cial ADAM, such an ADAM as he is in the motions. We our selves esteem
‘ not of that obedience, or love, or gift, which is of force. GOD there-
‘ fore left him free, set before him a provoking object, ever almost in his
‘ eyes ; herein consisted his merit, herein the right of his reward, the praise
‘ of his abstinence. Wherefore did he create passions within us, pleasures
‘ round about us, but that these rightly temper’d are the very ingredients of
‘ vertue ^{120.}

LXXXV.

*And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire CONSCIENCE.*

P. L. III. 194.

‘ Insta a natura cuique CONSCIENTIA non solet admittere quicquam cul-

^{117.} *id. ib.* I. xi. 18.

^{118.} *Basil. de virginitate.* p. 148.

^{119.} *id.* (Homil. quod Deus non fuit autor

mali) Tom. I. p. 356.

^{120.} *Areopagitica. Toland's Edit.* p. 431.

pabile,

' pabile, propter nativum virtutis amorem & vitiorum odium, eadem ACCU-
' SATRIX ac JUDEX, primo indignatione pudorem incutiens, deinde more ju-
' dicis docens, monens, præcipiens mutare propositum. Quae si persuadere
' valuerit, gaudens accusatum recipit in gratiam; sin minus irascitur, in-
' fensa hostiliter, nocte, dieque urgens, stimulans, infligens insanabilia vul-
' nera, donec abrumpat vitam execratam & miseram ^{121.}

' En, DOMINE, illuminatio mea & salus! rogavi quibus egeo; intimavi
' quae timeo; sed remordet CONSCIENTIA, reprehendunt me cordis secreta;
' & quod amor ministrat, timor dissipat; zelus incitat, metus increpat; aëta
' mea formidinem, sed tua ingerit pietas fiduciam; tua hortatur benignitas,
' mea tardat malignitas ^{122.}

' Ipsa me, quae dilexeram, studia damnant ^{123.}

LXXXVI.

BEGOTTEN SON, divine similitude!

In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made visible, th' ALMIGHTY FATHER shines,
Whom else no creature can behold: —

P. L. III. 384.

Origines (cujus dogmata quaedam damnata sunt) cum in varios errores
incideret (quos Augustinus libro de haereticis commemorat) docuit, ' DEUM
' PATREM omni modo incorporeum esse, & omni respectu invisibilem, adeo
' ut nec ab electis, neque a CHRISTO FILIO suo conspici possit, nisi per cog-
' nitionem intellectus ^{124.}

LXXXVII.

Into a LIMBO large & broad, since call'd
The PARADISE of FOOLS. —

Par. Lost. III. 495.

' One would imagine, says Drelincourt ¹²⁵, That some of the masters of the
' schools have really descended into the bowels of the earth, & had very
' carefully viewed & discovered all the lurking holes there. The opinion
' most commonly received among them is ¹²⁶, That there are four different
' places under the earth, or a deep place divided into four parts. They
' say, that the lowest place is hell, in which all the damned are; where
' their bodies will be after the resurrection, & where all the devils will be
' likewise confined. That the place nearest to hell is purgatory, where

121. Philo Jud. de Decalogo. p. 1025.

122. Aug. in Meditat. cap. ii.

123. id. ib. cap. iv.

124. Origen. princip. Lib. I. cap. i.

125. Dialogue on Christ's descent into hell.
p. 309. edit. 1664.

126. See Bellarmin, of purgatory.

‘ souls are purged ; or rather, where they satisfy God’s justice by their
 ‘ sufferings. They declare that there is the like fire, as well as an intense
 ‘ heat in these two places ; & that the only difference is in the duration.
 ‘ They think that next to purgatory is the *Limbus* for such children as die
 ‘ without the sacrament of baptism ; & that the fourth place is the *Limbus*
 ‘ of the Fathers, that is, the place where were gathered together such souls
 ‘ of the just as died before the birth of our Lord *Jesus Christ*. And they
 ‘ declare that this place is at present empty ^{127.}’

LXXXVIII.

That place is EARTH, the seat of MAN. —

P. L. III. 724.

‘ *SAPIENTIA DEI, ad restaurationem coelestis ruinae, terrenum* (ut ita
 ‘ *dixerim) angelum factura, HOMINEM, primum ei domum, in qua con-*
 ‘ *ditus habitaret, condidit ; cujus fundamenta in terra soliditate collocavit ;*
 ‘ *cujus longitudinem ab oriente ad occidentem extendit ; cujus latitudinem ab*
 ‘ *austro ad aquilonem dilatavit ; cujus altitudinem ad coelum usque exaltavit,*
 ‘ *quod & universae fabricae in modum camerae, quasi culmen quodam protegens,*
 ‘ *imposuit. Et ut magnae domui sufficiens lumen adesset, solem, lunam, ac*
 ‘ *sydera magna & praeclara luminaria coelo infixit, quae a superioribus uni-*
 ‘ *versae domui infulgerent, ac domino domus indeficiens obsequium grata vicissi-*
 ‘ *tudine exhiberent. Vestitur ager floribus, vestiuntur arbores frondibus, ac*
 ‘ *foecundantur fructibus, ut NOVO DOMINO de secreto SAPIENTIAE DEI*
 ‘ *ad publicum processuro, novos fructus offerant, atque jocundum ei de varie-*
 ‘ *tate pulchritudinis suae spectaculum praebeant. Festiva se exhibent elementa*
 ‘ *omnia. Coelum hilaritate vultus omnia laetificat ; aer melodia avium tri-*
 ‘ *pudiat ; terra dominum suum exceptura splendido cultu & multis odoribus se*
 ‘ *ornat ; mare ac flumina crispantibus aquis & piscibus suis more laetantium*
 ‘ *sibi invicem natando occurrentibus gratulantur & ipsa plausu suo* ^{128.}’

LXXXIX.

*O for that warning voice, which he, who saw
 Th’ APOCALYPS, heard cry in heav’n aloud,
 Then, when the DRAGON, put to second flight
 Came furious down to be reveng’d on men,
 Wo to th’ inhabitants on earth ! that now,
 While time was, our first parents had bin warn’d
 The coming of thir secret foe.* —

P. L. IV. 1.

^{127.} Bayle in Crit. Dict. Vol. VIII. p.
^{184.} a.

^{128.} Franco Abbas *Affligeniensis*, de Gratia
 Dei, lib. II. fol. 7. 8.

‘ Here

Here our author (saith Mr. Theobald) seems to have had the fine opening of *Shakespeare's* prologue to his life of K. Henry V. in his eye; viz.

' O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
' The brightest heaven of invention!
' A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
' And monarchs to behold the swelling scene ¹²⁹!

But I rather think he had the opening of another poem in his thoughts, a poem called JESUS PRAEFIGURED, or a poem on the holy name JESUS; which begins thus.

' Give me a quill pull'd from that EAGLE's wing
' Who, soaring in the bosome of his king,
' Saw those deepe secrets, which his booke descric,
' And we admire, but cannot look so high.
' Oh give me such a quill! & with the same
' I'll write what worth is in that glorious name,
' Which, with the new yeare, giv'n the wounded boye,
' Did blesse the following times with hopefull joye
' Of a release from sinne, from death, from hell:
' (So many blessings in one JESUS dwell!)

I never saw but this one copy of this poem. It was written by John Abbot, & by him dedicated to Charles prince of Wales, & (what is very remarkable) in Spanish ' *A la Sennora Donna Maria de Austria, infante de Espanna,*
' PRINCESA DE GALES. Deste convento de S. Juan Baptista de Anvers,
' a 12. de November, 1623.'

XC.

Hadst thou the same free will & pow'r to stand?
Thou hadst. —————

Par. Lost. IV. 66.

' Unde est DIABOLUS malus? Ex ipsius LIBERA VOLUNTATE. Habebat enim & ipse liberam vitam, & infinitam sibi potestatem aut DEUM sequendi, aut a bono discedendi. GABRIEL angelus a DEO jugiter stetit; SATAN item angelus ex ordine suo prorsus cecidit: & illum propria voluntas in coelo retinuit, hunc vero voluntatis libertas e coelo dejecit. Poterat enim & ille a DEO deficere, & iste non excidere ¹³⁰.'

XCI.

—— all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit

¹²⁹. Vol. IV. p. 4.

¹³⁰. Basil. ubi supra. p. 357!

Of

Of vegetable gold: & next to life,
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by;
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill!

P. L. IV. 218.

* ARBOR VITAE in paradiso, ad immortalitatem retinendam proderat:
inde enim arbor vitae dicta est per metonymiam effecti. Gen. ii. 9. vel sa-
cramentali significatione CHRISTI, in quo vita erat, & qui vita est
nostra ¹³¹.

* Cur LIGNUM SCIENTIAE in paradiso fuit, per quod nos diabolus ten-
taturus erat? — Quoniam mandatum esse oportuit, ut nostram erga DEUM,
probaret obedientiam ¹³².

XCII.

Thou SUN, of this great world both eye & soule,
Acknowledge him thy greater! —

P. L. V. 171.

Here again our author had Spenser in his view. The passage he borrows
from, is that of Una's beauty.

Her angel face,
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
And made a sun-shine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heav'nly grace ¹³³.

XCIII.

Like MAIA's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. —

P. L. V. 285.

Ovid, speaking of Flora, saith,
Omnia finierat: tenues secessit in auras.
Manfit odor: posses scire fuisse deam ¹³⁴.
Virgil, of Venus, saith,
Dixit, & avertens rosea cervice refulsit,
Ambrosiaeque comae divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere ¹³⁵.

XCIV.

For know, whatever was created, needs

¹³¹. Bucani Institut. Theolog. Loc. XI.
Quaest. xv.

¹³². Basil (Homil. quod Deus non fuit auctor
mali.) Tom. I. fol. 358.

¹³³. Fairy Queen. I. lii. 4.

¹³⁴. Fasti V. 375.

¹³⁵. Aeneid. I. 402.

To be sustain'd & fed.

Par. Lost, V. 414.

ORIGENES probat, impossibile esse, ut vel angelus, vel aliqua alia spiritualis creatura possit sine corpore aliquo, tanquam vitae suae vehiculo, vivere ¹³⁶.

Angelos etiam habere animas probat idem Origenes ¹³⁷.

XCV.

Who can in reason then, or right, assume

Monarchie over such as live, by right

His equals, if in pow'r & splendor less,

In freedome equal? or can introduce

Law & edict on us, who without law

Erre not, much less for THIS to be our LORD!—

P. L. V. 799.

Our author always makes his devils talk like what they are. ' With him ' a devil (as *Philypsus* saith) is no longer a devil, unless he be haughty, ' impenitent, & blaspheming ¹³⁸. And here he gives a wonderful instance of it, in using the pronoun *This* (as applied to our SAVIOR) without a substantive, or, if you will, by putting it substantively. Yet here our language failed him. For it affords no word to express the blasphemy of what he would make *Satan* say in its utmost latitude. They who know the difference between the pronouns *ipse* & *iste* (for the latter is the word which, if there were occasion, must be used to translate *THIS*) will best understand what, if he could, he would have made him say here. — But I beg leave to add with *Antiphaus*, ' that, were I blest with any genius for poetry, ' a shocking impiety would be one of the last things which I would chuse ' to describe ¹³⁹.

XCVI.

———— under his burning wheels

The stedfast empyrean shook throughout;

All but the throne it self of GOD. ———

P. L. VI. 833.

For a thing which is *stedfast* to *shake* is a contradiction in terms. But the word *stedfast* is here used the more strongly to shew, that nothing could *shake* heaven but what did shake it. This is yet farther intimated, when our author adds, that the rolling of this chariot, amazing as it was, tho' it shook all heaven, still did not shake *the throne of GOD*. He improves upon *Spenser*.

¹³⁶. *Princip. lib. II. cap. ii.*

¹³⁷. *ib. lib. II. cap. 8.*

¹³⁸. Mr. *Spence*, on the *Odyssey*. p. 222.

¹³⁹. *id. ib.*

*With that they heard a roaring bideous sound,
That all the air with terror filled wide,
And seem'd unneath to shake the stedfast ground* ¹⁴⁰

XCVII.

*_____ & in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In GOD's eternal store, to circumscribe
This Universe, & all created things.*

P. L. VII. 224.

*' Certum est, quod praefinito aliquo numero apud se, DEUS omnes creaturas
fecit. Quia, ubi finis non est, nec comprehensio ulla, nec circumscriptio
esse potest. Porro autem, sicut Scriptura dicit: IN NUMERO ET MENSURA
UNIVERSA CONDIDIT DEUS* ¹⁴¹

XCVIII.

*_____ the swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rowes
Her state with oarie feet* _____

P. L. VII. 438.

Oarie, a new made word; but none of our author's mintage. He owes it to *Shakespeare*.

*Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, & breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, & oard
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To th' shore* ¹⁴²

XCIX.

*_____ The rest are numberless,
And thou thir natures know'st, & gav'st them names
Needlest to thee repeated.* _____

P. L. VII. 492.

*' Dixit Rabba Acha, Hora ista qua DEUS creationem hominis aggressus est,
consultavit cum angelis ministeriis, dixitque FACIAMUS HOMINEM.
Responderunt ipsi, in isto homine quid boni? Ad hoc regressit DEUS, sapientia*

¹⁴⁰. *Fairy Queen*. I. xi. 4.¹⁴¹. *Origen*. Princip. lib. II. cap. viii.¹⁴². *Tempest*. Vol. I. p. 27.

‘ ejus amplior & major est vestra. Adduxit in conspectum ipsorum jumenta, &
 ‘ animalia, & volucres; & quaesivit de singulis: hujus quodnam est nomen?
 ‘ At ipsi ignorarunt. Mox perduxit ista ad hominem, & interrogavit, quo-
 ‘ modo hoc nominandum? Respondit, hic bos, hic asinus, hic equus, hic ca-
 ‘ melus, &c. Tu vero quomodo vocaberis? Ego convenientissime HOMO,
 ‘ dicendus, quia de HUMO sum creatus. At quodnam est nomen meum? Te
 ‘ decet JEHOVAH vocari, quia DOMINUS es creaturarum tuarum omnium?—
 ‘ Hinc exponit R. Acha dictum Domini: EGO JEHOVAH, &c. hoc est no-
 ‘ men meum, quod scilicet primus homo assignavit mihi ^{143.}

C.

Here finish'd hee, & all that he had made
 View'd, & behold! all was entirely good.

P. L. VII. 548.

‘ Deus bonus omnia bona fecit, & mali nulla est omnino natura ^{144.}
 ‘ Omne malum non est natura, sed actus accidens defectu boni ^{145.}
 ‘ Define DIVINAM incusare PROVIDENTIAM, nec omnino velis DEUM
 ‘ substantiae mali autorem putare, aut aliquam mali substantiam imaginari.
 ‘ Non enim subsistit velut animal iniquitas, neque ipsius essentiam enypostaton
 ‘ statuere possumus. Nam malum boni privatio est. Oculus creatus est,
 ‘ caecitas ex oculi perditione provenit: ex quo nisi oculus corruptibilis fuisset
 ‘ naturae, nunquam caecitas successum habuisset. Sic & malum in propria
 ‘ substantia non est, sed in animae laesionibus gignatur ^{146.}

CI.

Heav'n is for thee too high
 To know what passes there; be lowlie wise:
 Thinke onely what concernes thee & thy being.

P. L. VIII. 172.

Noli altum sapere.

‘ Γνωθὶ σεαυτὸν — Quod praeceptum, quia majus erat, quam ut ab HOMI-
 ‘ NE videretur, idcirco assignatum est DEO ^{147.}

CII.

What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth
 With various living creatures, & the aire,
 Replenisht, & all these at thy command
 To come & play before thee? Know'st thou not

^{143.} Rivinus de serpente seductore. Lipsiae. lib. IV.
^{1686.} 4^o. p. 49.

^{144.} Ambros. de vocat. Gent. lib. II. cap. x.

^{145.} August. Hyponost. contra Pelagium,

^{146.} Basil. (Homil. quod Deus non sit autor
 mali.) Tom. I. p. 356.

^{147.} Cicero de finibus. Lib. V.

*Thir language & thir ways? They also know
And reason not contemptibly. With these
Find pastime, & beare rule: thy realm is large.*

P. L. VIII. 369.

• *Proprius homini sermo est, tamen & in BRUTIS est quaedam SIMILI-
TUDO SERMONIS. Nam & dignoscunt invicem se vocibus, & cum iras-
cuntur, edunt sonum jurgio similem; & cum se ex intervallo vident, gratu-
landi officium voce declarant. Nobis quidem voces eorum videntur inconditae,
sicut illis fortasse nostrae; sed ipsis, qui se intelligunt, verba sunt. Denique
in omni affectu certas vocis notas exprimunt, quibus habitum mentis ostendant.
Risus quoque est homini proprius, & tamen videmus in aliis animalibus quae-
dam signa laetitiae, cum ad lusum gestiunt, aures demulcent, rictum con-
trahunt, frontem serenant, oculos in lasciviam resolvunt ¹⁴⁸.*

• *Sunt illic & variorum animantium spectacula: quae omnia sunt mansueta,
omnia eorundem morum: quae omnia & audiunt inter se, & LOQUUNTUR
SENDATE ¹⁴⁹.*

Porphyrus, Lib. III. de abstinentia, statuit naturam omnibus animantibus, quibus sensum & memoriam dedit, rationem quoque, imo & orationem, tam internam & externam, tribuisse. Additque, Apollonium Tyanaeum, Melampum, Tiresiam, & Thaletem, brutorum sermones dijudicasse atque intellexisse: quos nihil mirum si non intelligamus ipsi, qui plurimarum etiam nationum linguam minime callemus. Afferit itaque bruta rationem participare, neque per eam ab illis hominem simpliciter distingui, sed quod homini perfectum rationis acumen insit, illis imperfectum. Confirmat istiusmodi dogma, in primis ex mutua significatione, qua inter se bruta utuntur, quod in avibus potissimum apparet, quae sibi occinunt vicissimque respondent. Deinde, ex admirabili solertia, curaque in futurum prospiciendi, utilia consuetandi, declinandi adversa. Praeterea, testimonio Empedoclis & Platonis, atque etiam Aristotelis, quos idem censuisse, ex eorum dictis scriptisque ait. Conimbricens. in Physic. Aristot. lib. II. cap. ix. Quaest. iii. Art. i. p. m. 225. From Bayle, in Crit. Dict. Vol. VIII. p. 274. Where see a deal more upon this curious head.

CIII.

*Thus farr to try thee, ADAM, I was pleas'd
And finde thee knowing, not of beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self:
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,*

¹⁴⁸. Lactant. in libro de ira Dei, cap. vii.

¹⁴⁹. Basilus, de Paradiso. Tom. II. p. 126.

My image, not imparted to the brute.

P. L. VIII. 437.

' *Mens* IMAGO DEI est, in qua sunt haec tria: MEMORIA, INTELLIGENTIA, & VOLUNTAS sive AMOR. MEMORIAE attribuimus omne quod scimus, etiamsi non inde cogitamus. INTELLIGENTIAE omne, quo verum cogitando invenimus, quod etiam memoriae commendamus. Per MEMORIAM PATRI similes sumus, per INTELLIGENTIAM FILIO, per VOLUNTATEM SPIRITUI SANCTO ¹⁵⁰.

' *Oslander* tradidit corpus hominis creatum fuisse ad similitudinem corporis CHRISTO destinandi. E contra *Calvinus* statuit imaginem DEI praecipue in anima relucere; & consistere ex scientia, justitia, & sanctitate ¹⁵¹.

' Antiquissimi patres, *Justinus*, *Irenaeus*, & *Tertullianus* de creatione hominis sic existimant; scil. FILIUM DEI, jam tunc specie humani corporis sibi sumpta ad tempus (in qua postea patribus apparuit, in praeludium illius, quod postea vere & realiter praestitit) manibus accepisse lutum, ex eoque corpus ADAMI formasse, ad exemplar corporeae illius formae quam gestabat, &, insufflando in nares ADAMI, animam ipsi indidisse ¹⁵².

CIV.

————— I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for man to be alone.

P. L. VIII. 444.

I shall give here the words of our author in another place, for a comment on this. ——— ' Hitherto all things that have bin nam'd, were approv'd of God to be very good: *loneliness* is the first thing which God's eye nam'd not good. Whether it be a thing, or the want of something, I labour not; let it be their tendance who have the art to be industriously idle. And here *alone* is meant *alone without woman*; otherwise ADAM had the company of God himself, & angels, to convers with; all creatures to delight him seriously, or to make him sport. God could have created him out of the same mould a thousand friends & brother ADAMS to have bin his comforts; yet, for all this, 'till EVE was giv'n him, God reckon'd him to be ALONE ¹⁵³.

CV.

(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)

Par. Lost. VIII. 598.

¹⁵⁰. Bernard. Meditat. cap. i.

¹⁵¹. Institut. Lib. I. Cap. xv. Sect. 3. 4.

¹⁵². Bucani Instit. Theolog. Loc. VIII.

Quaest. xviii.

¹⁵³. Tetrachordon. Toland's Edit. p. 334.

For a comment on these lines I shall subjoyn here two other passages of our author.

' Well knows every wise nation that their liberty consists in manly & honest labours, in sobriety & rigorous honour to the marriage bed, which in both sexes should be bred up from chaste hopes to loyal enjoyments '54.'

' Nor did I slumber over that place, expressing such high rewards of ever accompanying the Lamb with those celestial songs to others inapprehensible, but not to those who were defiled with Women, which doubtlesse meanes Fornication. For marriage must not be called a defilement '55.'

CVI.

Foul distrust, & breach

Disloyal on the part of man, revolt,

And disobedience : on the part of heav'n

Now alienated, distance, & distaste,

Anger, & just rebuke & judgment giv'n

That brought into this world a world of woe;

Sin, & her shadow Death, & miserie

Death's harbinger.

P. L. IX. 6.

The verse

That brought into this world a world of woe;

is by many reckoned a jingle, & Mr. Addison, if I remember right, somewhere wishes our poet had either dropt, or put in something else instead of the latter part. Yet, I think, without any manner of occasion. For if we only read & point, as I am told Mr. Lowth instructs,

That brought into this world (a world of woe!)

Sin, & her shadow Death, & miserie

Death's harbinger!

How beautiful & compassionate, & yet how free from all jingle, is this eloquent parenthesis! Our poet had *Sin*, & *Death*, & *Misery*, the sad fruits of man's transgression, all in his thoughts, & before he mentions them, mournfully calls them all together — *a world of woe!*

CVII.

As when of old som oratour renound,

In ATHENS or free ROME, where eloquence

Flourish'd, since mute! to som great cause addrest,

154. *Of Reformation*. Lib. II. Toland's Edit. p. 268.

155. *Apology for Smectymnians*. p. 178.

Stood in himself collected; while each part,
 Motion, each act, won audience, ere the tongue;
 Sometimes in highth began, as no delay
 Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right.
 So standing, moving, or to highth up-grown,
 The tempter all impassion'd thus began.

P. L. IX. 670.

Here a question naturally arises, How any of the antient orators would behave himself so as each part, motion, & act (as our author expresses it) should win audience! I answer (with Mr. Richardson) 'imagine how such a person appears when he first rises, gathers up his robe, turns himself towards the audience, looks earnestly round him, raises himself on his toes, extends his hand, & breaks into speech.' And then you will find you are charmed with his gesture, won to like him, & even his very cause too, which, (by the gracefulness of his action) you think must needs be a good one, though as yet you know nothing at all of it. All this is what we may call *high gesture*, & is farther illustrated by our author in his description of *Beëlzebub* on another occasion.

— with grave
 Aspect he rose, & in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat & public care;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shon
 Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood,
 With ATLANTIC should'ers fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
 Drew audience & attention still as night
 Or summers noon-tide air, while thus he spake ¹⁵⁶.

Among the moderns, what a wonderful orator was *Tarquin Gallutius*, according to *Balzac*? 'I happened to be present, saith he ¹⁵⁷, at Cardinal *Bellarmin*'s funeral oration, & I considered that great & admirable Jesuit, who, with the dignity of his gestures, the graces of his pronunciation, & the eloquence of his whole body (which accompanied that of his mouth) transported my soul into the antient Commonwealth!'

By the way, there is a prodigious power & force even in *common gesture*, when well adapted. Hear how a great master teaches it.

¹⁵⁶. *Paradise Lost*. II. 300.

zac's Oeuvr. diverses. p. m. 404.

¹⁵⁷. *Boyle* (in *Tarq. Gallutius*) from *Bal-*

‘ In *common gesture*, whilst we pronounce a period, we must carry the
 ‘ right hand from left to right, beginning at the breast & ending at the side,
 ‘ the fingers being a little raised above the wrist, open & at liberty, & the
 ‘ arm extended at full length, without raising the elbow as high as the
 ‘ shoulder, but keeping it always clear of the body, & observing that the
 ‘ gesture must always begin with the motion of the elbow. After this we
 ‘ carry the left hand from right to left, with the same proportions as were
 ‘ observed in the right hand. The arm must be held, after each gesture,
 ‘ close to the side, till the period is at an end. And, when it is finished,
 ‘ the two hands must fall negligently upon the desk (if it is from thence
 ‘ we speak) & never below it. Or, at their full length below, if we speak
 ‘ standing; or, upon the knees, if sitting in a chair. — The motion of
 ‘ the hand must begin & end with the sense; because otherwise, it must
 ‘ either precede the discourse, or last longer than it. Both which would
 ‘ be faulty.

‘ To express any thing that is *high*, we must lift up our eyes as high as
 ‘ we can, without scarce raising the head, but turning it a little on one side,
 ‘ & throwing down both arms together at their full length, but keeping
 ‘ them clear of the body, & so as to have the outside of the hands turned
 ‘ towards the auditors.

‘ To shew the *depth* of any thing, we must cast our eyes down to the
 ‘ ground, & stretch out both our arms on the opposite side somewhat raising
 ‘ them, & shewing the outside of the hand which is next the auditors, the
 ‘ other remaining more raised & free.

‘ To express *breadth*, it suffices to extend both hands at the same time,
 ‘ beginning always directly before us, & ending at the two sides, but so as
 ‘ to keep the hands always upon a level with the wrists, & to carry our eyes
 ‘ round the whole space they are to comprehend.

‘ To express *length*, we may stretch out both our arms either this way or
 ‘ that, but on the same side, so as to keep the hands upon a level with the
 ‘ wrist, the elbow, & one another, the inside of the hands being turned
 ‘ downwards ¹⁵⁸.

CVIII.

He knows that in the day

Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so cleere,

Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then

Open'd & cleer'd, & ye shall be as Gods,

158. Rollin on studying the *belles lettres*. Vol. IV. p. 398, 399.

Knowing

Knowing both good & evil, *as they know.*

Par. Lost. IX. 705.

The motive, which the serpent made use of to seduce *Eve*, was, by persuading her, that, from the very moment wherein she eat of the forbidden fruit, *she should be as God, knowing good & evil.*

But, as she knew God before, she therefore before knew what is good. No man can see the sun, but he must also see its light. Evil indeed she did not know, &, not knowing evil, that stirred her curiosity.

How dangerous then is curiosity, the very search after knowledge it self, if not rightly directed! For this it seems undid *Eve*. And again, how treacherous is a woman's beauty, if not well guarded against? For this sure, more than any knowledge which he expected to reap by his transgression, undid *ADAM*.

All that they both got by thus transgressing, was, I think, the knowledge of *evil* only. A knowledge indeed full of infinite discoveries, but those discoveries full of infinite sorrows.

The beginning of these sorrows was the judgment which God passed upon *Adam*, for giving ear to the woman; & upon the woman, for giving ear to the serpent.

The very next of these sorrows was God's reproaching both the man & the woman, even after the sentence of death itself, with their late vain attempt in aiming to be as Gods. For as it were scoffing & pointing at the two condemned criminals then as yet standing before him, the Lord God saith, *Behold! the man is become as one of us, to know good & evil.* Gen. iii. 22.

Which words are a sharp & biting irony, wherewith God reproves *Adam* [& in him his wife also] most bitterly. And indeed *Adam* deserved to be scoffed at by that irony; this ironical expression making him more fully sensible of his indiscretion, than perhaps any serious one could have done 159.

And perhaps one other of these sorrows was, that possibly the knowledge of good, which both *Adam* & *Eve* had before they fell, was, by their very fall, as much drawn back from them, as the knowledge of evil was thereby opened & extended to them.

Our author seems to be of this opinion, when he saith,

up they rose
As from un-rest, & each the other viewing

159. Mystery of Jesuitism by *Lewis de Montalt* (i. e. *Monfieur Pasthal*). Lond. 1657. 12°. p. 248.

Soon found thir eyes how open'd, & thir minds
How darkend! — IX. 1051.

And again.

O Sons! like one of Us man is become
To know both good & evil, since his taste
Of that defended fruit: but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, & evil got:
Happier! had it suffic'd him to have known
Good by it self, & evil not at all. — XI. 86.

This being the case, after all his deep researches, after all his watchings & pains, after all the languages & sciences which he hath acquired, & the infinite volumes he hath turned over, what alas! hath the greatest scholar on earth to boast of, but merely that his knowing of good so little & of evil so much is all owing to the fall of *Adam*, & to the guilt which he inherits by it!

Add here the words of our author in another place. 'Good & evil, we know, in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; & the knowledge of good is so involved & interwoven with the knowledge of evil, & in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds, which were imposed on *Psyche*, as an incessant labor to cull & sort out, were not more intermixt. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good & evil, as two twins, leapt forth into the world. And perhaps this is the doom which *Adam* fell into of knowing good & evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil ¹⁶⁰.'

CIX.

— he scrupled not to eat,
Against his better knowledge; not deceav'd,
But fondly overcome with femal charm.

P. L. IX. 997.

'*Calvinus* probat primum *ADAE* peccatum in lapsu suo, non fuisse gulam (ut statuit *Lombardus*) sed vel *superbiam* (ex *Augustino*) vel *inobedientiam*, vel *infidelitatem*, quae velut primaria quaedam radix, multos statim peccatorum ramos produxerit ¹⁶¹.'

Hujus autem peccati contagio, non tantum in reliquas creaturas sese extendit (ex *Rom. viii. 22.*) sed in totam etiam *ADAE* sobolem irrepsit (ex *Psal. li. 7. Job. xiv. 4.*) ¹⁶².

¹⁶⁰. *Areopagitica*. p. 429.

¹⁶². *id. ib.* Sect. 5.

¹⁶¹. *Institut. Lib. II. Cap. i. Sect. 4.*

Atque hoc fit, non per *imitationem* (ut sensit Pelagius) sed per *propagationem*: quod probatur ex comparatione ADAM & CHRISTI (Rom. v. 12. & Joh. iii. 6.) 163.

Omnes homines in primo homine sine vitio conditi sumus, & omnes naturae nostrae incolumitatem ejusdem hominis praevaricatione perdidimus. Inde tracta mortalitas, inde multiplex corporis animique corruptio, inde ignorantia & difficultas, curae inutiles, illicitae cupiditates, sacrilegi errores, timor vanus, amor noxius, injusta gaudia, poenitenda consilia, & non minor miserationum multitudo quam criminum 164.

CX.

Innocence, that, as a veil,
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gon:

Just confidence, & native righteousness

And honour from about them, naked left

To guiltie shame: hee cover'd, but his robe

Uncover'd more.

P. L. IX. 1055.

Here by the words *hee cover'd*, &c. I believe most readers conceive the poet means that ADAM *cover'd*, &c. And I must own, that, for want of better attention, I my self thought so too. But a learned Gent. asking me what was the antecedent to the relative *hee*? I told him, I could not find any. True, replied he. But if you read *Shée* instead of *Hee*, then you have *Shame* for the antecedent.

Shée cover'd, but her robe

Uncover'd more.

Besides, what robe had ADAM yet to cover him with? Whereas suppose *Shame* to be a person, & the better covering she thinks her *robe*, it is indeed but the more disgraceful & exposing.

CXI.

To the blanc moone

Her office they prescrib'd; to th' other Five,

Thir planetarie motions & aspects

In Sextile, Square, & Trine, & Opposite;

Of noxious efficacie; & when to joyne

In synod unbenigne, & taught the Fixt

Thir influence malignant when to shewre.

P. L. X. 656.

163. id. ib. Sect. 6.

164. Ambros. de vocat. gent. Lib. I. Cap. iii.

Our author writes not a little to the like purpose in another place. * *Nature* hath her *Zodiack* also, keeps her great and annual *circuit* over human things, as truly as the sun & planets in the firmament; hath her *anomalies*; hath her *obliquities in ascensions & declinations, accesses & recesses*, as blamelessly as they in heaven. And sitting in her planetary orb with two reins in each hand, one strait, the other loos, tempers the cours of minds as well as bodies to several *conjunctions & oppositions, friendly or unfriendly aspects*, consenting ofttest with reason, but never contrary ¹⁶⁵.

CXII.

For this we may thank ADAM!

P. L. X. 736.

' De parentibus illis venio, qui me ante fecerunt damnatum, quam natum ¹⁶⁶.'

CXIII.

yet one doubt

Pursues me still, least all I cannot die;

Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man,

Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish

With this corporeal clod: then, in the grave,

Or in some other dismal place, who knows

But I shall die a living death? O thought

Horrid, if true!

P. L. X. 782.

Here our author had that celebrated speech of *Shakespeare* in his thoughts.

To die — to sleep —

To sleep? perchance, to dream; ay, there's the rub —

For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal soil,

Must give us pause — ¹⁶⁷.

CXIV.

Here I could frequent

With worship place by place, where he vouchsaf'd

Presence divine: & to my sons relate,

' On this mount He appear'd; under this tree

' Stood visible; among these pines his voice

' I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd.'

Par. Lost. XI. 317.

¹⁶⁵. Tetrachordon. Toland's Edit. p. 369.

¹⁶⁷. Hamlet. Vol. VII. p. 286.

¹⁶⁶. Bernard. Medit. cap. 2.

How vastly alike is this (due allowance made for the difference of person & subject) to what our author writes in another place. *Adam* speaks here of God, there *Milton* of the Legend-writers of the Saints.

' We need no longer muse at the spreading of many idle traditions soon after the apostles, whilst such as *Papias* had the throwing them about, & the inconsiderat zeal of the next age (that heeded more the person than the doctrine) had the gathering them up. Wherever a man, who had been any way conversant with the apostles, was to be found, thither flew all the inquisitive ears, as though the exercise of right instructing was changed into the curiosity of impertinent fabling: where the mind was to be edified with solid doctrine, there the fancy was soothed with solemn stories. With less fervency was studied what *S. Paul* or *S. John* had written, then was listen'd to one that could say, *Here he taught, Here he stood, This was his stature; & thus he went habited! And O happy this house that harbor'd him, & that cold stone whereon he rested; this village wherein he wrought such a miracle, & that pavement bedew'd with the warm effusion of his last blood; that sprouted up into eternal roses to crown his martyrdom!*^{168.}

CXV.

Ascend

This hill

P. L. XL. 366.

We now come to the *mount of Vision*, one of those incidents so extremely admired for the beautifulness of the invention, by *Monsieur de Voltaire*. Yet the first hint of it, if I am not mistaken, was suggested to our author, by his reading a passage in *S. Cyprian*. — The passage I mean, is this. —
' *Paulisper te crede subduci in montis ardui verticem celsiorem, speculari inde rerum infra te jacentium facies, &c.* Cerne tu itinera latronibus clausa, maria obseffa praedonibus, cruento horrore castrorum bella ubique divisa: madet orbis mutuo sanguine, &c.^{169.} For here we see, as it were in miniature, the archangel leading our forefather up to an high hill, & setting before him in vision the robberies & wars & other general circumstances of the Anti-diluvian world. — The vision of *Mirzab* in the *Spectator* (the finest piece in the whole collection) is nothing else but a copy of this *mount of vision*, & of the table of *Cebes*.

CXVI.

a shepherd next

^{168.} Of prelatical episcopacy. p. 243.^{169.} *Cypriani* Epist. II.

*More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,
Choicest & best* —

P. L. XI. 436.

Animalia quae in sacrificiis mactantur, sunt vel terrestria, ut boves, oves, caprae: vel volucra, ut columba & turtur. Requiruntur autem integra haec omnia, partibus illaesa, maculis carentia; ita ut ne in ventre foemenibusque coeatur vel minima labecula. Adhibetur autem haec cura, non propter victimas, sed ut sine omni culpa sint, qui eas mactandas offerunt ^{170.}

CXVII.

*His off'ring soon propitious fire from heav'n
Consum'd with nimble glance & grateful steame.*

P. L. XI. 441.

Saint Romuald affirms, that Eve instituted a religious order of certain young women who were to continue virgins, & to preserve unextinguished the fire which had fallen from heaven on Abel's victim, & which was called *Vesta*, or the flame of God. Hence the origin of the *Vestal* virgins, according to this fine story ^{171.} — Be that as it will, the custom of preserving a perpetual fire is very antient. So Leviticus vi. 13. *The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar, it shall never go out.*

CXVIII.

———— but many shapes
Of death, & many are the wayes that lead
To his grim cave. ———

P. L. XI. 467.

Ubique mors est. ———
———— mille ad hanc aditus patent.

Senecae Thebais. 151. 153.

CXIX.

———— wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd. ———

P. L. XI. 479.

It is reported by Suidas, that there was a great book of old of Solomon's writing, which contained medicines for all manner of diseases, & lay open as they came into the temple. But Hezekiah caused it to be taken away,

^{170.} Philo Jud. lib. de victimis, p. 1127.

^{171.} Saint Romuald abrégé du Tresor chrono-

logique, sub anno mundi, 99. Bayle. Art. Eve. Crit. Dict. Vol. V. p. 122.

because

because it made the people secure, & to neglect their duty in calling & relying upon God, out of a confidence in those remedies ^{172.}

CXX.

*O miserable mankind! to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state refer'd!*

P. L. XI. 500.

Nunquid hoc quod vivimus in hoc mundo dicere possumus vitam? quam humores tumidant, dolores extenuant, ardores exsiccant, aer morbidat, escae inflant, jejunia macerant, joci dissolvunt, tristitiae consumunt, solitudo coarctat, securitas hebetat, divitiae jactant, paupertas dejicit, juven- tus extollit, senectus incurvat, infirmitas frangit, moeror deprimit. Et in his malis omnibus mors furibunda succedit ^{173.}

CXXI.

*witness th' irreverent son
Of him who built the ark, who, for the shame
Don to his father, heard this heavy curse,
Servant of Servants, on his vitious race.*

P. L. XII. 101.

Cham, filius Noae, patrem suum odio habuit. Itaque nactus opportu- nitatem cum Noa pater madidus jaceret, illius virilia comprehendens tacite- que submurmurans carmine magico patri illudit; simul & illum sterilem perinde atque castratum effecit: neque deinceps Noa foemellam aliquam foecundare potuit ^{174.}

CXXII.

*Thus with ten wounds
The river dragon tam'd at length, submits
To let his sojournors depart; & oft
Humbles his stubborn heart; but still as ice
More harden'd after thaw: —*

P. L. XII. 190.

Induratio illa Pharaonis duplici sensu accipitur apud Origenem. Primo, ut Deus neque agens neque volens sit, sed poenam tantam differens, gratiam suam, seu benignitatem & patientiam, libero nostro arbitrio offerat: exemplo terrae in Hebr. vi. 7, 8. cujus una pars cum rigata im- bribus sit, fert bonos fructus, quia bene culta est; altera pars fert spinos, quia male culta est: ita & nobiscum est, quorum cultura est LIBERUM

^{172.} Democritus junior. p. 223.

^{173.} Aug. Medit. cap. xxi.

^{174.} Berosus, Antiq. Lib. III.

‘ ARBITRIUM, &c. *Secundo datur Deus indurare, per figuram: quando*
 ‘ *proposita sua patientia occasionem quandam relinquit perverſae quorundam*
 ‘ *voluntati, ex Rom. ii. 4, 5. 175.*

CXXIII.

God, from the mount of SINAI (whose gray top
 Shall tremble, He descending) will himself
 In thunder, lightning, & loud trumpets sound
 Ordaine them lawes: part, such as appertaine
 To civil justice; part, religious rites
 Of sacrifice

P. L. XII. 227.

‘ *Romani leges suas (circa quas nostrum adhuc hodie jus civile occupa-*
 ‘ *tum est) a Graecis, vel Atheniensibus (scil. a Solone) hi porro ab Aegyptiis,*
 ‘ *& hi iterum a Mercurio Trismegisto, hic tandem a Moyſe, leges suas de ma-*
 ‘ *nu in manus quasi acceperunt. Atque ideo Gentium vel Ethnicorum leges*
 ‘ *ad posteriorem in primis Decalogi tabulam pertinentes, quaecunque aliquid*
 ‘ *fani & praeclari habent, omne suum decus & auctoritatem a lege Mosaica*
 ‘ *mutuantur, non secus atque luna & stellae splendorem suum a sole 176.*

CXXIV.

This yet I apprehend not, why to those
 Among whom God will deigne to dwell on earth,
 So many, & so various, laws are giv’n,
 So many laws argue so many sins
 Among them: how can God with such reside?

P. L. XII. 280.

The worst commonwealths have always the most laws. It is an observa-
 tion of Tacitus, *Corruptissimae Reipublicae plurimae leges 177.* And our au-
 thor copies it.

CXXV.

at length
 Thir ministry perform’d, & race well run
 Thir doctrine & thir story written left,
 They die.

P. L. XII. 504.

‘ TRUTH came once into the world (saith our author) with her DIVINE
 ‘ MASTER, & was a perfect shape most glorious to look on. But, when

175. Origen. Princip. lib. III. cap. i.

cap. xiii.

176. Zepperus de legibus Mosaicis. Lib. I.

177. Annal. Lib. VIII.

' he ascended & his apostles after him were laid asleep, then strait arose a
 ' wicked race of *deceivers*, who (as that story goes of the EGYPTIAN
 ' TYPHON with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good OSIRIS)
 ' took the virgin TRUTH, hew'd her lovely form into a thousand pieces, &
 ' scatter'd them to the four winds. From that time ever since the sad friends
 ' of truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made
 ' for the mangled body of OSIRIS, went up & down, gathering them up,
 ' limb by limb, as they could find them. We have not yet found them all,
 ' nor ever shall do till her MASTER'S SECOND COMING; he shall bring
 ' together every joint & member, & shall mould them into an immortal
 ' feature of loveliness & perfection ^{178.}

CXXVI.

————— *the SAVIOR & thy LORD,*

Last in the clouds from heav'n to be reveal'd

In glory of the FATHER, to dissolve

SATAN, with his perverted world.

P. L. XII. 545.

' Diabolus in hoc saeculo neque corripitur pro peccato, neque flagellatur.
 ' Omnia namque ei servata sunt in futurum. Unde & ipse, sciens sibi
 ' istud statutum esse tempus poenarum, dicebat ad Salvatorem, QUID
 ' VENISTI ANTE TEMPUS TORQUERE NOS? ^{Matt. viii. 29. 179.}

CXXVII.

This having learnt, thou hast attain'd the summe

Of wisdom; hope no high'r. ———

P. L. XII. 575.

' Semper sane mihi vehementer illud *Chrysostomi* placuit, fundamentum
 ' nostrae philosophiae esse *humilitatem*. Magis etiam illud *Augustini*:
 ' Quemadmodum, inquit, rhetor ille rogatus, quid primum esset in eloquen-
 ' tiae praeceptis? respondit, *pronunciationem*: quid secundum? *pronuncia-*
 ' *tionem*: quid tertium? *pronunciationem*: ita, si me interroges de religi-
 ' onis CHRISTIANAE praeceptis; primo, secundo, & tertio, & semper re-
 ' spondere liberet, *humilitatem* ^{180.}

CXXVIII.

Som nat'ral tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon:

The world was all before them, where to choose

^{178.} Areopagitica. Toland's Edit. p. 438.

^{180.} Calvin. Institut. Lib. II. Cap. ii. Sect. 17.

^{179.} Origen. in Exod. cap. xx. Homil. VIII.

Thir place of rest, & providence thir guide.

They, band in band, with wandring steps & slow

Through EDEN took thir solitarie way.

P. L. XII. 645.

Here again, I think, our author had *Shakespeare* in his eye.

Friar. *Here from Verona art thou banished:*

Be patient, for the world is wide.

Romeo. *There is no world without Verona's walls,*

But purgatory, torture, hell it self.

Hence banished, is banish'd from the world;

And, world exil'd, is death. That banished,

Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden ax,

And smil'st upon the stroke that murtheres me.

Friar. *O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!*

Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,

Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,

And turn'd that black word death to banishment.

*This is dear mercy, & thou see'st it not.*¹⁸¹

There are twelve hours of the day, saith Rabbi *Aba*, in the first where-

of the earth of *Adam*, or earthly matter, was gathered. In the second,

the trunk of his body fashioned. In the third, his members stretched

forth. In the fourth, his soul infused. In the fifth, he stood upon his

feet. In the sixth, he gave names to the creatures. In the seventh,

Eve was given him in marriage. In the eighth, they ascended the bed

two, & descended four. In the ninth, he received the precept, which,

in the tenth, he brake; & therefore was judged in the eleventh. And,

in the twelfth was cast out of *Paradise*.¹⁸²

Albert Duret drew the pictures of *Adam* & *Eve* so beautifully, that

Gaspar Velius wrote thereupon,

Angelus hos cernens, miratus dixit, ab horto

*Non ita formosus vos ego depuleram.*¹⁸³

But I cannot take my leave better of the *PARADISE LOST* for the present,

than with the following remark on the conclusion:

Almost every body complains of the conclusion as it stands above, that it

goes off flat & low, & heavy; & Mr. *Addison*, for the same reason, is for

^{181.} *Romeo & Juliet*. Vol. VII. p. 183. Fol. p. 202.

^{182.} *Purchas his pilgrimage*. Lond. 1617. ¹⁸³ *Crit. Dict.* Vol. IV. p. 698.

striking

striking out the two last lines. But a Gent. of Cambridge (as I am informed) proposes to set all right by the following transposition.

*Som nat'ral tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon.
Then, hand in hand, with wandring steps & slow;
Thro' EDEN took thir solitarie way.
The world was all before them, where to chuse
Thir place of rest, & providence thir guide.*

And indeed this happy transposition winds up the whole with a most admirable climax, & gives the moral of the poem, as every conclusion should, with the utmost conciseness, & yet with the utmost elegance.

This observation reminds me of a passage in Waller's Poem to the King on his Navy, which ends as meanly, & may be as happily amended by just such another transposition as the former. The lines I mean of that poem stand thus in all the printed copies.

*Should nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the center spread the liquid main:
Thy pow'r were safe, & her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command.*

Now how insipid are the two last lines, as they make the conclusion, where the idea ought to be exhausted & wrought up to its utmost height. Whereas only set them first, & you have here again the climax & all which you seemingly wanted.

*Thy pow'r were safe, & her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command;
Should nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the center spread the liquid main.*

The thought is Mr. Cowper's, & every one will immediately see the justness of it.

CXXIX.

*To his great baptism flock'd
With all the regions round, & with them came
From NAZARETH the son of JOSEPH deem'd
To the flood JORDAN*

P. R. I. 21.

Ut *Mariae* virginitas diabolus lateret, nupta *Joseph* fuit; ut, nuptiarum nomine suspensus, facile deciperetur ^{184.}

184. Basil. de generatione *Christi*. Tom. I. p. 388.

‘ Quod *Maria* perpetuo virgo remanserit, *Zechariae* declarat historia
 ‘ quaedam, quae ex traditione ad nos usque pervenit. *Zecharias* enim
 ‘ *Mariam*, post Domini conceptionem, in virginum loco constituens, a
 ‘ *Judaeis* inter templum & altare interfectus est.¹⁸⁵
 ‘ Causa quare *Constantinus magnus* baptismum tam diu distulerit, juxta
 ‘ *Theodoricum* fuit, quod in *Jordane* fluvio hoc se posse consequi per-
 ‘ optabat.¹⁸⁶

CXXX

GOD of ISRAEL

Send thy MESSIAH forth, the time is come;
 Behold the Kings of th' Earth how they oppress
 Thy chosen, to what hight thir pow'r unjust
 They have exalted, & behind them cast
 Thy glory; free thy people from thir yoke.

Par. Regain'd. II. 42.

For a commentary on this passage, & to give the reader a taste of *Milton's* poetical & phanatical enthusiasm, I shall insert here, I. His *Versu-Prosaic HYMN*, On the Dawn of the New Reformation (as he calls it) in 1641. framed in the voice of the three Kingdoms. And II. his *Case*; wherein he shews, that, if he had not wrote against the Bishops, his own conscience, he thinks, would have afterwards rebuked him. Both written whilst he was a strong Presbyterian, or at least a stout champion of theirs: tho' he soon after grew sick of them.

I. The Hymn¹⁸⁷.

[From — *Animadversions on the Remonstrant's Defence*. Written 1641. — Toland's Edit. p. 153.]

‘ In this Age BRITAIN'S GOD hath reform'd his Church after many
 ‘ hundred yeers of *Popish* corruption; in this Age hee hath freed us from
 ‘ the intolerable yoke of *Prelates* & *Papall* Discipline; in this Age he hath
 ‘ renewed our *Protestation*¹⁸⁸ against all those yet remaining dregs of su-
 ‘ perstition. Let us all goe, every true protested BRITAIN throughout
 ‘ the three Kingdoms, & render thanks to GOD the Father of light & foun-

185. *id. ib.* p. 389.186. *J. Aretinus*, in *vita Athanasii*.

187. ‘ It [this Hymn] was *big-mouth'd*, he
 ‘ [the confuter] says. — No marvel, if it
 ‘ were fram'd as the *Voice of three Kingdoms*;
 ‘ neither was it a Prayer, so much as a Hymn in
 ‘ Prose; frequent both in the Prophets, & in

‘ human Authors. Therefore the stile was
 ‘ greater then an ordinary prayer.’ *Milton's*
Apology for Smectymnus. Toland's Edit. p. 191.

188. The solemn League & Covenant ap-
 peared first in Scotland, anno 1639. & anno 1641.
 in England.

' taine of heavenly Grace, & to his son CHRIST our Lord; leaving this
 ' REMONSTRANT¹⁸⁹ & his Adherents to their owne designes, & let us re-
 ' count even here without delay, the patience & long suffering that God hath
 ' used towards our blindnesse & hardnes time after time. For he being
 ' equally neere to his whole creation of mankind, & of free power to turne
 ' his benefick & fatherly regard to what Region or Kingdome he pleases,
 ' hath yet ever had this Iland under the special indulgent eye of his Provi-
 ' dence; & pittying us the first of all other nations, after he had decreed
 ' to purify & renew his Church that lay wallowing in idolatrous Pollutions,
 ' sent first to us a healing Messenger to touch softly our sores, & carry a
 ' gentle hand over our wounds: he knockt once & twice & came again,
 ' opening our droufie Eye-lids leasurely by that glimmering light which
 ' WICKLIFF & his followers dispers't; & still taking off by degrees the
 ' inveterat scales from our nigh well perisht sight, purg'd also our deaf ears,
 ' & prepared them to attend his second warning trumpet in our Grandfires
 ' dayes. How else could they have been able to have receiv'd the sudden
 ' assault of his reforming Spirit, warring against human principles & carnal
 ' sense, the pride of flesh, that still cry'd up Antiquity, Custome, Canons,
 ' Counsels & Laws, & cry'd downe the Truth for Novelty, Schisme, Pro-
 ' faneness & Sacriledge: when as we that have liv'd so long in abundant
 ' Light, besides the sunny reflection of all the neighbouring Churches, have
 ' yet our Hearts rivetted with those old opinions, & so obstructed & be-
 ' numb'd with the same fleshly reasonings, which in our Forefathers soone
 ' melted & gave way, against the morning beam of *Reformation*. If God
 ' had left undone this whole worke so contrary to Flesh & Blood, 'till these
 ' times; how should wee have yeelded to his heavenly Call, had wee been
 ' taken, as they were, in the starknes of our Ignorance; that yet, after all
 ' these spiritual Preparatives & Purgations, have our earthly Apprehensions
 ' so clamm'd & furr'd with the old Levin. O if we freeze at noone after
 ' their earely Thaw, let us feare lest the Sunne for ever hide himselfe, &
 ' turne his orient steps from our ingratefull Horizon, justly condemn'd to be
 ' eternally benighted. Which dreadfull Judgement, O thou the everbegotten
 ' Light, & perfect Image of the Father, intercede, may never come upon
 ' us, as we trust thou hast; for thou hast open'd our difficult & sad times,
 ' & given us an unexpected breathing after our long oppressions; thou hast
 ' done Justice upon those that tyranniz'd over us; while some men waver'd

189. The *Remonstrant's* defence against Dr. *Jos. Hall*, bishop of *Exeter*. *Fasti Oxon.*
Smeethymuus was written (as 'tis said) by Vol. II. col. 264.

& admir'd a vain shadow of Wisdome in a Tongue nothing slow to utter.
 Guile, though thou hast taught us to admire onely that which is good, &
 to count that onely praiseworthy which is groundd upon thy divine pre-
 cepts. Thou hast discover'd the plots, & frustrated the hopes of all the
 wicked in the Land, & put to shame the Persecutors of thy Church; thou
 hast made our false *Prophets* to be found a lie in the sight of the people,
 & chac'd them with sudden confusion & amazement before the redoubled
 brightnesse of thy descending Cloud, that now covers thy Tabernacle.
 Who is there that cannot trace thee now in thy beamy Walke through
 the midst of thy Sanctuary, amidst those golden *Candlesticks*, which have
 long suffer'd a dimnesse amongst us through the violence of those that had
 seiz'd them, & were more taken with the mention of their Gold then of
 their starry Light; teaching the Doctrine of BALAAM, to cast a stumbling
 block before thy servants, commanding them to eat things sacrific'd to
 Idols, & forcing them to Fornication. Come therefore, O thou that hast
 the seven starres in thy right hand, appoint thy chosen *Priests* according
 to their Orders & Courses of old, to minister before thee, & duely to dresse
 & powre out the consecrated Oyle into thy holy & ever-burning Lamps.
 Thou hast sent out the spirit of prayer upon thy Servants over all the land
 to this effect, & stirr'd up their vowes as the found of many waters about
 thy throne. Every one can say, that now certainly thou hast visited this
 Land, & hast not forgotten the utmost corners of the earth, in a time
 when Men had thought that thou wast gone up from us to the farthest end
 of the Heavens, & hadst left to doe marvelously among the sons of these
 last Ages. O perfect & accomplish thy glorious Acts; for Men may leave
 their Works unfinisht, but thou art a GOD, thy Nature is Perfection:
 shouldst thou bring us thus farr onward from EGYPT to destroy us in
 this Wildernesse, though wee deserve, yet thy great Name would suffer in
 the rejoycing of thine Enemies, & the deluded hope of all thy Servants.
 When thou hast settled Peace in the Church, & righteous Judgement in
 the Kingdome, then shall all thy Saints addresse their voyces of Joy &
 triumph to thee, standing on the shoare of that RED-SEA into which our
 enemies had almost driven us. And be, *that now for haste snatches up a*
plain ungarnish't Present as a Thanke-offering to thee, which could not bee
deferr'd in regard of thy so many late deliverances wrought for us one upon
another, may then perhaps take up a harp, & sing thee an elaborate Song to
Generations. In that day it shall no more be said as in scorne, this or that
 was never held so 'till this present Age, when Men have better learnt that
 the

the times & seasons passe along under thy feet, to goe & come at thy bidding: & as thou didst dignifie our Fathers dayes with many Revelations above all the foregoing Ages since thou took'st the Flesh; so thou can'st vouchsafe to us (though unworthy) as large a portion of thy Spirit as thou pleasest; for who shall prejudice thy all-governing Will? seeing the power of thy Grace is not past away with the primitive times, as fond & faithlesse Men imagine, but thy Kingdome is now at hand, & thou standing at the doore. Come forth out of thy Royall Chambers, O Prince of all the Kings of the Earth, put on the visible Roabes of thy imperiall Majesty, take up that unlimited Scepter which thy Almighty Father hath bequeath'd thee; for now the voyce of thy Bride calls thee, & all Creatures sigh to bee renew'd.

II. The Case.

[From *Reasons of Church Government against Prelacy*. p. 220.]

Timorous & ingrateful! The church of God is now again at the foot of her insulting enemies, and thou bewailst! What matters it for thee, or thy bewailing? When time was thou couldst not find a syllable of all that thou hadst read or studied, to utter in her behalf. Yet ease & leasure was giv'n thee for thy retired thoughts, out of the sweat of other men. Thou hadst the diligence, the parts, the language of a man, if a vain subject were to be adorn'd or beautifi'd. But when the cause of God & his church was to be pleaded, for which purpose that tongue was giv'n thee which thou hast, God listened if he could hear thy voice among his zealous servants, but thou wert dumb as a beast: from hence forward be that which thine own brutish silence hath made thee. Or else I should have heard on th' other ear; slothful, & ever to be set light by, the church hath now o'ercom her late distresses, after th' unweari'd labors of many her true servants that stood up in her defence; thou also wouldst take upon thee to share amongst them of their joy. But wherefore thou? Where canst thou shew any word or deed of thine which might have hasten'd her peace? Whatever thou dost now talk, or write, or look, is th' alms of other mens active prudence & zeal. Dare not now to say or do any thing better then thy former sloth & infamy. Or, if thou dost, thou dost impudently to make a thrifty purchase of boldness to thy self, out of the painful merits of other men. What before was thy sin, is now thy duty, to be abject & worthless. —

CXXXI.

OUR SAVIOR *lifting up his eyes beheld,*

In

*In ample space, under the broadest shade,
 A table richly spread, in regal mode,
 With dishes pil'd, & meats of noblest sort
 And savour, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
 In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
 Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,
 Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin,
 And exquisite name, for which was drain'd
 PONTUS, & LUCRINE bay, & AFRIC coast.
 Alas how simple, to these cates compar'd,
 Was that crude apple that diverted EVE!*

P. R. II. 335.

There are several sorts of amber, as, 1. *raw* ambre, *i. e.* just as it grows before made transparent by the fat of a sucking pig. 2. *red*. 3. *white*. 4. *black*, the worst sort; usually mingled with aloes, labdanum, storax, & such like aromatic simples for pomander chains. 5. *yellow*, the ordinary ambre de pater-nostre's, or bead amber. *Shakespeare* brings in *Autolycus* crying,

*necklace amber,
 Perfume for a lady's chamber* 190.

6. Ambergris, amber-greece, or grey amber (the best sort) used in perfumes. It is known to be good, if, when pricking it with a pin, it emit a moisture, like oil.

I am obliged, to an unknown person of the fair sex, for the following uncommon remarks.

' Grey ambre is the ambre our author here speaks of, & melts like butter.
 ' It was formerly a main ingredient in every concert for a banquet; *viz.*
 ' to fume the meat with, & that whether boiled, roasted, or baked. Laid
 ' often on the top of a baked pudding. Which last I have eat of at an old
 ' courtier's table. And I remember, in an old chronicle, there is much com-
 ' plaint of the nobilities being made sick at Cardinal *Wolfey's* banquets, with
 ' rich scented cates & dishes most costly dressed with ambergris. I also
 ' recollect I once saw a little book writ by a gentlewoman of *Q. Elizabeth's*
 ' court, where amber-gris is mentioned as the haut-gout of that age. I
 ' fancy *MILTON* transposed the word for the sake of his verse; to make it
 ' read more poetically.' So far this curious lady.

190. *The Winter's Tale*. Vol. III. p. 127.

CXXXII. — With

CXXXII.

With that

Both table & provision vanish'd quite

With found of harpies wings & talons beard.

P. R. II. 400.

Our author here translates *Virgil*.

At subito, horrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt

Harpyiae, & magnis quatiant clangoribus alas,

Diripiuntque dapes 191.

And so doth *Shakespeare*.

'Enter Ariel, like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, & with a queint

'device, the banquet vanishes' 192.

CXXXIII.

a crown,

Golden in shew is but a reath of thorns,

Brings dangers, troubles, cares, & sleepless nights.

P. R. II. 457.

Quisquamne regno gaudet? O fallax bonum!

Quantum malorum fronte quam blanda tegis!

Senecae Oedipus. 6.

Aurea rumpunt tecta quietem,

Vigilesque trahit purpura noctes.

O si pateant pectora ditum

Quantos intus sublimis agit

Fortuna metus!

Id. Hercules Oetaeus.

CXXXIV.

Besides to give a kingdom hath been thought

Greater & nobler done, & to lay down

Far more magnanimous, then to assume.

P. R. II. 480.

The late *Charles XII.* King of *Sweden* was of this opinion, as to the first particular, when he pointed to count *Stanislaus* in his tent, & said to two of his generals, 'See, there the king whom the *Poles* must have.' *Charles*, if he had been so disposed, might then have had the crown of *Poland* himself (for who could have hindered him?) but instead of that he gave it to *Stanislaus*, a stranger whom he had then but very lately seen, & that pure-

191. *Aensid.* III.

192. *Tempest.* Vol. I. p. 51.

ly on the score of his mere merit; & he also went incognito to *Warsaw* to see him elected, & there again was the first in the croud who cried out 'vivat,' when he was accordingly chosen. Now had any one then told him, that, in doing thus, he had done a thing which MILTON (the great English poet) had declared (long before Charles was born, & that by the mouth of THE SON OF GOD himself) to be one of the most gallant actions in the world, how greatly, in all probability, would Charles have been delighted with such a compliment? And certainly,

Habere regnum, casus est: virtus, dare.

Senec. Thyestes. 530.

CXXXV.

I mention still

Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience born,

Made famous in a land & times obscure;

Who names not now with honour patient JOB?

P. R. III. 92.

'Sunt qui opinantur Moysen historiam Job apud Jethro socerum suum in terra Madian reperisse, & illum secum attulisse ad filios Israel in Aegyptum, ut exemplo Job oppressiones Pharaonis patienter discerent ferre 193.'

CXXXVI.

Nothing will please the difficult & nice,

Or nothing more then still to contradict.

P. R. IV. 157.

'Res ardua, vetustis novitatem dare, novis auctoritatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam, dubiis fidem, omnibus vero naturam, & naturae suae omnia 194.'

CXXXVII.

I know him by his stride,

The giant HARAPHA of GATH; his look

Haughty as his pile, high-built & proud.

Sam. Agon. 1067.

This description of Harapha is very like that of Diomedes in Shakespeare.

Ulysses. — 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;

He rises on his toe; that spirit of his

In aspiration lifts him from the earth 195!

193. M. Chemnicus, in Examine, I. part.

195. Troilus & Cressida. Vol. VII. p. 88.

194. Plin. ad Div. Vespas. praefat.

C H A P. XX.

I. Of the several Editions of his PARADISE LOST.

1. **P**ARADISE LOST. A Poem, written in ten books. By John Milton. London printed, & are to be sold by Peter Parker, under Creed-Church, near Aldgate; & by Robert Boulter, at the Turk's-head in Bishops-gate-street; & Matthias Walker, under S. Dunston's Church in Fleet-street, 1667. 4to. — This Edition I had the use of by the favor of the Reverend Mr. Charles Mason, M. A. Fellow of Trinity College Cambridge & Woodward professor of natural history in that university.

This work seems to have been begun (as Mr. Richardson hints ¹) in 1654. But, be that as it will, was actually finished in 1665. ² Milton being then in his fifty eighth year.

2. *Paradise Lost*, 1668. in X. Books. 4to.

3. *Paradise Lost*, 1669. in X. Books. 4to.

Note, all these three editions, are called the first genuine edition.

4. *Paradise Lost*, a poem in XII. Books. The author John Milton. The second edition, revised, & augmented by the same author. London, printed by S. Simmons next door to the golden Lion in Aldersgate-street, 1674. 8vo. Pages 333. — This edition I had the use of from Trinity-College library, by the favor of the Reverend Mr. Allen, junior Bursar there.

This is reckoned the second genuine edition of the *Paradise Lost*, & is very scarce ³.

This edition is printed so very accurately, that (a few pointings excepted) Mr. Richardson thinks ⁴, there are but three words misprinted in the whole; viz. VII. 321. *smelling*, for *swelling*. VII. 541. *fowle*, for *soule*. And IX. 1019. *me*, for *we*.

Yet I will venture to note a few more; viz. II. 483. *her*, for *thir*. II. 702. *strokc*, for *stroke*. II. 1039. *brok'd*, for *broken*. III. 592. *medal*, for *metal*. III. 597. *to*, for *or*. III. 716. *this*, for *the*. IV. 136. *gottesque*, for *grotesque*. IV. 226. *mould*, for *mound*. IV. 751. *offspring*, for *offspring*. IV. 956. *acknowldg'd*, for *acknowledg'd*. VII. 63. *conspicuous*, for *conspicuous*. IX. 1092. *from*, for *for*. 1093. *for*, for *from*. X. 997. *meserie*, for *miserie*. XI. 798. *loofe*, for *lose*. XII. 534. *well*, for *will*.

5. *Paradise Lost*, in XII. Books. The author, John Milton. The third edition, revised & augmented by the same author. London, printed by S. Simmons next door to the golden lion in Aldersgate-street. 1678. 8vo.

1. Life. p. cx.

2. *ib.* p. cxi.

3. *ib.* p. cxvii.

4. *ib.* p. cxxxv.

pages 331. — This edition I had the use of by the favor of my good friend the reverend Dr. *William Warren*, L.L. D. President of *Trinity-Hall*.

6. *Paradise Lost*, in XII. Books: with Cuts. The fourth Edition. London, 1688. in folio.

7. *Paradise Lost*, in XII. Books: the fifth edition.

8. *Paradise Lost*, in XII. Books: the sixth edition: with (the same cuts as in Edition 1688. &c) copious notes, by *P. H.* London, printed for *Jacob Tonson*. 1695. fol.

I have been told (saith Mr. *Richardson* 5) this *P. H.* was *Philip Hume*.

9. *Paradise Lost*, in XII. books: the seventh edition.

10. *Paradise Lost*, in XII. books: the eighth edition.

11. *Paradise Lost*, in XII. books: the ninth edition.

12. *Paradise Lost*, in XII. books: the tenth edition. London, 1719. 12mo.

With Mr. *Addison*'s *Spectators*, wherein he criticises this poem, subjoined.

13. *Paradise Lost*, in XII. books: the eleventh edition.

14. *Paradise Lost*, in XII. books: the twelfth edition. To which is prefixed an account of the author [by anonymous, i. e. *Elijah Fenton*.] London, 1725. 8vo. — This edition I have. — Therein are two or three amendments endeavoured by the publisher; but, as they are dropped in the fourteenth edition (published also by him) I presumed they were not approved: so shall take no farther notice of them.

15. *Paradise Lost*, in XII. books: the thirteenth edition. London, 1727. 8vo.

16. *Paradise Lost*, in XII. books: the fourteenth edition. London, 1730. 8vo.

To this edition is prefixed a print representing *Homer*, *Virgil*, & *Milton*, with the genius of poetry presenting a Lyre to *Milton*, & *Fame* hovering over his head & crowning him with a wreath of laurel.

17. *Paradise Lost*, a new edition: by Dr. *Bentley*. London [i. e. Cambridge] printed for *Jacob Tonson*; *John Poulson*; *J. Darby*; *A. Bettefworth*, & *F. Clay*, in trust for *Richard*, *James*, & *Bethel Wellington*. 1732. 4to. To this edition are prefixed the pictures of *Milton*, *aetatis xxi.* & *aetatis lxii.*

What *Bayle* saith of *Francis Guyet* of *Angers*, may, I think, in some degree be applied to this truly great & learned man's edition of the *PARADISE LOST*. 'His criticisms were sometimes so very severe, that it was impossible but he must have been sometimes in the wrong. *Guyet* expunged a considerable number of verses from *Virgil*; pretending that a great many

5. *ib.* p. cxvii.

' verses

verses had been foisted into the works of that famous poet, & that his compositions were like our regiments of guards, which are never without *fatigues*. He therefore set up for a rigid commissary, who never suffers any but true soldiers to pass muster. Whenever his ear or taste did not approve of the cadence or turn of a period, he immediately concluded it not to be genuine⁶. It is but justice to add, that the Doctor doth not say, that MILTON always wrote, as he corrects; but only shews, in many places, that, if he had done so, it had been much better. And here (as there are a great number of fine notes in this edition) there is no man who reads what the Doctor says, but, I fancy, will, very often, agree with him.

C H A P. XXI.

1. *Of the several Editions of his PARADISE REGAIN'D & SAMSON AGONISTES.*

1. *Paradise Regain'd*: a poem in four books. To which is added, *Samson Agonistes*. The author, *John Milton*. (Licensed 2. July, 1670.) London, printed by J. M. for *John Starkey*, at the mitre in *Fleet-street*, near *Temple-Bar*. 1671. 8vo. — *Paradise Regain'd* makes pages 111. — *Samson Agonistes*, pages 101. — Besides the *omissa & errata*, two pages more. — This edition I had the use of from *Trinity-College* library, by the favor of the reverend Mr. *Allen*, junior *Bursar* there.

2. *Paradise Regain'd*: in IV. books. To which is added, *Samson Agonistes*. The second Edition.

3. *Paradise Regain'd*: in IV. books. To which is added, *Samson Agonistes*. The third Edition.

4. *Paradise Regain'd*: in IV. books. To which is added *Samson Agonistes*. The fourth Edition.

5. *Paradise Regain'd*: a poem, in IV. books. To which is added, *Samson Agonistes*. The author, *John Milton*. The fifth Edition. Adorn'd with Cuts. London: printed for J. Tonson, 1713. 12mo. The cuts are

- i. Christ, triumphing over Satan:
- ii. baptized in Jordan:
- iii. disputing with the doctors:
- iv. tempted by Satan:
- v. comforted by angels.
- vi. Samson, overthrowing the temple of Dagon.

6. *Paradise Regain'd*: in four books. To which is added, *Samson Agonistes*. The sixth Edition.

6. Bayle, in *Crit. Dict.* Vol. V. p. 658.

7. *Paradise Regain'd*: in four books. To which is added, *Samson Agonistes*. The seventh Edition.

These two last editions have no other Cuts but that of Christ baptized in Jordan.

C H A P. XXII.

1. Of the several Editions of his smaller English Poems.

1. **T**HE first English poem of our author's which appeared in print, as far as I can yet find, was his *Comus*. The first edition of which poem was printed (without his name, or, I think, consent) with one Mr. R.'s poems at Oxford. This edition I find mentioned in Sir Henry Wotton's letter to our author, dated 13. Apr. 1638.

2. The next edition of that poem was published in 1637. (still without our author's name, but with his consent) by Mr. Henry Lawes. With this title. — *A mask presented at Ludlow-castle, 1634. on Michaelmasse night*; before the right honorable John Earl of Bridgewater, Vicount Brackly, Lord President of Wales, & one of his Majestie's most honorable Privie Counsell.

Eheu quid volui misero mibi! floribus austrum

Perditus

London, printed for Humphrey Robinson, at the signe of the three pidgeons in Paul's Church-yard. 1637. 4to. With a dedication to the right honorable John Lord Vicount Brackly, son & heire apparent to the earle of Bridgewater, &c. by Mr. Lawes. This edition I have.

3. The next English poem of our author's which appeared in print was his *Lycidas*, first printed at Cambridge in 1638. 4to. — This edition I had the use of by the favor of my good friend & benefactor, the very reverend & learned Mr. Thomas Baker, the Cambridge Antiquary.

4. The next English poem of our author's which appeared in print was his *Baptistes* (a translation from the Latin of Mr. George Buchanan) with this Title. — *Tyrannicall-Government anatomized: or, a discourse concerning evil-councillors. Being the life & death of JOHN THE BAPTIST*. And presented to the King's most excellent Majesty by the Author. — Die Martis 30. Januarii 1642. [rectius 1641.] It is ordered by the Committee of the House of Commons concerning printing, That this book be forthwith printed & published: John White. London, printed 1642. [rectius 1641.] This edition I have; pages 28. 4to.

5. In 1645. came out — *Poems of Mr. John Milton, both English & Latin, compos'd at several times. Printed by his true Copies*. The songs were set in [rectius, to] musick by Mr. Henry Lawes Gentleman of the King's Chappel, & one of his Majestie's private Musick.

— Bacca

re

Baccare frontem

Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

Virgil. Eclog. 7.

London, printed by *Ruth Raworth* for *Humphrey Moseley*, & are to be sold at the signe of the prince's arms in *Paul's Church-yard*, 1645. 12mo. Before which is the author's picture engraved by *William Marshall*, with the author's merry *Greek* epigram thereupon, as in *Mr. Tonson's Edit.* Lond. 1713. 12mo. — This edition of 1645. I had the use of by the favor of the reverend *Mr. Charles Mason*, M. A. Fellow of *Trinity-College*, &c. To this edition is prefixed the following preface of

The Stationer to the Reader.

' It is not any private respect of gain, gentle Reader; for the slightest pamphlet is now adays more vendible then the works of learnedest men: but it is the love I have to our own language, that hath made me diligent to collect & set forth such peeces both in prose & vers, as may renew the wonted honour & esteem of our *English* tongue. And it's the worth of these, both *English* & *Latin* poems, not the flourish of any prefixed encomions, that can invite thee to buy them. — Though these are not without the highest commendations & applause of the learnedst Academicks, both domestick & forrein: &, amongst those of our own countrey, the unparallel'd attestation of that renowned Provost of *Eaton*, Sir *Henry Wootton*. I know not thy palat how it relishes such dainties, nor how harmonious thy soul is: Perhaps more trivial airs may please thee better. But, howsoever thy opinion is spent upon these, that incouragement I have already received from the most ingenious men in their clear & courteous entertainment of *Mr. Waller's* late choice peeces, hath once more made me adventure into the world, presenting it with these ever-green & not to be blasted Laurels. The author's more peculiar excellency in these studies was too well known to conceal his papers, or to keep me from attempting to sollicit them from him. Let the event guide it self which way it will, I shall deserve of the age, by bringing into the light as true a birth as the *Muses* have brought forth since our famous *Spencer* wrote; whose poems in these *English* ones are as rarely imitated, as sweetly excell'd. Reader, if thou art eagle-eyed to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.

' Thine to command,

' *Humph. Moseley.*

The

The *English poems* printed in this Volume, are these.

I. *On the morning of Christ's Nativity.* Compos'd 1629. p. 1.

II. *A Paraphrase on Psalm 114.*

This & the following Psalm were done by the author at fifteen years old. p. 12.

III. *Psalm 136.* p. 13.

IV. *The Passion.* p. 16.

This subject the author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, &c, nothing satisfi'd with what was began, he left it unfinished. p. 19.

V. *On Time.* p. 19.

VI. *Upon the Circumcision.* p. 20.

VII. *At a solemn Musick.* p. 22.

VIII. *An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.* p. 23.

IX. *Song. On May Morning.* p. 26.

X. *On Shakespear.* 1630. p. 27.

XI. *On the university Carrier who sickn'd in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the plague.* p. 28.

XII. *Another on the same.* p. 29.

XIII. *L' Allegro.* p. 30.

XIV. *Il Penseroso.* p. 37.

XV. *Sonnets.* p. 44.

i. *O Nightingale.* p. 44.

ii. iii. iv. v. vi. *Italian.*

vii. *How soon bath Time.* p. 49.

viii. *Captain or Colonel.* p. 49.

ix. *Lady, that in the prime.* p. 50.

x. *Daughter to that good earl.* p. 51.

XVI. *Arcades. Part of an entertainment presented to the countess dowager of Darby at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this song.* p. 51.

XVII. *Lycidas.*

In this monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637. And by occasion foretels the ruine of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.

P. 57.

XVIII. *A mask of the same author, presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634 Before the Ear l of Bridgewater, then president of Wales. [No motto.] Befor. theis*

this edition is Mr. Lawes's Dedication to Lord Bracy, & Sir Henry Wootton's Letter to the author.

6. Poems, &c. upon several occasions. By Mr. John Milton; both English & Latin, &c. compos'd at several times. With a small Tractate of Education. London, printed for Thomas Dring, at the blew anchor next Mitre-court against Fetter-Lane in Fleet-street, 1673. 8vo. English poems, pages 165. Latin, &c. pages 117. — This edition I had the use of from S. John's-College Library in Camb. by the favor of the very reverend & learned Dr. Newcome, the present worthy master.

This edition (over & above the poems contained in Edit. 1645.) contains these other English poems.

XIX. On the death of a fair infant, a nephew [rectius, niece] of his, dying of a cough. [Written] Anno aetatis 17.

XX. [Verses] Anno Aetatis 19. at a vacation exercise in the College.

XXI. On the new forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament.

XXII. Horace (ad Pyrrham) Lib. I. Ode V. translated.

XXIII. Sonnets.

xi. On the reception his book of Divorce met with. A book was writ, &c.

xii. On the same. I did but prompt, &c.

xiii. To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires.

xiv. An elegy. When faith & love, &c.

xv. On the late Massacre in Piedmont. [A. D. 1655. See Whitelocke p. 625. a. 626. a. 629. a. b. 630. a. 633. a. b. 665. b. Milton's Letters, p. 689. 690. 691. 692. 694. 695. 696. 726. 727. 728. Carte's Letters. Vol. II. p. 58.]

xvi. When I consider how, &c.

xvii. Lawrence, of vertuous Father vertuous Son, &c.

xviii. Cyriac, whose Grandfire, &c.

xix. Methought I saw my late espoused saint, &c.

XXIV. Psalm I. Done into Verse, 1653.

XXV. Psalm II. Done Aug. 8. 1653.

XXVI. Psalm III. Aug. 9. 1653.

XXVII. Psalm IV. Aug. 10. 1653.

XXVIII. Psalm V. Aug. 12. 1653.

XXIX. Psalm VI. Aug. 13. 1653.

XXX. Psalm VII. Aug. 14. 1653.

XXXI. Psalm VIII. Aug. 14. 1653.

XXXII. Nine

XXXII. *Nine of the Psalms* [viz. lxxx. lxxxi. lxxxii. lxxxiii. lxxxiv. lxxxv. lxxxvi. lxxxvii. lxxxviii.] *done into Metre.*

XXXIII. *A Paraphrase on Psalm CXIV.*

XXXIV. *Psalm CXXXVI.*

7. In 1694. Mr. Toland published a collection of our author's prose works. To which he prefixed his life. And, in the life,

XXXV. *Sonnets.*

xx. *To General Fairfax.* life. p. 24.

xxi. *To Sir Henry Vane, the younger.* life. p. 21.

xxii. *To O. Cromwell.* life. p. 35.

xxiii. *To Cyriac Skinner.* life. p. 35. *Cyriac, this three years day, &c.*

8. *Poems, &c.* the third Edition.

9. *Poems, &c.* the fourth Edition.

10. *Poems, &c.* upon several occasions, in *English & Latin, &c.* Compos'd at several times. By Mr. John Milton. The fifth Edition. Adorn'd with Cuts. London, printed for Jacob Tonson. 1713. 12mo. This Edition I have. The Cuts are,

i. *Joannis Miltoni Angli effigies, Anno Aetatis 21.* Engraved by M. Vander Gucht. Copied from that before Edit. 1645.

ii. *The picture of l'Allegro, or Mirth.*

iii. *The picture of il Penferoso, or Melancholy.*

iv. *Of Mr. William Shakespeare.*

v. *Of Hobson the Cambr. Carrier.*

11. *Poems, &c.* the sixth Edition.

12. *Poems, &c.* the seventh Edit.

Both these Editions want the Cuts.

C H A P. XXIII.

1. Of his MS. in Trinity College Library.

IN the Library of Trinity College Cambridge (*inter Miscellanea R. II. 49.*) is now (26. May, 1739.) a thin folio MS. of our author's, pompously bound, on the inside Cover whereof is pasted a paper with this inscription.

Lib. Trin. Coll. Cantabr.

Membra haec eruditissimi & pene divini Poetae olim misere disjecta & passim sparsa, postea vero fortuito inventa & in unum denuo collecta a Carolo. Mason ejus Coll. Socio & inter miscellanea reposita; ea qua decuit religione servare voluit Thomas Clarke, nuperrime hujusce Collegii, nunc vero Medii Templi, Londini, Socius: 1736.

The Poems, &c. therein contained, are

I. *Arcades, part of a Maske or Entertainment at Harefield.* In Milton's own hand-writing: a mean hand.] p. 1. 2. 3.

II. *Song: at a solemn Music.* [Three draughts, all in his own hand-writing.] p. 4. 5.

III. *Letter.* [first draught: as published by Mr. Birch. In his own hand-writing.] p. 6.

IV. *Sonnet.* On his being arriv'd to his 23d. year. [In his own hand-writing. Note Milton seldom points his poems in this MS. & seldom uses any great letters at the begining of a line. In this sonnet he begins the first, fifth, & ninth lines with great letters; but all the rest with small ones.] p. 6.

V. *Letter.* [second draught; as published by Mr. Birch. In Milton's own hand-writing.] p. 7.

VI. [Sonnet.] *On Time. To be set on a clock case.* [In his own hand-writing.] p. 8.

VII. *Upon the Circumcision.* [In his own hand-writing.] p. 8.

VIII. [Sonnet] *On his dore, when the Citty expected an assault.* [This title, first wrote in another hand, seemingly a woman's, is struck out in the MS. & under it is wrote, in Milton's own hand, *When the assault was intended to the Citty, 1642.* Then follows the Sonnet, in the former hand, seemingly a woman's.] p. 9.

IX. [Sonnet.] *To a Lady.* In Milton's own hand.] *Ladie,* that in the prime, &c. p. 9.

X. [Sonnet.] *To the Lady Margaret Ley.* [In his own hand.] p. 9.

XI. [Comus.] *A maske, 1634.* [In Milton's own hand-writing. Note, the *Guardian Spirit* is here often called the *Daemon.*] p. 13. to 29. inclusive.

XII. *Lycidas.* In this Monodie the author bewails a lerned friend unfortunately drown'd in his passage from *Chester* on the *Irish Seas*, 1637. In his own hand. p. 30. to 34. inclusive.

XIII. *Paradise Lost.* [The first plan, in Milton's own hand.] p. 35.

XIV. *Paradise Lost.* [The second plan, in Milton's own hand.] p. 35.

XV. *Paradise Lost.* [The third plan, in his own hand.] p. 35.

XVI. [Catalogue of his intended Dramatic pieces, or] *Other Tragedies.* [in his own hand.] p. 35. to 41. inclusive.

XVII. *Adam unparadiz'd* [or, *Paradise Lost: the fourth plan: in Milton's own hand-writing.*] p. 40.

XVIII. [Sonnet.] *To my friend Mr. Hen. Laws. 1645.* [In his own hand.

signed J. M. Then, in another hand, seemingly a man's To Mr. Hen. Lawes, *in the publishing of his Aires*. After this title, the Sonnet again, in Milton's own hand.] p. 43.

XXIX. [Sonnet.] *On the detraction which followed upon my writing certain treatises [on divorce.] I did but prompt, &c.* [In his own hand.] p. 43.

XXX. [Sonnet.] *On the religious memorie of Mrs. Catherine Thomson, my christian friend, deceas'd 16. Decem. 1646.* [Two draughts. in his own hand.] p. 44.

XXXI. [Sonnet.] *To Mr. H. Lawes, On his aires.* [As before. In another hand; seemingly a man's.] p. 45.

XXXII. [Sonnet.] *On Mrs. Cath. Thomson, as before: in the same hand as the last.]* p. 45.

XXXIII. [Sonnet.] *On the detraction which followed upon my writing certaine treatises, I did but prompt, &c. as before.* In the same hand as the last. p. 46.

XXXIV. [Sonnet.] *On the reception his book of divorce met with.* A booke was writ, &c. in the same hand as the last.] p. 45.

XXXV. [Sonnet.] *To the Lord General Cromwell, May 1652. on the proposalls of certaine ministers at the Committee for propagation of the Gospel.* [Another hand, seemingly a woman's, different from the former woman's.] p. 47.

XXXVI. [Sonnet.] *To Sir Henry Vane, the younger.* [In another hand: seemingly a third woman's.] p. 48.

XXXVII. [Sonnet.] *On the forcers of conscience.* [In the same hand, as the last.] p. 48.

XXXVIII. [Sonnet.] *To Cyriac Skinner. Beginning, To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench, &c.* in another hand, seemingly a fourth woman's writing. And wanting the four first lines, *Cyriac, whose grandfire, &c.* p. 49.

XXXIX. Sonnet. *To Cyriac Skinner. Beginning, Cyriac, these three years, &c.* Same hand as the last.] p. 49.

XXX. [Sonnet.] *On his deceased wife: Meethought I saw, &c.* In another hand: seemingly a fifth woman's.] p. 50.

These are all the pieces contained in this MS. Vol. Wherein I think are the hand-writings of two men (Milton & another) & of five Women. F. P.

This MS. I had the use of by the favor of the reverend Mr. Charles Mason.

C H A P.

CHAP. XXIV.

1. Paradise Lost, Edit. 1725. corrected by Edit. 1674. 2. Paradise Regain'd, Edit. 1713. corrected by Edit. 1671. 3. Samson Agonistes, Edit. 1713. corrected by Edit. 1671.

I. PARADISE LOST; Edit. 1725. corrected by Edit. 1674.

- Lib. I. 199. for *Briareus*, read *Briareos*.
 404. for *Hinnon*, read *Hinnom*.
 409. for *Heronaim*, read *Horonaim*.
 II. 282. for *where*, read *were*.
 527. for *his*, read *this*.
 568. for *obdurate*, read *obdured*.
 679. for *not*, read *naught*.
 743. for *phanta'm*, read *fantasm*.
 790. for *persu'd*, read *pursu'd*.
 1016. for *wins*, read *wings*.
 IV. 478. for *plantan*, read *platan*.
 V. 456. for *this*, read *his*.
 VI. 151. for *For my revenge*, read *Of*.
 425. for *bath*, read *bad*.
 VII. 366. for *his*, read *her*.
 453. for *of*, read *in*.
 494. for *needlefs*, read *needlest*.
 VIII. 200. for *happy*, read *haply*.
 510. for *pleased*, read *pleaded*.
 623. for *thy*, read *the*.
 642. for *requires*, read *require*.
 IX. 114. for *the*, read *thee*.
 244. for *the*, read *these*.
 383. for *not*, read *nor*.
 427. for *half*, read *oft*.
 710. for *shall*, read *should*.
 854. for *too*, read *to*.
 X. 408. for *prevail*, read *prevaiies*.
 696. for *Norumbeque*, read *Norumbega*.
 703. for *Sierra Liona*, read *Serralionia*.
 1076. for *and*, read *or*.
 XI. 388. for *Cham*, read *Can*.
 390. for *Pekin*, read *Paquin*.

433. for

433. for *sed*, read *ford*.
 538. for *no*, read *not*.
 545. for *the*, read *thy*.
 587. for *First*, read *Fast*.
 Lib. XII. 83. for *by*, read *thy*.
 103. for *his heavy*, read *this heavy*.
 424. for *The*, read *Thy*.
 459. for *the*, read *this*.
 534. for *Will*, read *Well*.
 617. for *unwillingly*, read *unwilling*.
 635. for *vapers*, read *vapour*.

2. PARADISE REGAIN'D, Edit. 1713. corrected by Edit. 1671.

- Lib. I. 62. after *being* no stop.
 226. for *destroy*, read *subdue*.
 400. for *never*, read *nearer*.
 417. for *imports*, read *imparts*.
 II. 128. after *threatens*, insert *then*.
 227. for *often*, read *oftest*.
 312. for *Thebes*, read *Thebez*.
 370. no comma after *knowledge* but after *works*.
 III. 56. for *despis'd*, read *disprais'd*.
 324. for *show'r*, read *show'rs*.
 IV. 102. no stop after *victor*.
 608. for *bath*, read *bast*.

3. SAMSON AGONISTES, Edit. 1713. corrected by Edit. 1671.

- Lib. V. 157. for *complain'd*, read *complain*.
 222. for *mention'd*, read *motion'd*.
 354. before *such*, read *And*.
 535. for *hallow*, read *hallow'd*.
 612. for *these*, read *there*.
 660. for *to*, read *with*.
 1068. for *is*, read *his*.
 1248. for *divulg'd*, read *divulge*.
 1313. for *race*, read *rate*.
 1324. for *mimirs*, read *mimics*.
 1431. read *Send thee the angel*.
 1552. for *beard*, read *here*.
 1651. for *took*, read *shook*.
 1714. for *Chapter*, read *Capbter*.

C H A P. XXV.

A Table of all MILTON's English Poems, set down as near as possible in the very order of time they were wrote.

I. **A** Poem on the death of a fair infant (a niece of his) who died of a cough. Written *anno aetatis* 17. [1625.]

II. Address to his mother tongue. Written, at a vacation exercise in college, *anno aetatis* 19. [1627.]

III. Ode on CHRISTMASS day. Compos'd [1629.]

IV. On the CIRCUMCISION.

V. On the PASSION.

VI. *Arcades*. Part of an entertainment presented to the countess dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family.

VII. On Shakespeare, 1630.

VIII. On May Morning.

IX. *Horace*, Lib. I. Ode V. *Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa*, &c. rendered almost word for word, without rhyme, according to the Latin measure; as near as the language will permit.

X. Sonnet; on his being arrived at his 23. year. [9. Dec. 1630.]

XI. On Hobson, the university carrier, who sickned in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the plague, [1631.] Beginning, *Here lieth one*, &c.

XII. Another on the same. Beginning, *Here lies old Hobson*, &c.

XIII. Epitaph on Jane Marchioness of Winchester, daughter of Thomas viscount Savage of Rock-Savage in Cheshire.

XIV. On Time: to be set on a clock-case.

XV. Song. At a solemn music.

XVI. Sonnet; to the Nightingale.

XVII. Sonnet; to the lady Margaret Lee, daughter to the earl of Marlborough.

XVIII. Sonnet; to a lady.

XIX. *Comus*: a masque presented at Ludlow Castle, on Michaelmasse night, [1634.] before the right honourable John Egerton Earl of Bridgewater, viscount Brackley, lord president of Wales, & one of the lords of his majestie's most honourable privie council.

XX. *L'Allegro*.

XXI. *Il Penseroso*.

XXII. *Lycidas*: a poem on the death of Mr. Edward King, Fellow of Christ's.

Christ's College, Cambridge, unfortunately drowned in his passage from *Chester* on the *Irish* seas, 10. Aug. 1637.

XXIII. *Baptistes*. Begun 1637. Finished 1638.

XXIV. Sonnet; to *Cyriac Skinner*. [Circa 1640.]

XXV. Sonnet; to the foldier to spare his dwelling-place. [16. Nov. 1642.]

XXVI. Sonnet; on the late massacre in *Piedmont*. [A. D. 1655.]

XXVII. On his deceased wife, *Mrs. Catherine Woodcock*.

XXVIII. Sonnet; to Mr. *Henry Lawes*, on his aires. Written 9. Feb. 1645.

XXIX. Sonnet on the religious memory of *Mrs. Catherine Thompson*, his Christian Friend, who deceased 16. Decemb. 1646.

XXX. Sonnet; on the reception his book of divorce met with. [Circa 1647.]

XXXI. Sonnet; on the same.

XXXII. On the new forcers of conscience, under the long parliament.

XXXIII. Sonnet; to General *Fairfax*, at the siege of *Colchester*. 13.

June 1648.

XXXIV. Sonnet; to Sir *Henry Vane* the younger.

XXXV. Sonnet; to the Lord General *Cromwell*: on the proposals of certain ministers at the committee for propagation of the gospel, in May 1652.

XXXVI. Sonnet; to Mr. *Lawrence*, son to the president of the lord protector *Cromwell's* council.

XXXVII. Sonnet; on his falling blind.

XXXVIII. Sonnet; to *Cyriac Skinner*: after the author had been three years blind, [viz. 1657.]

XXXIX. *Paradise Lost*: a poem, in twelve Books.

XL. *Paradise Regain'd*: a poem, in four Books.

XLI. *Samson Agonistes*: a sacred dramatic poem.

C H A P. XXVI.

Explanatory & Critical Notes on divers passages of SHAKESPEARE'S plays.

I Cannot, I think, better introduce these remarks on *Shakespeare*, than with Mr. *Thomas Combe's* epitaph. Every body knows *Shakespeare's* epitaph for *John a Combe*. And I am told he afterwards wrote another for *Tom a Combe*, alias *Thin-Beard*, brother of the said *John*; & that it was never yet printed. It is as follows:

' *Thin*

- ' Thin in beard, & thick in purse;
- ' Never man beloved worse:
- ' He went to th' grave with many a curse;
- ' The Devil & He had both one nurse.'

This is very sour; but how sweet is this other, by another hand, & never yet printed too, on a young lady of fourteen, buried at *Long Buckby* in *Northamptonshire*?

- ' Virgin, lamented much! about whose life
- ' Contending heav'n & earth held equal strife!
- ' Each lov'd thee! But, whate'er thy parents boast,
- ' Heav'n, which was pleas'd to take thee, lov'd thee most.'

I.

Puck. *And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups & hide them there.*

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. Vol. I. p. 91.

Puck alias Robin Good-Fellow is here speaking of a quarrel between *Oberon* & *Titania*, King & Queen of the Fairies. When I first read this passage I could not help thinking that *squaring* was a very odd word to express quarrelling. Because, when two things agree, it is an usual mode of speech to say, this *squares* with that. And again, when they *disagree*, this *crosses* or *thwarts* that. Instead of *square* therefore I fancied our author wrote *jar* (a word which sounds very like *squar*) but a then neighbour of mine, on my shewing him the passage, guessed *squall* to be the true reading. And I should like *squall* as well as *jar*. But our author (& he is the only person, I think, who does so) uses *square* in both senses.

Thus, to express an agreement.

Leontes to Paulina. — *O that ever I*

Had squar'd me to thy counsel! —

The Winter's Tale. Vol. III. p. 147.

Again.

Titus. *Fie, fie, how frantickly I square my talk.*

Titus Andronicus. Vol. V. p. 349.

Again.

Menas. *I cannot hope*

Caesar & Antony should well greet together.

His wife, who's dead, did trespasses to Caesar;

His

*His brother warr'd upon him, although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.*

Pompey: *I know not, Menas,*

How lesser enmities may give way to greater.

Were't not that we stand up against them all,

I were pregnant, they should square between themselves.

Antony & Cleopatra. Vol. VI. p. 235.

Again.

Mecænas. *She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.*

ib. p. 241.

To express a quarrel.

Aaron to Demetrius & Chiron. — *And are you such fools*

To square for this?

Titus Andronicus. Vol. V. p. 326.

Yet here perhaps our author wrote *jar*. I am led to think so by the first line of Aaron's next speech.

Aaron. *For shame, be friends; & join for that you jar.*

But *square* occurs again in the latter end of that speech, & is there again used to signify quarrelling.

Come, come, our empress with her sacred wit

To villany & vengeance consecrate,

We will acquaint with all that we intend;

And she shall file our engines with advice,

That will not suffer you to square your selves,

But to your wishes height advance you both.

ib. p. 327.

Again.

Enobarbus. *Mine honesty & I begin to square.*

Antony & Cleopatra. Vol. VI. p. 284.

Yet, upon the whole, perhaps *Shakespeare* never wrote *square* to express a quarrel. For I am sometimes inclined to think he wrote, in most of these places, *sparre*. So *Peter Levins*, to *sparre*, as cocks do, *confligere*.

*Launce, [describing his mistress.] 'Item, she can milk, look you; a sweet
virtue in a maid with clean hands.'*

Two Gent. of Verona. Vol. I. p. 192.

1. *Manipulus Vocabulorum*, a Dictionary of by *P. Levins*. Lond. 1570. 4°. Signature C. j.
English & Latin words. Gathered & set forth b. col. 6.

Let

Let Mounſieur Bayle tell you what *Shakeſpeare* here alludes to: I had much rather he ſhould do it, than I*.

III.

Slender. How now, Simple, where have you been? I muſt wait on my ſelf, muſt I? You have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simple. Book of riddles! Why, did not you lend it to Alice Shortcake, upon All-hallow-maſs laſt?

Merry Wives of Windſor. Vol. I. p. 230.

But why upon *All-hallow-maſs laſt*? — I answer, inſtead of *All-hallow-maſs*, it ſhould be *All-ſouls-maſs laſt*; on which day, in popiſh times, the richer ſort of people, after hearing maſs, uſed to give to all poor comers, a *ſouls-maſs-cake* (generally a great oat-cake) & they, to whom it was dole'd, ſaid in retribution,

God have your ſoul,
Your bones & all.

This paſſage of our author thus explained, helps to ſet to rights another.

Speed. Marry by theſe ſpecial marks you have learned to ſpeak puling, like a beggar at Hallow-maſs.

Two Gentlemen of Verona. Vol. I. p. 166.

For here again, I am perſuaded, we ſhould read *Souls-maſs*. And that all the poor people of the country then went begging & puling (as Speed deſcribes it) from one pariſh to another, to get as many of theſe *Souls-maſs-cakes* as they could.

IV.

Mrs. Quickly tells *Falſtaffe* — 'There have been earls, nay, which is more, Penſioners, here.'

Merry Wives of Windſor, Vol. I. p. 251.

Theſe *penſioners*, whom *Shakeſpeare* reckons above *Earls*, were certain witty, handſome, young gentlemen, much admired by *Q. Elizabeth*, who had her purſe to ſupply them in all their expences, & therefore could afford to ſpend more upon any occaſion than even *earls* themſelves. Of this ſort of *penſioners*, as I take it, originally were, Sir Robert Dudley, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Robert Devereux, & ſeveral more. One of theſe ſparks threw away his money ſo faſt, that the queen herſelf complained of it. The perſon I now mean was Mr. Henry Noel. Hear what a noted writer ſaith of him.

* See Bayle, in the article *Democritus*, note C.

Mr. Henry Nasl, one of the gentlemen-pensioners to Q. Elizabeth, was a man for personage, parentage, grace, gesture, valor, & many excellent parts, inferior to none in the court; who (tho' his lands & liveli-hoods were but small, having nothing known certain, but his annuity & pension; yet) in state, pomp, magnificence, & expences did equalize barons of great worth. If any shall demand whence this proceeded, I must make answer with that Spanish proverb, *Aquella qual vienne de arriba ninguno lo pregunta*: That which cometh from above let no man question. This is the gentleman of whom a great personage (Q. Eliz.) made this distich:

The word of denial & letter of fifty,
Is the name of the man will never be thrifty.

In 1573. Grindall, archbishop of York, observing great abuses offered to the clergy of his diocese by a parcel of needy unjust men, who pretended commissions from the queen, to recover from them penalties incurred; who had indeed granted, by her letters patents to her gentlemen-pensioners, penalties forfeited by the clergy, under pretence of concealments of lands & rents given for superstitious uses, belonging now by act of parliament to the crown. (Whereupon they sent their deputies about thro' the kingdom; who being indigent men used great extortion, & woefully oppressed & vexed the poor clergy.) This caused the archbishop to make complaint thereof to the Lord Treasurer, who (however he inwardly liked not the thing it self) yet, the letters patents being passed, wrote back to the archbishop, that the gentlemen-pensioners might enjoy the penalties forfeited by the clergy, since it was so appointed by the queen & bestowed upon them. The archbishop then shewed his lordship, that he intended not that they should be abridged of it; but that he found fault with their manner of proceeding, which was troublesome, chargeable & dishonorable; in that they summoned all the clergy as well innocent as faulty, & others also of good worship & credit to appear before them, as the queen's commissioners, whereas they had no such commission. And likewise that they compounded with the clergy for offences past & to come; which tended not, as he said, to the restraint of abuses, but was rather a means to encrease them. And lastly, that they were men noted heretofore for evil dealing & bribery. He desired therefore, that for the preventing of these troubles, the gentlemen-pensioners would send down,

3. Antiquities of Leicestershire, by William Burton, p. 87.

in articles, a form of proceeding to be observed by their said deputies, whereby the abovementioned inconveniencies might be avoided *.

V.

Pedro to Claudio. *I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing pris'ner with the force
And strong encounter of my am'rous tale.*

Much ado about Nothing, Vol. I. p. 412.

This fine passage is borrowed from that of *Judith*, cap. xvi. 9. *Her beauty took his mind prisoner.* Our author was so fond of that charming thought, that he copies it again,

Perdita. ——— O Proserpina
*For the flow'rs now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffadils,
That come before the swallow dares, & take
The winds of March with beauty.*

The Winter's Tale. Vol. III. p. 123.

And again,

Jachimo. ——— *Had I this cheek
To bath my lips upon, this hand, whose touch,
Whose ev'ry touch, would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here ———*

Cymbeline, Vol. VI. p. 364.

VI.

Benedick. ——— *I have known when he would have walked ten miles a-foot, to see a good armour; & now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet.*

Much Ado about Nothing, Vol. I. p. 429.

There never was such a variety of fashions, so different & so whimsical, as in the days of *Q. Elizabeth*. The reason whereof, I conceive, was; *Q. Elizabeth* loved to see an handsome man, & that handsome man well dressed. Her gentlemen-pensioners therefore were always studying how to please & delight her in this particular. To this end all the fashions of *Spain, Italy, France, Germany, & every other part of the world,* were

* Life of archbishop Grindall, by John Strype, M. A. fol. Lond. 1710. p. 182.

severally introduced; & as if all these had not been enough, our author here merrily describes one of these *fashion-mongring boys* (as he calls them, p. 470.) lying awake ten whole nights, & this only to devise a *doublet* of a new cut, quite different from all that were ever yet seen, to be worn at his next going to court, with the novelty & beauty whereof he proposes, if possible, to surprize all the beholders.

The ladies also took the hint, & studied as many fashions to catch the *gentlemen-pensioners*, as they did to please the queen. Our author, in this play, gives us a pretty picture of each.

The fine spark abovementioned, as conceited as he is of his great skill in the art of dress (he tells us, p. 441.) hath 'no appearance of fancy' in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be 'a *Dutch* man to day, a *French* man to morrow; or, in the shape of two countries at once, a *German* from the waist downward, all flops; & a *Spaniard* from the hip upward, no doublet.'

He alludes to the same in *K. Lear*, Vol. V. p. 160.

Fool. — I'll speak a prophecy —

When nobles are their tailors tutors, &c.

The ladies he introduces (p. 449.) 'in a quaint, graceful, excellent fashion, cut & laced [with two pair of sleeves to one pair of arms] that is, down-sleeves [reaching to their wrists] & side-sleeves & skirts, round & underborn with a blueish tinsel [on each side & behind them.]'

Here any one may perceive that our author thought the ladies were more to be indulged in matters of this sort than the gentlemen; & he therefore artfully treats them, in this description of their dress, with less contempt. In them he reckons these things only as, — 'the change of 'prides.' *Cymbeline*, Vol. VI. p. 385.

Q. *Elizabeth* herself was not a whit behind any of her ladies in these matters. 'The Queen my mistress (saith Sir *James Melvil* the Scots ambassador to Q. *Elizabeth*) had instructed me to leave matters of gravity sometimes, & cast in merry conceits, lest otherwise I should be wearied; she being well informed of that queen's natural temper. Therefore, in declaring my observations of the customs of *Dutchland*, *Poland*, & *Italy*, the *buskins* of the women were not forgot, & what country weed I thought best concerning gentlewomen? The queen said, she had clothes of every sort; which every day after, so long as I was there, she changed. One day she had the *English* weed, another the *French*, & another the *Italian*, & so forth. She asked me, which of them became her

best?

' best? I answered, in my judgment the *Italian* dress; which answer I
 ' found pleased her well. For she delighted to shew her golden colored
 ' hair, wearing a caul & bonnet as they do in *Italy*. Her hair was more
 ' reddish than yellow, curled in appearance naturally. She desired to
 ' know of me, what color of hair was reputed best? & whether my
 ' queen's hair, or hers, was best? And which of the two was fairest?
 ' I answered, the fairness of them both was not their worst fault. But
 ' she was earnest with me to declare which of them two I judged fairest?
 ' I said, she was the fairest queen in *England*, & mine the fairest queen
 ' in *Scotland*. Yet she appeared earnest; I answered, they were both the
 ' fairest ladies in their countries; that her majesty was fairer, but my queen
 ' was very lovely. She enquired, which of them was of the highest sta-
 ' ture? I said, my queen. Then, said she, she is too high; for I am
 ' neither too high nor too low⁵.'

VII.

Launcelot. *They have conspired together; I will not say you shall see a
 masque, but, if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleed-
 ing on black monday last, at six a clock i'th' morning.*

Merchant of Venice, Vol. II. p. 29.

Black monday is a moveable day. It is *Easter monday*: & was so called
 on this occasion.

' In the 34 *Edw. III.* (1360.) the 14. of April, & the morrow after
 ' Easter-day, K. *Edward* with his host lay before the cittie of *Paris*;
 ' which day was full darke of mist & haile, & so bitter cold, that many
 ' men died on their horses backs with the cold. Wherefore unto this day
 ' it hath beene called the *Blacke monday*⁶.'

VIII.

Longueville. — O some authority bow to proceed;
 Some tricks, some quilllets, bow to cheat the devil!

Love's labour's lost. Vol. II. p. 142.

The King of *Navarre* & three of his lords having sworn to live three
 years in a retired way, without admitting any women to come within the
 court; the princess of *France*, attended by several other ladies, repairing
 thitherward on an embassy from her father, both the King & his Lords
 grew sick of their vow, & would gladly admit the ladies, but how to get
 over their oath they know not. In this straight, *Longueville*, one of the
 lords, cries out,

5. *Memoirs*, p. 49, &c. 6. *Stow*, p. 264. b.

Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil!
Quillat, in French, is the refining or touch of gold. So *Quilate de oro*, in Spanish, is *gradus auri*. But this yields nothing to our purpose. Also a quillet, as *Minsheu* says, is a small parcel. Here we come to the point. For instance. If we look into the map of *Derbyshire* we find a place called *Over-Seile*, which parish, tho' surrounded by *Derbyshire*, is yet a quillet, or small parcel, of *Leicestershire*. The like may be observed of divers other places in other counties. These quilllets, in all sherifs aids, scutages, & the like, it should seem, were taxed, or pretended to be taxed, sometimes with the one county, sometimes with the other, & sometimes with neither. Thus, when the sherif of *Leicester* demanded those aids of the parish of *Over-Seile*, it is probable they answered, they belonged to *Derbyshire* & not to *Leicestershire*. Again, when the sherif of *Derby* demanded those aids, that they belonged to *Leicestershire* & not to *Derbyshire*. And so by this pretty artifice sometimes got excused from both; or, at least attempted to do so. *Shakespeare*, I conceive, had either read or heard of some such like trick, & if I err not, here merrily alludes to it.

The word occurs often in our author, & is always used to signify a quirk of the law, or a quibble. As,

Somerlet. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.
Warwick. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which has the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment:
But, in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a law.

I. Part Henry VI. Vol. IV. p. 138.
Suffolk. No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock;
Before his chops be stain'd with crimson blood;
And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him.

II. Part Henry VI. Vol. IV. p. 244.

Timon. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,

And

*And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly.*

Timon of Athens. Vol. V. p. 238.

Hamlet. There's another. Why may not that be the scull of a
lawyer? Where be his quiddits now? his quilllets? his cases? his te-
nures, & his tricks? &c.

Hamlet. Vol. VII. p. 347.

Cassio. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend, I hear you.

Cassio. Pr'ythee keep up thy quilllets; there's a poor piece of gold
for thee.

Othello. Vol. VII. p. 427.

IX.

Boyet. Fair ladies mask are roses in the bud;

Dismask, their damask sweet commixture shewn,

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Love's Labour's lost. Vol. II. p. 162.

Mr. Theobald.

As these lines stand in all the editions, there is not only an Anticli-
max with a vengeance; but such a jumble, that makes the whole, I
think, stark nonsense. I have ventur'd at a transposition of the 2d &
3d lines, by the advice of my friend Mr. Warburton; &, by a minute
change or two, cleared up the sense, I hope, to the poet's intention.—
[Mr. Theobald reads thus]

Fair ladies mask are roses in the bud;

Or angel vailing clouds: are roses blown,

Dismask, their damask sweet commixture shewn.

F. P.

Here, with submission, I see no occasion for the transposition, but would
rather chuse to read,

Fair ladies mask, are roses in the bud;

Dismask, their damask sweet commixture shewn,

Are angels veil'd in clouds of roses blown.

In this sense *veil'd* is the same as *reveal'd*. For, just as women put off
their masks to be seen; so, according to the doctrine of spirits; angels, if
they would *reveal* or make themselves the objects of human sight, must
mask, i. e. clothe or embodie their immaterial substance in a cloud, or
something

something more airy, if any thing more airy can be imagined (but I know of none such) to become visible. For, without some such practice as this, all angels or spirits are no more than what *Shakespeare* himself (*Macbeth*, Vol. V. p. 402.) very elegantly calls 'flightless [or invisible] substances.' — Under what image therefore could our author so properly chuse to give us an idea of a company of fine women in all their shew of beauty, as that of angels invehicled in clouds of full blown roses? To me this description instantly brings to mind, the *morn*, the *bours*, the *graces*, the *Hebe*, & all the rose-finger'd & rose-bosom'd, poetical, happy beings of fable & antiquity, & sets them as it were in a blaze of charms & immortality before us.

This passage thus understood helps well to correct another. The passage I mean is this.

Servant, *At the request of Paris, who's there in person; with him the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.*

Troilus & Cressida. Vol. VII. p. 55.

The reader may easily perceive this to be a description of the beauteous *Helen*. Where sure it would therefore be much more expressive to say — *the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's visible soul.*

X. *Rosalinda* epilogizing — If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as bad beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, & breaths that I defy'd not. And, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make a curt'se, bid me farewell.

As you like it. Vol. II. p. 268.

By this passage it appears that there were no women actors in *Shakespeare's* time. *Rosalinda* says, *If I were a woman, &c.*

So again, — *Cleopatra. Sawcy liſtors*

Will catch at us like strumpets, & scull'd rhimers

Ballad us out-o-tune. The quick Comedians

Extemp'rally will stage us, & present

Our Alexandrian revels: Antony

Shall be brought drunken forth, & I shall see

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness

In'th' posture of a whore. —

Antony & Cleopatra. Vol. VII. p. 330.

Youths

Youths then acted the parts of women. The first women who acted upon a stage in *England* (it should seem, by the noise made about it by *Prynne* & others) were *Q. Henrietta Maria* & some of her court ladies.

Langbaine mentions *women actors* in 1655. as a novel thing. For, speaking of the tragedy of *K. John & Matilda*, printed that year, he says, —
 'It was dedicated to the earl of *Lindsey*, by the publisher *Andrew Pynckne*, who acted the part of *Matilda*; women in those times not having appeared upon the stage 7.'

By the way, this passage may help to correct a small mistake of an author, who says, 'Mr. *Kynaston*, who rose to be a fine actor, was apprentice to Mr. *Rhodes* at the same time with Mr. *Betterton*. Mr. *Rhodes* on General *Monck*'s march to *London* at the head of his army in 1659. got a license from the then prevailing powers, to set up a company of players in the *Cock-pit*, in *Drury-lane*, & soon made his company complete, his apprentices being at the head of them; Mr. *Betterton*, for mens parts, & Mr. *Kynaston* for those of women: He was the first man (being very handsome) who played womens parts, which he did with great applause 8.'

XI.

Sly, the tinker. — Ask *Marian Hacket*, the fat alewife of *Wincot*, if she know me not? If she say, I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in *Christendom*!

The Taming of the Shrew, Vol. II. p. 278.

I find no such place as *Wincot* in *Spelman's Villare Anglicanum*, nor yet again in the list of towns prefixed to Dr. *Plot's* Natural History of *Staffordshire*; however make no doubt there is, or was, such a town in our author's time (& most probably in *Staffordshire*, because he was born there) & that *Marian Hacket* of that place was as famous, in his days, as *Elinor Rummin*, the fat ale-wife of *Letherbed* was in the time of *John Skelton*, poet laureat to *K. Henry VII.*

Skelton, it may be noted, brands *Elinor Rummin* for her sluttish way of brewing; but *Shakespeare* finds no fault with *Marian Hacket's* brewing, or even her liquor itself; yet, in the next page, makes the *Tinker*

— Rail upon mine hostess of the house,

And say, he will present her at the Leet,

Because she bought stone jugs & no seal'd quarts.

7. Lives of the English Dramatic poets. Oxon. 1691. 8°. p. 117.

8. Critical Dictionary, Vol. IV. p. 285. note B.

Perhaps the reader will not be displeased to find here what *Skelton* says of *Eleanor Rummin*. Take it then in his own words.

And this comely dame,	And sometime she blens
I understand her name	The donge of her hennes
Is <i>Elynoure Rumminge</i> ,	And the ale together,
At home in her wonnyng,	And sayth, Gossip, come hither,
And, as men say,	This ale shall be thicker,
She dwelt in <i>Sotbray</i> ,	And floure the more quicker;
In a certain stede,	For, I may tell you,
By fide <i>Lederede</i> .	I learn'd it of a <i>Jewe</i> ,
She is a tonnyshe gyb,	When I began to brewe,
The devell & she be sib.	And I have found it trew,
But, to make up my tale,	Drinke now while it is new,
She brueth nappy ale,	And ye may it broke;
And maketh therof poorte sale	It shall make you loke
To travellers, to tinkers,	Yonger than ye be
To sweters, to swinkers,	Yeres two or thre;
And all good ale drynkers,	For ye may prove it by me.
Who drinke themselfe bare,	Behold, she sayd, & see
And nowe awaye the mare,	How bright I am of ble,
And let us sleigh Care,	Ich am not wast away,
As wise as an hare.	That can my husband saye,
Again.	Whan we kyffe & playe
But let us turne plain,	In luste & in likynge;
Ther we left againe.	He calls me hys whiting,
For as ill a patch as that,	His mullinge & his nitine,
The hens run in the mash-fat.	His nobbes & his connye,
For they go to roust,	His sweting & his honny,
Straight over the ale joust;	With <i>basse</i> my prety bonny,
And donge when it commes	Thou arte worthe good & monny.
In the ale tunnes.	This make I my folyre, Fanny,
Then <i>Elinour</i> taketh	Till that he dreame & dronnye:
The mash-bol, & shaketh	For, after all our sport,
The hennes donge away,	Than will he rout & snort.
And skommeth it in a tray;	Then swetely together we ly,
Where, as the yest is,	As two pygges in a styte ⁹ .
With her maungy fistis.	

9. *Antiquities of Surrey*, Vol. II. p. 251.

XII.

2d Lord. — *If your lordship find him not an hilding, hold me no more in respect.*

All's well that ends well, Vol. II. p. 414.

The discourse here is between *Dumain* a French Lord & *Bertram* Count *Rouffillon*, about a vain swaggering fellow, one *Parolles*, whom *Bertram* takes for a very gallant person, & *Dumain* tells him, he knows to be a mere poltroon, & that he will quickly prove him so.

'A *hilding* is a term of reproach, abbreviated from *binderling*, which signifies degenerate.' So Mr. *Hughes*, in his glossary before *Spenser's* works. Yet I rather take it, if not here, yet in some other places of our author (for it occurs often) to be a mistake for a *niding*.

A *niding*, or *nidling*, is a poor, mean-spirited, cowardly fellow, who (as *Spelman* says) dare not so much as (*prodire e nido*) peep out of his nest. In the *Saxon Chronicle*, such a one is called *un nithling*; which bishop *Gibson* renders *homo nequam*.

It seems in the year 1087. upon the death of *William* the conqueror, many of the *Norman* lords, both in *England* & *France*, were minded to declare his eldest son duke *Robert* to be king of *England* in his father's stead; & *William Rufus* & his friends were thereupon several times greatly distressed (particularly at the siege of *Rocheſter* castle) to make good their ground against the duke's party. Upon this *Rufus* in a rage commanded it to be proclaimed throughout *England*, that every true Subject of his (*French* or *English*) who would not be thought a *nitbing*, should immediately arm & repair to his camp. This proclamation had such a wonderful effect, that nobody was left at home, but he had, almost instantly, such an army of assistants, as *Rocheſter* castle was presently surrendered, his uncle *Odo*, bishop of *Bayonne* in *Guienne* (the chief abetter of *Robert's* party) taken prisoner, & to obtain his liberty, forced to abjure the kingdom; many others also fled for it, & lost their lands, which were given to the king's friends, & then all was quieted.

I will now set down those other places, where, as I observed, the word occurs again.

Baptista. — *For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,*

Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?

The Taming of the Shrew, Vol. II. p. 299.

Here *Baptista* calls his daughter *Catherine* the shrew (who had been beating her mild sister *Bianca*) 'the *hilding* of a devilish spirit.' As if

he had said, ' *Bianca*, thou art of such a gentle nature, that *Catherine* thinks she may safely strike, or do any thing with thee; but, if thou wast but to turn again or make the least resistance, believe me, with all her furious temper, she is a meer coward, a very female *Braggadocio* or *Trompart*, & would then be as much afraid of thee, as now thou art of her.'

Again,

Northumb. *Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers, Give them such instances of loss?*

Bardolph. *Who he!*

He was some hilding fellow, that had stol'n

The horse he rode on, & upon my life,

Spoke at adventure. —

II. Part Henry IV. Vol. III. p. 443.

The person here called a *hilding* had given *Travers* a relation of the battle of *Shrewsbury* & of the death of *Hotspur* there (which was true) yet Lord *Bardolph*, having been deceived with other intelligence, will not believe it.

Again,

Constable. *'Tis positive against all excepting lords,*

That our superfluous lacqueys & our peasants,

About our squares of battel, were enow

To purge this field of such a hilding foe.

K. Henry V. Vol. IV. p. 72.

This speech is a brag of the Constable of France, the night before the battel of *Agincourt*, in contempt of the English.

Again,

Cloten, (despising *Leonatus Posthumus*) to *Imogen*.

You are curb'd from that enlargement by

The consequence o'th' crown, & must not soil

The precious note of it with a base slave,

A hilding for a liv'ry; a squire's cloth,

A pantler, not so eminent. —

Cymbeline, Vol. VI. p. 377.

Again,

Mercutio. 'Now is he [*Romeo*] for the numbers that *Petrarch* flow'd in; *Laura*, to his lady, was but a kitchen wench; (marry she had a better love to berime her!) *Dido*, a dowdy; *Cleopatra*, a gipsie; *He-*

len

'len & Hero, bildings & harlots.'

Romeo & Juliet. Vol. VII. p. 163.

Again.

Capulet. *Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God had sent us but this only child;
But now I see this One is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding! —————*

ib. p. 194.

Here Capulet would have his daughter Juliet marry Paris, which she will not.

XIII.

Parolles. ——— *Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, & buy my self another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.*

All's well that ends well. Vol. II. p. 421.

The history of *Bajazet* is well known, but I believe it will be hard to find in any part of it, that that prince kept a mule who had tongues to sell. However at present there is no occasion to enquire after such a whim. This passage indeed, I perceive, hath puzzled both Mr. Theobald & Mr. Warburton; yet I fancy it will be clear enough, if, instead of *Bajazet's mule*, we only read *Bajazet in's mue*, or *mew*; that is, *Bajazet in his mew*, or iron cage, into which *Tamerlane* put him.

This easie emendation will appear exceeding just & natural, if we here only consider the two cases of *Parolles* & *Bajazet*, & how they parallel.

Parolles hath lost a drum by his cowardise, but, to keep up the air of a braggart (as *Shakespeare* often stiles such vain fellows) gives out, that he will have either that or another in lieu of it, of the enemy. He accordingly pretends to go upon that enterprize, but his courage soon fails him, & he reflects & blames himself, that ever he unfortunately gave himself such airs. 'What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, &c.'

He then remembers what *Bajazet* got by his foolish prating, & compares his own case to it.

Bajazet was taken prisoner by *Tamerlane*, who, when he first saw him, generously asked, 'Now, Sir, if you had taken me prisoner, as I have you, tell me, I pray you, what you would have done with me?' (Here, it is easie to see, *Bajazet* had a fair opportunity given him by the *Tartar* to mark out his own better fortune. But, instead of that) 'If I had taken you prisoner, faith the foolish Turk, I would have thrust you under my table, when

‘ when I did eat, to gather up the crumbs with the dogs; when I rode out,
 ‘ I would have made your neck my horning-block; &, whenever I travelled,
 ‘ you also should have been carried along with me, in an *iron cage*, for every
 ‘ fool to hoot & shout at.’ ‘ I thought to have used you better, said the
 ‘ gallant *Tamerlane*; but, since you intended to have served me thus, you
 ‘ have [caught a *Tartar*: for hence, I reckon, came that proverb, &] justly
 ‘ pronounced your own doom.’ — This then *Bajazet* got by letting his
 tongue run, but, when he was once *mewed* up in his iron cage, we hear no
 more of his prating. No! then he was silent. And thus, to escape the
 danger which he now finds himself in, *Parolles* declares, he would gladly
 put his own noisive tongue into a butter-woman’s mouth, & buy the more quiet
 one of *Bajazet* in his *mew*.

By the way, in most mercat towns, as also in some country villages where
 fairs are kept, we see an odd sort of a jail, called the *cage*; where they im-
 prison pickpockets, rioters, & the like. Which sort of jail, I fancy, took
 its rise from that of *Bajazet*. *Lewis XI.* of *France*, a cruel prince, was
 very fond of cages & fillets for his enemies, & made divers sorts of them ¹⁰.

‘ These fillettes or cages were so called probably by a corruption of the word
 ‘ *feuellettes*, on account of their figure, commonly round, much like a half
 ‘ *muid* or hogshed, which is indifferently called *Feillette* & *Fillette* at *Paris*.

‘ The cage in which they locked up the cats which they used to burn at
 ‘ *Paris* on *S. John’s* eve (as they still do at *Metz*) is called *Muid* by *Lewis*
 ‘ *d’Orleans* in his *Banquet du Comte d’Arete* ¹¹. *Lewis XII.* also (tho’
 ‘ reckoned a mild prince) shut up the Duke of *Milan* in an iron cage,
 ‘ where he had not even the comfort of reading & writing ¹².’

XIV.

Malvolio. My masters are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit,
 manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do ye
 make an alehouse of my lady’s house, that you squeak out your Coziers Catches
 without any mitigation or remorse of voice? is there no respect of place, per-
 sons, nor time in you?

Twelfth Night. Vol. II. p. 483.

I cannot meet with any such word as *Cozier*. There is a *French* word
Cossi, to warble as a swallow doth. But here, as I take it, our author makes
Malvolio compare the ranting, roaring, & drinking of *Sir Toby Belch*, *Sir*
Andrew Aguecheek, & *Fabian*, to the *Cosherings* of the wild *Irish*: the
 manner whereof is this.

¹⁰. *Crit. Dict.* Vol. VII. p. 35. b.

¹¹. *id.* p. 36. a.

¹². *id.* p. 46. a.

‘ A good

A good company of men & women being drawn together a feasting, between the meales their *rythmers* & *harpers* entertain them with songs, chiefly in commendation of theft, murder, rebellion, treason, invented of purpose to stir up their hearts to imitate their ancestors; making repetition how many cows they had stolen, how many murders they have committed, & the like. Their manner of sitting at these feasts is this. Stools or tables they have none; but, a good bundle of straw being strewed about the floure, they set themselves down; & then another burden of straw is shaked over their legs, which serves to set their dishes on. In summer, instead of straw, they have green rushes. And this is both table & table-cloth. Victuals they shall have plenty; beef, mutton, pork, hens, rabbits, all served up in a great wooden platter; & *Aqua Vitae* they must have good store, or else it is no feast ^{13.}

XV.

When at Bohemia

You take my Lord, I'll give him my commission

To let him there a month behind the gest

Prefix'd for's parting.

The Winter's Tale. Vol. III. p. 68.

Polixenes, K. of *Bohemia*, making a visit to *Leontes* K. of *Sicily*, after some stay, is for returning; but *Leontes* & *Hermione* his queen would persuade him to tarry yet a little longer. For this reason *Hermione* saith as above.

Mr. Theobald.

'I have not ventured to alter the text, tho', I freely own, I can neither trace, nor understand, the phrase, [i. e. as to the word, *gest*.]'

F. P.

The word *gest* is derived from the *French* 'giste, a bed, a couch, a lodging, a place to lie on, or to rest in. So *giste d'un lievre*: the forme of an hare.' (*Cotgrave*.) And, to come to the point, 'Droit de giste, is a power to lie at the house of a tenant, vassal, or subject, in passing along by it; due to the king only, not to the queen. (Tho' sometimes dukes & earls have had it at abbies & monasteries within their territories.) Now the bishops & abbats by a yearly allowance in money have got themselves dispensed withall from this service.' (*id.* sub verbo *Droit*.) So here in *England* formerly, whenever the king went a progress, his *gests* (or the several

^{13.} A new *Irish* Prognostication or Popish, the *Irish*. Lond. 1624. 4°. p. 39. Calendar; describing the disposition, &c. of

places where he was to be received & lodged in that journey) were first settled.

The *gests* then is a writing containing the names of the houses or towns where it is intended the king shall lie or rest every night in his journey.

Thus K. Edward VI. in his *Journal of his own reign*, '8. June. 1549. 'The *Gests* of my progress were set forth, which were these. From *Greenwich*, to *Westminster*. From *Westminster*, to *Hampton-Court*. From *Hampton-Court*, to *Windsor*. From *Windsor*, to *Guilford*. From *Guilford*, to *Oatland*. From *Oatland*, to *Richmond*; &c. '14.'

Thus again, in a MS. account of the reception & entertainment of K. James I. at Oxford in August 1605. which MS. I have now (13. Aug. 1736.) before me — 'First of all, the *Gests* of his Majestie's progress were thus given out. Saturday 13. July, to *Havering* (the king's howse) nights four. Wednesday the 17th. to *Loughton* (Sir Robert Wrotte's) nights three. Saturday the 20th. to *Theobald's* (the earl of Sarisbury's) nights three. Tuesday the 23d. to *Hatfield* (the king's howse) nights three. Friday the 26. to — & at — (Sir John Rotheram's) neare *Luton*, nights one. Saturday the 27th to *Amptbill* (the king's howse) nights five. Thursday, the 1. August, to *Bletso* (the Lord St. John's) nights two. Saturday the 3d. to *Drayton* (the Lord Mordant's) nights three. Tuesday, to *Apethorpe* (Sir Anthonie Mildmay's) nights three. Friday the 9th. to *Rockingham* (Sir Edward Watson's) nights three. Monday the 12th. to *Harrodon* (the Lord Vaux's) nights one. Tuesday 13th. to *Asbby* (the Lord Compton's) nights three. Friday the 16th. to *Grafton* (Lord Comberland's) nights four. Tuesday the 20th. to *Hanwell* (Sir Anthony Cope's) nights one. Wednesday the 21. to *Woodstock* (the king's howse.) Tuesday the 27th. to *Oxford*, nights three.'

Neither indeed could any prince (if we consider what a train of attendants & guards such great persons usually travel with, & consequently what a large quantity of provisions must necessarily be laid in before hand) without thus previously ascertaining the several stages of his progress, & the time of his stay at each place, be otherwise conveniently lodged & provided for.

Likewise in the old MS. Gild Book of SS. Peter & Paul's Parish in Cambridge, now also (13. Aug. 1736.) before me, at the conclusion of statute the fourth, it is said, — 'Also the alderman schall have, at every general day, to his drynk & for his gestys, one galone of ale, &c.' — All which may serve to shew, that the above passage in *Shakespeare* stands right in the text, & needs no farther comment to point out the sense of it.

XVI.

Autolicus. — *My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linnen.*

The Winter's Tale. Vol. III. p. 116.

Autolicus here gives us to understand that he is a thief of the first class. This he explains by an allusion to an odd vulgar notion. The common people; many of them, think, that, if any one can find a kite's nest, when she hath young, before they are fledged, & sew up their back doors, so as they cannot mute; the mother kite, in compassion to their distress, will steal *lesser linnen*, as caps, cravats, ruffles, or any other such small matters as she can best fly with, from off the hedges where they are hanged to dry after washing, & carry them to her nest, & there leave them, if possible, to move the pity of the first comer, to cut the thred & ease them of their misery. — Hence the proverb, *When the kite builds, look to lesser linnen*. But, saith *Autolicus*, I fly at higher game, or larger linnen; *my traffick is sheets*.

XVII.

Servant. — *You would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, & the work about the square on't.*

The Winter's Tale. Vol. III. p. 126.

The servant is here describing *Autolicus*, a thief, a pedlar & a ballad-finger, as a rare fellow at putting off his wares. But what, in the name of modesty, is the *sleeve-hand* of a smock? Every shirt or shift, it is well known, hath two sleeves for the two hands & arms to go thro'. But this gives no sense to the passage. *Sleeve-hand* then, I make no doubt, is a mistake of the transcriber or printer for *Silesia* or *sleasie holland*. — 'Sleasie holland, as Mr. Blount observes, common people take to be all holland cloth which is sleight, or ill-wrought. Whereas, saith he, that only is properly *Slesia* or *Silesia* linnen, which is made in, & comes from, *Silesia* in Germany.' — This easie emendation makes sense & humor of the passage, & the meaning is, 'You would think he imagines every thing which wears a shift (tho' the shift be never so thred-bare, & the wearer never so great a dowdy) to be a perfect angel.' — But the servant mistakes *Autolicus* & his design. He takes him for a most passionate admirer of women; whereas he only wants to put off the ordinary shifts he hath stolen, or to sell them some other good bargain, or, if he can, to pick their pockets.

XVIII.

Gaunt. — *This dear, dear land
Dear for her reputation through the world,*

H h

Is

Is now leas'd out (I dye, pronouncing it)

Like to a tenement or pelting farm.

K. Richard II. Vol. III. p. 276.

Instead of *pelting* farm, I, at first, thought our author had wrote *spelting*. To *spelt* the corn (as an old author tells us) is the same as *tundere, eglumare*, to beat or thrash it out of the husk ¹⁵. And how proper an epithet that is to a farm, where such work is done almost every day, is plain enough. Yet, I since believe, the text is not corrupt. For our author, I see, often uses the word *pelting* in the same sense as we do the word *paltry*; which answers very well to his meaning, both here & elsewhere.

Thus,

Queen. — *The winds, piping to us in vain,*

As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea

Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,

Have ev'ry pelting river made so proud,

That they have over-born their continents.

Midsummer Night's Dream. Vol. I. p. 91.

Again.

Isabella. — *Could great men thunder*

As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,

For ev'ry pelting, petty, officer

Would use his heav'n for thunder.

Measure for Measure. Vol. I. p. 338.

Again.

Edgar. *The country gives me proof & president*

Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,

Strike in their numb'd & mortify'd bare arms

Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;

And, with this horrible object, from low farms

And pelting villages, sheep-coats & mills,

Sometimes with lunatick bans, sometimes with pray'rs,

Inforce their charity. —

K. Lear. Vol. V. p. 143.

Again.

Hector to Ajax. *I pray you let us see you in the field:*

We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd

The Grecian cause!

Troilus & Cressida. Vol. VII. p. 96.

¹⁵. Peter Levins, Manipulus vocabulorum. Signature E. iij. a.

XIX. K. Richard.

XIX.

K. Richard. — *Now for our Irish wars.*
We must supplant those rough, rug-beaded kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, have privilege to live.

K. Richard II. Vol. III. p. 279.

Shakespeare here alludes to the famous popish tradition, that *Ireland* was purg'd of all *venomous* creatures by the prayers of *S. Patrick*; altho' *Alan Cope* proveth, by the testimonies of several writers, that *Ireland* was clear of all such creatures, many hundred years before *S. Patrick* was born.

The kingdom of *Ireland* may be divided into certain *septs* or degrees of people. As, I. the *nobility*. II. *gentry*. III. *horsemen*, or horse soldiers. IV. *galloglas*: commonly armed with a scul, a shirt of mail, & a galloglas axe. V. *kerne*: the very dross & scum of the country, who live by robbing & spoiling. VI. *horse-boys* (young & old, so called) who look after horses, to keep & dress them. VII. *bardes*. VIII. *harpers*. And IX. *karrowes*: gamesters (chiefly at cards) who will play away their very cloaths¹⁶.

The words *kern* & *galloglas* occur very often in our author. As,

Card. Beaufort. *My lord of York, try what your fortune is;*
Th' uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.

II. Part Henry VI. Vol. IV. p. 246.

Again.

York. *In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade*
Oppose himself against a troop of Kerns. —

Full often like a shag-bair'd kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy.

ib. p. 248.

Again.

Messenger to Henry VI. *Please it your grace,*

The duke of York is newly come from Ireland;

And, with a puissant & mighty pow'r

Of gallow-glasses & stout kernes,

Is marching bitherward in proud array.

ib. p. 283.

¹⁶. A new Irish Prognostication, &c. p. 43. 36.

Again.

XIX

Captain. ——— *The merciless Macdonel*
(Worthy to be a rebel for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of kernes & gallowglasses was supply'd.

Macbeth. Vol. V. p. 388.

Capt. Mark, king of Scotland, mark;
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbisht arms & new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

ib. p. 389.

Again.

Macduff. *I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms*
Are hir'd to bear their staves; Or thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheath again undeeded. ———

ib. p. 468.

XX.

K. Richard. *But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,*
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers sons
Shall ill become the floor of England's face.

K. Richard II. Vol. III. p. 305.

Mr. Theobald.

'Tho' I have not disturb'd the text here, I cannot but think it liable to
 'suspicion. A crown living in peace, as Mr. Warburton justly observ'd to
 'me, is a very odd phrase. He supposes;
But ere the crown he looks for light in peace,
 'i. e. descend & settle upon Bolingbroke's head in peace.'

F. P.

Yet here I should rather chuse to read,
But ere the crown he looks for give him peace.
 Which is a more easie emendation, & the poet's meaning, as I take it is,
 that Bolingbroke would never rest or be satisfied till he had it.

XXI.

K. Richard. *I wasted time, & now doth time waste me.*

For

For now bath time made me his numb'ring clock:

My thoughts are minutes, & with figs they jarr

Their watches, to mine eyes, the outward watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,

Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

Now, Sir, the sounds, that tell what hour it is,

Are clam'rous groans, that strike upon my heart,

Which is the bell; so figs, & tears, & groans,

Shew minutes, hours, & times. — O, but my time

Runs posting on, in Bolingbroke's proud joy,

While I stand fooling, his Jack o' th' clock.

K. Richard. II. Vol. III. p. 336.

In former times they often made clocks with a man's face instead of a dial plate, with the figures of the hours set round it. And, what made this face the more natural was, that the eyes were contrived to move, & as it were, roll, by the vibration of the pendulum. And, where they had such clocks, it was usual, when children came into the room, to point at the face, & bid them listen (tick-tack) & hear what *Jack of-the-clock* said. — K. Richard therefore reflecting on his own misfortunes, in this beautiful passage, considers himself as fallen from his royal estate, & now become as contemptible a thing as a mere *Jack of-the-clock*, or any other poor machine, invented to amuse children with.

XXII.

K. Henry. *I did keep my person fresh & new,*

My presence like a robe pontifical,

Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at. —

K. Henry IV. Vol. III. p. 400.

K. Henry IV. here upbraids his son prince Henry for keeping ill company, & making himself too cheap. He alludes to the gorgeous vestment of the Jewish High-Priest, which was so vastly rich, that it was kept in a particular tower under a guard of Roman soldiers, & never brought out to be worn but once a year, when the High-Priest appeared in it, & every one thought himself happy if he could but get a sight of him. Afterwards this vestment was carried back, & locked & sealed up with the seals of the High-Priest & the Roman governor for the time being, & so remained under a guard, as before, till that time twelve-months ¹⁷.

¹⁷. Josephus. Lib. III. cap. viii.

XXIII. The

XXIII.

*The skipping king, be ambled up & down
With shallow jesters, & rash bavin wits.*

I. Part K. Henry IV. Vol. III. p. 400.

Here K. Henry IV. calls K. Richard II. a *skipping king*, & his companions *rash bavin wits*. But what is a *bavin wit*? I answer, a *baven*, or *bavin*, is a fagot. (See *Minsheu*.) Our author's meaning then is, that such companions as K. Richard II. chose (tho' that king thought he chose them for their wit) are as common as sticks in a fagot; nay, & their wit itself (tho' a little flashy) as soon exhausted, as such sticks, we may suppose, are quickly consumed. This appears by his next words,

Soon kindled, & soon burnt.

XXIV.

Falstaff. *You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young. You measure the beat of our livers, with the bitterness of your galls.* —

Chief Justice. *Do you set down your name in the scrawl of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? & every part about you blasted with antiquity? & will you yet call your self young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John.*

II. Part K. Henry IV. Vol. III. p. 453.

This speech of the *Lord Chief Justice* is a fine humorous description of approaching old age. Take here a *Chinese* comment on the text, a little more serious, but full as beautiful.

' After the fiftieth year man is in his decline; the blood begins to run
' weak, the spirits fail, & old age is not far off. Tho' one should pro-
' mise one's self to live an hundred years, is that so long a term; & shall
' not one be soon at the end of that race? But are there so many who
' live to an hundred years? Our life is so short that we ought to avoid
' every excess which may make it yet shorter. Do we not perceive that
' our end draws nigh, when in reading our eyes are subject to dazlings?
' when the feet stagger with walking? when, after meals, the nourish-
' ment loads the stomach? when, after having spoke some time together,
' we find ourselves out of breath? Does not all this teach us, that we
' are not young? & that we must bid adieu to pleasures which will quick-
' ly consume the weak remains of health, which it is of so great moment

to

to husband for the preservation of life? — More oil may be added to the lamp, according as the flame wastes it; but, if the radical moisture of the body be once lost, have we any means to repair that loss¹⁸?

XXV.

P. Henry. *Why doth the crown lye there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?*

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, & half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound,

Snores out the watch of night.

II. Part Henry IV. Vol. III. p. 517.

A *biggen* here signifies a night-cap, from the *French* *beguin*; a *biggin*, or coif for a child. The *Beguin* Nuns take their name from their great coifs, caps, or mufflers wherewith they cover up their heads & a good part of their faces. — There are also houses in *Lancashire* called *biggins*.

XXVI.

Westmoreland. *They know your Grace hath cause & means & might;*

So hath your highness, never king of England

Had nobles richer. —

K. Henry V. Vol. IV. p. 12.

Mr. Theobald.

‘Thus has this speech hitherto been most stupidly pointed, without any regard to common sense.’ [He then corrects the pointing thus.]

They know your Grace hath cause, & means, & might,

So hath your highness; never king of England

Had nobles richer. —

[Then goes on] ‘As I have regulated it, we see the poet’s drift, & come at an easy & natural reasoning.’

F. P.

Here, in my opinion, it is not so much the pointing as the text which wants to be corrected. These words,

They know your Grace hath cause, & means, & might,

So hath your highness;

¹⁸. *Tchang Seng*, or the art of procuring health & long life: A *Chinese* author in *Pere du Halde's Hist. of China*, Vol. IV. 8vo. p. 57.

are nonsense still, at least to my apprehension. I would therefore rather chuse to read,

They know your Race had cause, &c.

To shew that this is the true meaning, I shall only beg leave to put down the passage a little more at large.

Exeter. *Your brother kings & monarchs of the earth.*

Do all expect that you should rouse your self;

As did the former lions of your blood.

Westm. *They know your Race had cause, & means, & might,*

So bath your highness, &c.

They are exhorting him to fall upon France, & to vindicate his title to that crown, as his predecessor K. Edward III. did.

XXVII.

Pucelle. *Assign'd I am to be the English scourge:*

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise.

Expect Saint Martin's summer, Halcyon days,

Since I have entred thus into these wars.

I. Part Henry VI. Vol. IV. p. 120.

Saint Martin's summer, or Martlemass, is just before the brumal solstice.

The *Halcyon* is a small bird, called by some the king's fisher, & breeding on the sea-shore about the winter solstice; in which time (being about a fortnight) there is no storm. Hence 'tis we call peaceable or quiet times, *Halcyon* or *Halcyonian* days. Two notable properties are observed in the nest of this bird, which she makes with the foam of the sea; The first, that the architecture of it is so strong & durable, that it cannot be broke or cut even with the violent stroke of iron. The second, that it is so proportioned to the bird, as if it were sewed to her body, in such a manner as no creature can therein be received but herself. *Blount*¹⁹.

XXVIII.

Suffolk.—*Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,*

I would invent as bitter searching terms,

As curst, as harsh, & horrible to hear,

Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

With full as many signs of deadly hate,

As lean fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.

II. Part Henry VI. Vol. IV. p. 258.

¹⁹. See more in Note XXXI. below.

Man-

Mandrakes. Mr. Blount calls them *apples of Mandragoras*, or *mandrake apples*. And cites, *the mandrakes give a smell*, Cant. vii. 13. But I take them to be rather the *root*, than *fruit*, of some plant. And Sir Thomas Browne, I think, is of the same opinion.

‘ Many mola’s & false conceptions, saith he, there are of *mandrakes*.
 ‘ The first, from great antiquity, conceiveth the root thereof resembleth
 ‘ the shape of a man; either thro’ its bifurcation or division into two parts
 ‘ (as is often seen in carrots, parsnips, bryony, &c.) or the *counterfeit*
 ‘ *mandrakes*, formed into something like an human shape, made of the
 ‘ roots of cane, bryony, & other plants; which are carried about by im-
 ‘ postors, to deceive unfruitful women. For, in these, yet fresh & virent,
 ‘ they carve out the figures of men & women; first sticking therein the
 ‘ grains of barley or millet, where they intend the hair should grow; then
 ‘ bury them in sand, until the grains shoot forth their roots, which at the
 ‘ longest will happen in twenty days, & afterwards clip & trim them in
 ‘ the fashion of beards & other hairy teguments. All which is easily ef-
 ‘ fected; &, in the root of white bryony, may be practised every spring.

‘ And, as to the notion, that the root of the *mandrake* gives a noise or
 ‘ *shriek* upon eradication; it arises perhaps from a small & stridulous noise,
 ‘ which, being firmly rooted, it maketh upon the divulsion of its parts:
 ‘ A slender foundation for such a conception! For such a noise we some-
 ‘ times observe in other plants, as parsnips, liquorish, *erogium*, flags, &
 ‘ others.

‘ And, as to the danger or hazard of life to them that pull them up,
 ‘ viz. that some evil fate pursues them, & they shall not live very long
 ‘ after; the conceit promoteth it self: There being very few whose ex-
 ‘ periment it need to fear. For prepossessed heads will ever doubt of it;
 ‘ & timorous believers will never dare to try it²⁰.

Our author alludes to the *mandrake*, & its effects, &c. in several other places. As,

Cleopatra. *Charmien*, —

Charmion. *Madam*.

Cleop. *Ha, ha. — Give me to drink Mandragoras.*

Charm. *Why, madam?*

Cleop. *That I might sleep out this great gap of time my Antony is away.*

Antony & Cleopatra, Vol. VI. p. 229.

²⁰. Vulgar Errors, Lib. II. cap. vi.

Again.

Juliet. *How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,*

I wake before the time that Romeo

Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point! —

Alas! alas! is it not like that I,

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

As living mortals, bearing them, run mad! —

Romeo & Juliet, Vol. VII. p. 202.

Again.

Jago. *Look, where he comes! not poppy, nor mandragora,*

Nor all the drowsie syrups of the world,

Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep,

Which thou badst yesterday. —

Othello, Vol. VII. p. 440.

XXIX.

Lord Say. *Long sitting to determine poor mens causes*

Hath made me full of sickness & diseases.

Jack Cade. *Ye shall have a bempen caudle then, & the help of a hatchet.*

Dick the butcher. *Why dost thou quiver, man?*

Say. *The palfie, & not fear provokes me.*

II. Part Henry VI. Vol. IV. p. 279.

This passage reminds me of an odd particular. About 12 or 14 years ago (I write this in 1736.) we had a very sickly winter, & a great many people were cured, or at least fancied themselves cured, of the ague & fever, by a charm given them by a neighbouring country gentleman. I knew the Gentleman, who was a very religious, good, man; but a little superstitious. After the sickness was over I made a shift to procure one of his amulets, which a patient of his had before worn a considerable time about his neck; & upon opening of it, found written therein, with the Gentleman's own hand — 'Pilate said unto Jesus, why shakest thou? And Jesus answered, the ague, & not fear, provoketh me.' — Now this passage shews this charm to have been as old as Shakespeare's time, if not older; for undoubtedly he alluded to it when he wrote as above.

XXX. Buck-

XXX.

Buckingham. *When I came hither I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun.*

K. Henry VIII. Vol. V. p. 30.
Here instead of *Edward Bohun*, it should be *Edward Stafford*. For
there never was any *Edward Bohun* duke of *Buckingham*.

XXXI.

Kent. — *Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Too intricate t' unloose: sooth ev'ry passion
That in the nature of their lords rebels:
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, & turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry gale & vary of their masters;
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.*

K. Lear, Vol. V. p. 140.
The earl of *Kent* is here describing a parasite, & compares him to an
halcyon or kings-fisher, which bird (as the common people imagine) if
hanged up with a string by the bill, will, by its *turning & varying with*
every gale, always shew what quarter the *wind* is in; as, by some occult
& secret quality, ever converting its breast to that point of the horizon
from whence it blows. ' But this (saith Sir *Thomas Browne*) is intro-
' ducing natural weather-cocks, & extending magnetical conditions as far
' as animal natures. A conceit supported chiefly by present practice, yet
' not made out by *reason* or *experience*.

' For, unto *reason* it seemeth very repugnant, that a carcase or body
' disanimated, should be so affected with every wind, as to carry a con-
' formable respect & constant habitude thereto. For, altho' in sundry a-
' nimals we deny not a kind of natural astrologie or innate presension both
' of wind & weather; yet (that proceeding from sense receiving impres-
' sions from the first mutation of the air) they cannot in reason retain that
' apprehension after death, as being affections which depend on life, &
' depart upon disanimation. And therefore, with more favourable reason,
' may we draw the same effect or sympathie upon the hedge-hog, whose
' presension of winds is so exact, that it stoppeth the north or southern
' hole of its nest, according to prenotation of these winds ensuing. Which
' some men unsuspectedly observing, have been able to make predictions
' which way the wind would turne, & have beene esteemed hereby wise

men in point of weather. Now, this proceeding from sense in the creature alive, it were not reasonable to hang up an hedge-hog dead, & to expect a conformable motion unto its living conversion. And, tho' in sundry plants their virtues do live after death, & we know that scammonie, rhubarbe, & senna will purge without any vital assistance; yet, in animals or sensible creatures, many actions are mixt, & depend upon their living forme, as well as that of mission, & though they wholly seeme to pertaine unto the body, depart upon disunion. Thus glowewormes, alive, project a lustre in the darke; which fulgour notwithstanding ceaseth after death. And thus the torpedo, which, being alive, stupifies at a distance, applied after death, produceth no such effect.

As for *experiment* we cannot make it out by any we have attempted. For, if a single kings-fisher be hanged up with untwisted silk in an open roome, & where the aire is free; it observes not a constant respect unto the mouth of the wind; but, variously converting, doth seldom breast it right. If two be suspended in the same roome, they will not regularly conform their breasts; but oft-times respect the opposite points of heaven. And if we conceive, that, for the exact exploration, they should be suspended where the ayre is quiet & unmoved, that, clear of impediments, they may more freely convert upon their natural verticity; we have also made this way of inquisition, in suspending them in large & capacious glasses closely stopped; wherein nevertheless we observed a casual station, & that they rested irregularly upon conversion, wheresoever they rested remaining inconverted, & possessing one point of the compasse, whilst the wind perhaps hath passed the two & thirty.

The ground of this popular practice might be the common opinion concerning the vertue prognosticke of these birds, i. e. the natural regard they have unto the winds, & they unto them againe, more especially remarkable in the time of their nidulation & bringing forth their young. For at that time, which happeneth about the brumal solstice, it hath been observed, even unto a proverb, that the sea is calme & the winds do cease, till the young ones are excluded & forsake their nest, which floateth upon the sea, & by the roughness of winds might otherwise be overwhelmed. But how far hereby to magnifie their prediction, we have no certaine rule. For, whether out of any particular prenotion they chuse to sit at this time; or, whether it be thus con-

trived by concurrence of causes & the providence of nature, securing every species in their production: is not yet determin'd.

XXXII.

Edgar. — *What are you, Sir?*

Gloucester. *Away, & let me die.*

Edgar. *Hadst thou been ought but Goss'mer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,*

Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg. —

K. Lear. Vol. V. p. 191, 192.

Edgar faith thus to blind old Gloucester on his having jumped (as he imagined) down from Dover cliff to the shore under it.

Gossymear or Gossomor (Saxon) is that white & cobweb-like exhalation, which flies in the air in hot sunny weather, called in Latin *Fila virginis*. Blount.

Our author describes this *fila virginis*, very beautifully, in another place.

Friar. *Here comes the lady. [Enter Juliet.] O so light a foot*

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;

A lover may bestride the goffamour,

That idles in the wanton summer air,

And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Romeo & Juliet, Vol. VII. p. 170, 171.

XXXIII.

Lady Macbeth, to her husband. — *Art thou afraid*

To be the same in thine own act & valour,

As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that,

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,

And live a coward in thine own esteem?

Letting I dare not wait upon I would,

Like the poor Cat, i'th' adage.

Macbeth, Vol. V. p. 406.

Lady Macbeth is here reproaching her husband for his cowardice & want of resolution to kill Duncan, tho' he now hath him in his clutches & longs for his crown. The allusion is to the French proverb, *Le chat aime le poisson, mais il n' aime pas a meuller le patte*. The cat would have fish, but dare not wet her feet.

21. Id. Lib. III. cap. x.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

Volumnia, to Coriolanus. *Lesser had been*
 The Things that thwart your dispositions, if
 You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd,
 Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Coriolanus, Vol. VI. p. 69.

I have no other edition of *Shakespeare*, than that of Mr. *Theobald*. This (as it seems by a note of Mr. *Theobald*) is the reading of some former edition. Mr. *Theobald* fancies it should be read thus,

Lesser had been

The thwartings of your dispositions, if, &c.
 And enters it so in the text. Yet I should chuse the above reading. The true meaning of the passage, as I take it, is this. *Volumnia* here rebukes her son, for his haughtiness in not enough courting & giving way to the people, 'till he was confirmed Consul. In reality she disdains the mob as much as he, & in contempt, calls them, THE THINGS that thwart her son's dispositions. In her so doing, she speaks much in the stile of her son himself, who (p. 60.) calls *Sicinius Velutus* (one of the Tribunes of the people) 'the Triton of the minnows.' — The relative *them*, in the third line, I think, refers to *the things*, or people so called; & confirms this to be the true reading.

XXXV.

Proculeius. — Hold, worthy lady, hold
 Do not your self such wrong, who are in this
 Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Antony & Cleopatra, Vol. VI. p. 322.

Here *Cleopatra* is just going to stab herself, but *Proculeius* rushes in, disarms her, & says as above. Where, instead of *betray'd*, I think, we should read *bereav'd*. This reading, I am sure, agrees better with *Cleopatra's* words, next following, viz,

Cleop. What of death too, which rids our dogs of anguish?

For here *betray'd of death* is a forced expression, but *bereav'd* is very natural. Besides in her present condition she finds herself already *bereav'd* of her crown, & therefore thinks it the harder to be *bereav'd of death*, or the liberty to kill herself.

C H A P.

CHAP. XXVII.
A new Catalogue of the several Editions of Shakespeare's Writings (whether single Plays or Poems printed separately, or Copies of his whole Works printed collectively) ranged in an order of Time, according to the several Impressions; with Remarks.

THE first part of the troublesome reign of John King of England, with the discovery of Richard Coeurdelion's base Son, vulgarly called the Bastard Fauconbridge. As it was sundry times acted by the Queen's Majestie's Players in the honourable City of London. Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, sold at his shop the backside of the Royal Exchange, 1591. 4to.

The second part of the troublesome reign of John King of England, conteyning the Death of Arthur Plantagenet, the Landing of Lewis, & the poysoning of K. John at Swinstead Abbey. As it was, &c. Imprinted, &c. 1591. 4to.

These plays are not divided into Acts, neither are they the same with that in the Folio Editions, &c. bearing the Title of the Life & Death of K. John. I am apt to conjecture that these two were first wrote by our author, & afterwards revised & reduced into one play by him: that in the Folio Editions, & others since, being far the better Pieces¹.

Tho' these plays have, in the later Editions, the Title of *The Life & Death of K. John*; yet the Action of them begins at the 34. year of his life, & takes in only some Transactions of his Reign to the Time of his Demise, being an Interval of about 17. years².

For the Plot, see *Holingshead & Stow*.

In the *Dramatis Personae*, for — *Fauconbridge*, Bastard Son to Richard I. — read — *Philip Faulconbridge* (afterwards called *Richard Plantagenet*) Bastard Son to Richard I.

Titus Andronicus, his lamentable Tragedy; acted by the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, & Essex, their Servants, & first printed at London, 1594. 4to.³

This is one of those Plays which was not intirely written by *Shakespeare*, but only touched up by him⁴.

In the *Dramatis Personae*, the Sons of *Titus Andronicus* ought to be thus ranged, according to order of Birthright; *Marcus*, *Mutius*, *Quintus*, *Lucius*. And the Sons of *Tamora*, thus. *Alarbus*, *Demetrius*, *Chiron*. And there should be added, *Caius & Valentine*, Servants to *Titus*.

1. *Langbaine*. p. 467.

2. *Mr. Theobald*. Vol. III. p. 167.

3. *Langbaine*. p. 465.

4. *Mr. Theobald*. Vol. V. p. 307.

An excellent conceited Tragedy of *Romeo & Juliet*, as it hath been often with great Applause played publickly by the right honourable the Lord of *Hunsdon* his Servants. London, printed by *John Danter*, 1597. 4to.

This Play is accounted amongst the best of our author's Works 5.

The Fable of it is built on a real Tragedy, that happen'd about the beginning of the fourteenth Century. The Story with all its Circumstances is given us by *Bandello*, in one of his Novels; as also by *Girolame da Corte* in his History of *Verona*. The young Lover, as this Historian tells us, was called *Romeo Montecchi*; & the Lady, *Julietta Capello*. Captain *Brewal* in his Travels tells us, that, when he was at *Verona*, he was shewn an old building (converted into an House for Orphans) in which the Tomb of these unhappy Lovers had formerly been broken up, & that he was informed by his guide in all the particulars of their story 6.

The tragedy of K. *Richard III.* Containing his treacherous Plots against his Brother *Clarence*; the pittiefull Murther of his innocent Nephews; his tyrannical Usurpation: with the whole course of his most detested life, & most deserved death. As it hath beene lately acted by the right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, at London. Printed by *Valentine Sims*, for *Andrew Wise*, dwelling in *Paul's Churchyard*, at the Signe of the Angell, 1597. 4to.

This Tragedy (tho' called afterwards, *The Life & Death of K. Richard III.*) comprizes, at most, but the last eight years of his Time. For it opens with *George Duke of Clarence* being clapp'd up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of 1477. & closes with the death of *Richard* at *Bosworth Field*, 22. Aug. 1485. 7.

For the Plot, see *Holingshead & Stow*.

The Tragedy of K. *Richard III.* (as above.) By *W. Shakespeare*. Printed by *Tho. Creed*, for *Andrew Wise*, 1598. 4to.

The Tragedie of K. *Richard II.* as it hath been publickly acted by the right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. By *William Shakespeare*. London, Printed by *Valentine Simmes* for *Andrew Wise*, & are to be sold at his Shop in *Paule's Churchyard*, at the Signe of the Angel, 1598. 4to.

This Tragedy (tho' called afterwards *The life & death of K. Richard II.*) comprizes little more than the two last years of this unfortunate prince. For the Action begins with *Bolingbroke's* appealing the Duke of *Norfolk* on an accusation of high treason in 1398. & closes with the murder of K.

5. *Langbaine*. p. 462.

6. *Mr. Theobald*. Vol. VII. p. 124.

7. *id.* Vol. IV. p. 399.

Richard at Pontefract Castle, towards the end of the year 1400. or the beginning of 1401. 8.

For the Plot, see *Holingshead & Stow*.

In the *Dramatis Personae*, read — *Marshal, Herald, &c.*

The most excellent & lamentable Tragedie of *Romeo & Juliet*; newly corrected, augmented, & amended: as it hath been sundry times publickly acted by the right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine's Servants. Printed by *Tho. Crede*, for *Cuthbert Burnby*, 1599. 4to.

The History of K. *Henry IV.* [The first Part.] with the battell at *Shrewsburie* betweene the King & Lord *Henry Percy*, surnamed *Henry Hotspur* of the North. With the humorous Conceits of Sir *John Falstaffe*. Newly corrected by *W. Shakespeare*. At London, printed by S. S. for *Andrew Wise*, dwelling in *Paule's Churchyard* at the Signe of the Angell, 1599. 4to.

The Transactions contained in this historical Drama are comprized within the Period of about ten months. For the action commences with the news of *Hotspur's* having defeated the *Scots* at *Halidown-Hill* 14. Sept. 1402. & closes with the death of *Hotspur*, at *Shrewsbury*, 21. July, 1403. 9.

For the Plot, see *Holingshead & Stow*.

The Comical Part is our author's own Invention. The Character of *Falstaffe* is owned, by *Dryden*, to be a Masterpiece. And the author himself had so good an opinion of it, that he continued it in no less than four plays 10.

The second Part of K. *Henry IV.* With the Humors of Sir *John Falstaffe* & swaggering *Pistoll*; as it hath been sundry times publickly acted by the right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare*. London, printed by V. S. for *Andrew Wise & William Aspley*. 1600. 4to.

The Transactions comprized in this History take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of *Hotspur's* being defeated & killed; & closes with the death of K. *Henry IV.* & the Coronation of K. *Henry V.* 11.

For the Plot, see *Holingshead & Stow*.

In the *Dramatis Personae*, for *Shallow, Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble,*

8. *id.* Vol. III. p. 255.

9. *id.* Vol. III. p. 343.

10. *Langbaine*. p. 456.

11. *Mr. Theobald*. Vol. III. p. 441.

Bulcalf; read *Robert Shallow*, *Ralph Mouldy*, *Simon Shadow*, *Thomas Wart*, *Francis Feeble*, *Peter Bulcalf*.

The whole Contention between the two famous Houses, *Lancaster & York*: [Called afterwards, The Second, & Third Parts of *K. Henry VI.*] With the Tragical Ends of the good Duke *Humphrey*, *Richard Duke of York*, & *K. Henry the Sixth*. Acted by the Earl of *Pembroke's* Servants at *London*. Printed by *W. W.* for *The. Millington*, 1600. 4to.

' The second Part comprizes the History & Transactions of ten years. For it opens with the marriage of *K. Henry* (23. *Hen. VI.*) & closes with the first Battle of *S. Albans* (33. *Hen. VI.*) ¹².

' The third Part takes in the space of full 16. years ¹³.

For the Plots, see *Holingshead & Stow*.

A *Midsummer Night's Dream*: as it hath been sundry times publickly acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare*. Imprinted at *London* for *Thomas Fisher*, & are to be sold at his shoppe at the signe of the White Hart in *Fleetstreet*, 1600. 4to.

The same. Printed by *James Roberts*, 1600. 4to.

Much Adoe about Nothing: as it hath been fundrie times publickly acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare*. *London*: Printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wise* & *William Aspley*. 1600. 4to.

' The Contrivance of *Borachio* in behalf of *John* the Bastard to make *Claudio* jealous of *Hero*, by the assistance of *Margaret* her waiting-woman, is borrowed from *Ariosto's Orlando Furioso* ¹⁴.

The most excellent Historie of the Merchant of *Venice*. With the extreme crueltie of *Shylocke* the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his Flesh; & the obtaining of *Portia*, by the choice of three Chests or Caskets. As it hath been divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlayne his Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare*. At *London*, Printed by *J. R.* for *Thomas Keyes*, & are to be sold in *Paule's Church-yard* at the Signe of the Greene Dragon. 1600. 4to.

The same. Printed by *J. Roberts*. 1600. 4to.

The Tragedy of *K. Richard III.* newly augmented. By *William Shakespeare*. *London*, Printed by *Thomas Creede*, &c. 1602. 4to.

A most pleasant & excellent conceited Comedie of *Syr John Falstaffe*, & the merry Wives of *Windsor*; entermixed with fundrie variable & pleasing

¹². *id.* Vol. IV. p. 201.

¹³. *id.* Vol. IV. p. 300.

¹⁴. *Langbaine*. p. 460.

humours of Syr *Hugh the Welch Parson*, Justice *Shallow*, & his wife Cousin Master *Slender*. With the swaggering Vaine of Auncient *Pistoll* & Corporall Nym. By *William Shakespeare*. As it hath bene divers Times acted by the right honourable my Lord Chamberlaine's Servants, both before her Majestie & elsewhere. London, Printed by T. C. for *Arthur Johnson*, & are to be sold at his Shop in *Powle's Churchyard*, at the Signe of the Flower de Leuse & the Crowne. 1602. 4to.

Queen *Elizabeth* was so well pleased with the admirable Character of *Falstaffe* in the I. & II. Parts of *K. Henry IV.* that, she commanded *Shakespeare* to continue it for one Play more, & to shew him in Love ¹⁵.

Mrs. *Ford's* conveying Sir *John Falstaffe* out of the house in a basket of foul Cloaths, & his declaring all the Intriegue to her Husband under the Name of Mr. *Browne*, is related in the first Novel of *The Fortunate Deceived* & the *Unfortunate Lovers*; which Book, tho' written since *Shakespeare's* Time, contains severall Novels translated from *Cynthio Giraldi & Malleppini*; & I believe the whole is a Collection from old Novelists ¹⁶.

In the *Dramatis Personae*, read, Mr. *George Page*, Mr. *Francis Ford*, *John Rugby* Servant to Dr. *Caius*, Mrs. *Margaret Page*, Wife to Mr. *Page*, &c. — *Venus & Adonis*: a Poem. London, 1602. 8vo.

The Tragical Historie of *Hamlet*, Prince of *Denmark*. By *William Shakespeare*. Newly imprinted & enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true & perfect Coppie. At London: Printed by J. R. for N. L. & are to be sold at his Shoppe under S. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleetstreet*, 1605. 4to.

For the Plot, see *Saxo Grammaticus* ¹⁷.

The Chronical History of *K. Henry V.* with his battle fought at *Agin-Court* in *France*: Together with Antient *Pistoll*. As it hath been sundry times played by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Printed for T. P. 1608. 4to.

The Transactions comprized in this Historical Play, commence about the latter End of the first, & terminate in the 8th year of this King's Reign; when he married *Catherine* Princess of *France*, & closed up the Differences betwixt *England* & that Crown ¹⁸.

For the Plot see *Holingshead & Stow*.

This Play was writ when the Earl of *Essex* was General in *Ireland*, as you may see in the beginning of the first Act: [he should say, fifth Act; or,

15. Mr. *Rowe*.

16. *Langbaine*. p. 459. 460.

17. Mr. *Theobald*.

18. *id.*

if we follow Mr. *Theobald's* Edition, the latter End of the *fourth* Act, p. 91.] where our Poet by a pretty Turn compliments *Essex*, & seems to foretell victory to her Majestie's Forces against the Rebels ¹⁹.

Before the Play, read *The Prologue*, or *The Chorus*.

Mr. *William Shakespeare*, his true Chronicle History of the Life & Death of K. *Lear* & his Three Daughters. With the unfortunate Life of *Edgar*, Sonne & Heire to the Earle of *Gloucester*, & his fullen & assumed humour of *Tom of Bedlam*. As it was plaid before the King's Majestie at *Whitehall*, upon S. *Stephen's* Night in *Christmas's* Hollidaies, by his Majestie's Servants, playing usually at the Globe on the Bancke-side. Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*, 1608. 4to.

For the Plot see *Holingshead* & *Stow*.

The most lamentable Tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*. As it hath fundry Times beene plaide by the King's Majestie's Servants. London, Printed for *Edward White*, & are to be solde at his shoppe, neare the little north dore of *Paul's*, at the signe of the Gun, 1611. 4to.

The first & second Part of the troublesome Reigne of *John* King of *England*. With the discoverie of K. *Richard Cordelion's* base Sonne (vulgarly named, the Bastard *Fawconbridge*;) also the death of K. *John* at *Swinhead* Abby. As they were (fundry times) lately acted by the Queene's Majestie's Players. Written by *W. Sh.* Imprinted at London, by *Valentine Simmes* for *John Holme*, & are to be sold at his Shop in S. *Dunston's* Churchyard in *Fleetstreet*. 1611. 4to.

The Tragedy of *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmarke*. By *William Shakespeare*. Newly imprinted & enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true & perfect Copy. At London: Printed for *John Smethwicke*, & are to be solde at his Shoppe in S. *Dunston's* Churchyearde in *Fleetstreet*, under the Diall. 1611. 4to.

N. B. *Shakespeare* died 1616.

A most pleasant & excellent conceited Comedy of Sir *John Falstaffe* & the merry Wives of *Windfor*. With the swaggering Vaine of Auncient *Pistoll* & Corporall *Nym*. Written by *W. Shakespeare*. Printed for *Arthur Johnstone*, 1619. 4to.

The Tragedy of *Othello*, the Moore of *Venice*. As it hath beene divers Times acted at the Globe & at the Black Friars, by his Majestie's Servants. London, Printed by N. O. for *Thomas Walkeley*, & are to be sold at his Shop at the Eagle & Child in *Brittan's-Burse*. 1622. 4to.

¹⁹. *Langbaine*. p. 456. 457.

- For the Plot see the Novels of *Cynthio Giraldi*, Decad. 3. Nov. 10. 20.
 The first & second Part of the troublesome Raigne of *John King of England*:
 As they were (fundry times) lately acted. Written by *W. Shakespeare*.
 London, Printed by *Aug. Mathewes* for *Thomas Dewe*, & are to be sold
 at his Shop in *S. Dunstone's Churchyard* in *Fleetstreet*, 1622. 4to.
 The History of *K. Henry IV.* London, Printed by *T. P.* & are to be sold by
Mathew Lawe, dwelling in *Paul's Churchyard*, at the Signe of the Foxe
 neere *S. Austin's Gate*, 1622. 4to.
 Mr. *William Shakespeare's* Comedies, Histories & Tragedies. Published
 according to the true Original Copies. London, Printed by *Isaac Jaggard*
 & *Ed. Blount*. 1623. Fol.
 The Tragedie of *K. Richard III.* Contayning his treacherous plots against
 his Brother *Clarence*; the pittifull murder of his innocent Nephewes;
 his tyrannical Usurpation; with the whole course of his detested Life &
 most deserved death; as it hath been lately acted by the King's Majestie's
 Servants. Newly augmented. By *William Shakespeare*. London. Printed
 by *Thomas Purfoot* & are to be sold by *Matthew Law*, dwelling in *Paul's*
Churchyard at the Signe of the Foxe, near *S. Austin's Gate*, 1624. 4to.
 The Tragedie of *K. Richard III.* Printed by *John Norton*, & are to be sold
 by *Mathew Law*, &c. 1629. 4to.
 The merry Wives of *Windfor*. With the Humours of *Sir John Falstaffe*;
 as also the swaggering Vaine of Ancient *Pistoll* & Corporall *Nym*. Written
 by *William Shakespeare*; newly corrected. London: Printed by *T. H.* for
R. Meighen, & are to be sold at his Shop, next to the *Middle Temple*
Gate, & in *S. Dunstan's Churchyard* in *Fleetstreet*, 1630. 4to.
 The Tragedy of *Othello*, the Moore of *Venice*. As it hath beene diverse
 times acted at the Globe & at the Black Friers, by his Majestie's Servants.
 Written by *William Shakespeare*. London, printed by *A. M.* for *Richard*
Hawkins, & are to be sold at his Shoppe in *Chancery Lane*, neere *Ser-*
jeant's Inne, 1630. 4to.
 Love's Labour's lost. A wittie & pleasant Comedie; as it was acted by his
 Majestie's Servants at the Black Friers & the Globe. Written by *William*
Shakespeare. London: Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smetbwicke*, & are to
 be sold at his Shop in *S. Dunstone's Churchyard* under the Diall, 1631.
 4to.
 In the *Dramatis Personae*, read, *Sir Nathaniel*, a Curate, &c.

A witty & pleasant Comedy called, *The Taming of the Shrew*. As it was acted by his Majestie's Servants at the Black Friars & the Globe. Written by *Will. Shakespeare*. London: Printed for *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke*, & are to be sold at his Shop in *S. Dunstone's Churchyard* under the Diall, 1631. 4to.

The Story of the Tinker is related by *Pontus Huterus*, *Rerum Burdicarum Lib. 4.* & by *Goulart*, in his *Hist. admirables*, Tom. I. p. 360. ²¹.

Mr. *William Shakspeare's* Comedies, Histories & Tragedies: published according to the true Original Copies. The Second Impression. London: Printed by *Thomas Cotes* for *Robert Allott*, & are to be sold at the Signe of the Black Beare in *Paul's Churchyard*, 1632. Fol.

The Life & Death of *K. Richard II.* With new Additions of the Parliament Scene & the Deposing of *K. Richard*. As it hath been acted by the King's Majestie's Servants, at the Globe. By *William Shakespeare*. London: Printed by *John Norton*, 1634. 4to.

The Tragedy of *K. Richard III.* Printed by *John Norton*, 1634. 4to.

The excellent History of the Merchant of *Venice*. With the extream Cruelty of *Skylock* the Jew; & the obtaining of *Portia* by the Choice of three Caskets. As it hath been sundry Times publikely acted by the King's Majestie's Servants at the Globe. Written by *W. Shakespeare*. Newly corrected, augmented, & amended. London: Printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, & are to be sold at his Shop in *S. Dunstan's Churchyard* in *Fleetstreet*, under the Dial, 1637. 4to.

The Tragedy of *Hamlet*, Prince of *Denmark*. Newly imprinted & enlarged, according to the true & perfect Copy last printed. By *William Shakespeare*. London: Printed by *R. Younge* for *John Smethwicke*, &c. 1637.

The most excellent & lamentable Tragedy of *Romeo & Juliet*. As it hath been sundry times publikely acted by the King's Majestie's Servants at the Globe. Written by *W. Shakespeare*. Newly corrected, augmented, & amended. London: Printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, &c. 1637.

The Historie of *Henry* the Fourth: With the Battle at *Shrewsbury*, betweene the King & Lord *Henry Percy*, surnamed *Henry Hotspur* of the North. With the humorous Conceits of Sir *John Falstaffe*. Newly corrected, by *William Shake-speare*. London: Printed by *John Norton*, & are to be sold by *Hugh Perry*, at his Shop next to *Ivie-bridge* in the *Strand*, 1639. 4to.

Mr. William Shakespeare, his true Chronicle History of the Life & Death of King *Lear* & his three Daughters. With the Unfortunat Life of *Edgar*, Sonne & Heire to the Earle of *Gloucester* & his fullen assumed humour of *Tom of Bedlam*. As it was plaid before the King's Majestie at *Whit-ball* upon *S. Stephen's Night*, in *Christmase* Hollidaies; by his Majestie's Servants playing usually at the *Globe* on the *Bank-side*. London: Printed by *Jane Bell*, & are to be sold at the East End of *Christ's Church*, 1655. 4to.

The Rape of *Lucrece*. A small Poem. London, 1602. 8vo. published by Mr. *Quarles*.

Sir *John Suckling* had a great Value for this Piece, & wrote a Supplement to it ²².

The Birth of *Merlin*, or the Child has lost its Father; a Trage-comedy several times acted with great Applause. London 1662. 4to.

This Play was writ by our Author, & Mr. *William Rowly* ²³.

The Works of Mr. *William Shakespeare*, &c. The Third Impression. 1664. Fol.

Mackbeth: A Tragedy: revived by the Duke [of *York*]'s Company, & reprinted with Alterations & new Songs. Lond. 1674. 4to.

For the Plot, see *Holingshead*.

At the acting of this Tragedy on the Stage, I saw a real one acted in the Pit; I mean the Death of Mr. *Scroop*, who received his Death's-Wound from Sir *Thomas Armstrong*, & died presently after he was removed to a house opposite to the Theater in *Dorset Garden* ²⁴.

Timon of Athens: with Alterations: by Mr. *Shadwell*. London 1678. 4to.

In the *Dramatis Personae* of the genuine Edition of this Play by Mr. *Theobald*, read, *Caphis*, *Varro*, *Philotas*, *Ifidore*, *Titus*, *Lucius*, *Hortensius*, several Servants to Usurers. *Hostilius*, a Stranger, &c.

Troilus & Cressida: With Alterations: by Mr. *Dryden*. London, 1679. 4to.

Othello, the Moore of *Venice*. London, 1680. 4to.

Julius Caesar. London, 1684. 4to.

The Works of Mr. *William Shakespeare*, &c. London, 1685. Fol.

The Works of Mr. *William Shakespeare*, in Six Volumes; adorn'd with Cuts.

Revis'd & corrected with an Account of the Life & Writings of the Author, by *Nicholas Rowe* Esq; London, printed for *Jacob Tonson* within *Gray's-Inn Gate*, next *Gray's-Inn Lane*, 1709. 8vo.

22. *id.* p. 467.

23. *Langbaine.* p. 466.

24. *id.* p. 460.

The Works of Mr. *William Shakespear*, in six Volumes; adorn'd with Cuts;
Revis'd &c. by N. Rowe Esq. London; printed for Jacob Tonson, 1714.
12mo.

The Works of *Shakespear*: in six Volumes. Collated & corrected by the
former Editions, by Mr. Pope. London, printed for Jacob Tonson in the
Strand, 1725. 4to.

The Works of *Shakespear*: in six Volumes &c. by Mr. Pope. Lond. printed
for Jacob Tonson, 1728. 12mo.

The Works of *Shakespeare*: in seven Volumes. Collated with the oldest
Copies, & Corrected; with Notes Explanatory & Critical. By Mr. *Theo-
bald*. London: Printed for A. Bettefworth & C. Hitch, J. Tonson, F.
Clay, W. Feales, & R. Wellington, 1733. 8vo.

[F I N I S]

P R E F A C E.

1. **H**IS BAPTISTES is the SIXTH of Mr. JOHN MILTON'S NINE most celebrated *English* poems; & one of the hitherto unknown pieces of His whereof I am now to give an account. And here I shall begin with owning, that at first indeed I took this poem to have been an Original, but since find it is only a *translation* from the *Latin* of Mr. GEORGE BUCHANAN. Yet I shall still make bold to call it MILTON'S OWN. And I think not improperly. For are not DRYDEN'S VIRGIL, Mr. DRYDEN'S; & POPE'S HOMER, Mr. POPE'S? Besides this poem, I conceive, is more Mr. MILTON'S than either of those poems are theirs. For tho' they translate HOMER & VIRGIL, & thereby seemingly deliver the sentiments of those great poets as their own; yet, in matters of religion, philosophy, & politics, & very often in other things, I may safely venture to say it, the one was, & the other is, far from thinking as HOMER & VIRGIL did. But, if ever any two persons thought alike, in all these particulars, I believe I may affirm MILTON & BUCHANAN were those two. MILTON therefore in translating of BUCHANAN did no more than just render so many of his own thoughts into *English*, which, as it happened, BUCHANAN had, with the same elegance of stile, & the same turn of thinking, wrote down in *Latin* about an hundred years before.

2. Undoubtedly then (after so many editions of MILTON'S works, & so many several accounts of his life & writings by *Philips*, *Langbaine*, *Wood*, *Toland*, *Addison*, *Bayle*, *Fenton*, *Richardson*, & others) the reader will be surpris'd to see a dramatic poem of His (tho' but a *translation*) appear at this time of day; especially since it is never once mentioned by any of the above authors (whose proper business it was to take notice of it) notwithstanding it falls very little, if any thing at all, short of the *Original*, which, it is well known, is a most finished piece, written also IN DEFENCE OF LIBERTY, & (as every thing of that kind must almost needs be) a severe satyr upon TYRANNY.

3. But, (tho' all this will undoubtedly surpris'e the reader) certainly he will be still more surpris'd, when he comes to understand that this Translation of MILTON'S was printed, near an hundred years ago, in quarto, BY ORDER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS; as also that, tho' it hath gone

through such a variety of hands as new printed books at *London* generally do (especially books so recommended) yet (not again to mention the historians aforefaid) none of all those other many writers & readers (contemporaries or successors of MILTON) who saw it (soon after its publication, or since) not one of them I say, as far as I can yet find, ever once took notice it was a dramatic piece; or (what is yet more strange) perceived (even when they had it in their hands) that it was a poem; or consequently (what is still more wonderful) ever imagined it was any ways the workmanship of so eminent a master as the great JOHN MILTON; or indeed once put themselves to the trouble of guessing who the real translator was; or lastly, ever entered into any thing of the design why he thus undertook & published it, 'till I at length (I speak it without vanity) had the fortune & the pleasure to discover all these things. The truth of all these things (& of many other things as surprising as these) I shall presently demonstrate. So that, upon the whole, the Secret History of this poem will, in the end, I hope, appear to be almost as great a curiosity as the poem itself. I proceed then to open the discovery.

4. Looking often for my own private satisfaction (on several other accounts not at all concerning the present affair) into as many of those almost innumerable pamphlets, written & printed, on both sides, from 1640. to 1660. as I could meet with; I accidentally cast my eyes on a small piece, published (as said in the title page) in 1642. entitled — *Tyrannical government anatomized: or, a discourse concerning evil counselors; being the life & death of JOHN THE BAPTIST.* — A title of this extraordinary sort was, of itself, a motive sufficient to excite my curiosity so far as to engage me to peep a little into the book. And again, when I read farther in the title-page — *And presented to the King's most excellent majesty, by the Author:* — This other circumstance called up my attention yet more strongly to examine it. But, when I read still farther in the title-page, — *Die Martis, 30. Januarii, 1642. It is ordered by the Committee of the House of Commons concerning Printing, That this Book be forthwith printed & published: JOHN WHITE.* — Certainly, thought I, there is something more than ordinary to be seen here! — I threw aside therefore, for the present, a great heap of other old pamphlets which I had just then picked up, & sat me down, out of hand, to see what entertainment a book with this threefold invitation in the title-page was able to afford me.

5. I had

5. I had not read ten lines before I began to think that the work, tho' printed like a dialogue in long prose paragraphs, was in reality a poem; nor above twenty, before I imagined it was a tragedy; nor much farther, before I guessed it was a piece of MILTON'S. I was infinitely surprised therefore to see it published in so strange a way, nor could I at first conceive the reason. For indeed had the PARADISE LOST, or any other poem, been printed in the same manner, it had appeared just such another thing. All this however I shall by & by account for. But I shall first premise here the principal reasons, which (before I knew any thing of BUCHANAN) induced me to think MILTON was the author. And those were,

6. First, *the peculiar way of spelling*, so like that of MILTON'S, which, it is well known, was very singular. Thus here we find *ancient*, for *antient*; *ayre*, for *air*; *bable*, for *babble*; *becoms*, for *becomes*; *beleeve*, for *believe*; *cleer*, for *clear*; *clok'd*, for *cloak'd*; *countrey*, for *country*; *ere*, for *e'er*; *salne*, for *fall'n*; *farwell*, for *farewell*; *greif*, for *grief*; *bee*, *shée*, *mee*, *wee*, for *be*, *he*, *she*, *me*, *we*; *hight*, for *height*; *least*, for *left*; *livelyhood*, for *livelyhood*; *mervaille*, for *marvel*; *nere*, *neer*, *neere*, for *ne'er*; *ordaine*, for *ordein*; *ore*, for *o'er*; *pertake*, for *partake*; *publike*, for *publick*; *reproove*, for *reprove*; *rigourous*, for *rigorous*; *saftey*, for *safety*; *scepter*, for *sceptre*; *seise*, for *seise*; *sever*, for *severe*; *shamefastnesse*, for *shamefacedness*; *sphear*, for *sphere*; *tane*, for *tak'n*; *then*, for *than*; *ther*, for *there*; *tormenter*, for *tormentor*; *vaile*, for *veile*; *vertue*, for *virtue*; *uncomly*, for *uncomely*; *yeeld & yeild*, for *yield*. And many other such.

7. Secondly. *The whole manner & turn of the stile in general*. For here the stile in general is so exactly of a piece with other of MILTON'S poetical works, that a learned Gentleman, to whom I privately shewed the Original printed copy, cried out upon reading of it (in allusion to the words of Sir Thomas More to Erasmus) AUT MILTONUS EST, AUT DIABOLUS.

8. Thirdly. *The similar passages*; that is, certain remarkable strokes in this poem tallying so exactly with others in MILTON'S other poems. As,

*How wretched & how overwhelm'd with care
A King's condition is, no tongue of man
Or politique oration can expresse,
Nor any thoughts attain. — The vulgar bold
Us only free & happy, that are vex'd*

*With terror, & with poverty besieg'd,
With miserable servitude oppress'd:*
Which brief descant on the condition of kings, I doubt, carries a great deal of truth in it. MILTON enlarges on the same thought in his *PARADISE REGAIN'D*.

*a Crown,
Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, & sleepless nights
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For herein stands the office of a king,
His honour, vertue, merit, & chief praise,
That for the publick all this weight he bears².*

I shall give a much stronger instance of this sort when I come to speak of his *aversion for the clergy*; & others will be observed in the notes.

9. Fourthly. *The imitations of HOMER* in the beautiful repetition of the same, or very near the same words; a practice very frequent in MILTON. As,

*O therefore, while GOD's favour to repent
Affords thee respite, of thy ill-pass'd life
The finnes forsaking, utterly remove
Those fruitlesse Images of forreigne Rites;
Curb thy profane desire of wretched wealth,
And greedy thirsting for thy Brother's blood!
But thou wilt not repent thy ill-pass'd life,
Nor Images of forraigne Rites amove,
Nor shun the greedy thirst of brother's blood,
Nor the profane desire of wretched wealth³!*

10. Fifthly. *The seeming imitations of SHAKESPEARE*; another practice very usual with MILTON. As,

*False modesty doth skreen the brazen face;
Pietie's Vaile the impious doth conceale:
Litigious men peace in their looks do feigne,
And the deceitfull, veritie in words:
The Vissage where sad gravity did dwell
Now turnes to cruelty⁴.*

1. *Bapt.* l. 563.

2. *Par. Reg.* II. 457.

3. *Bapt.* l. 1465.

4. *Bapt.* l. 278.

Which

Which passage is rather a translation of *Seneca* than *Buchanan*,

Pudor impudentem celat; audacem, quies;

Pietas, nefandum. Vera fallaces probant,

Simulantque molles dura.

And much, I think, in the stile & manner of this of *Shakespeare*.

these days are dangerous:

Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,

And charity chas'd hence by rancor's band:

Foul subornation is predominant,

And equity exil'd.

Divers other closer imitations of *Shakespeare* will be remarked in the notes. I might also add here the making of *given*, *heaven*, *lived*, *power*, each a disyllable; *gracious*, a trisyllable; & *delusions*, a quadrisyllable, &c. as SHAKESPEARE makes *fire*, *hour*, each a disyllable; *angry*, *desire*, *fidler*, *witness*, each a trisyllable; & *resembleth*, a quadrisyllable, &c. But this, as it was a common practice of all or most of our antient English poets, I shall not insist upon.

11. Sixthly. *The choice of the Heroes, &c, under them* (as I thought) *of the persons reflected upon.* For here, under the character of HEROD, I doubt we shall find what somebody would have us take for the character of K. CHARLES I. Under the two characters of HERODIAS & her daughter, what he would have us take for the one character of Q. HENRIETTA MARIA. Under that of MALCHUS (a very old pharisee, a most furious zealot for the Jewish Rites, & the supposed prime minister of HEROD) what he would have us take for that of archbishop LAUD, the real prime minister of CHARLES I. Under that of GAMALIEL (another pharisee, but a more moderate person) what he would have us take for that of bishop WILLIAMS. Under that of JOHN THE BAPTIST, what he would have us take for that of WILLIAM PRYNNE, Esquire. Under that of a *nuntius* to relate the beheading of JOHN, that of a rumor to surmise the intended making away of PRYNNE. Under that of a *Chorus* of *Jews*, what he would have us take for a *Chorus* of English puritans. By the city of JERUSALEM, the city of LONDON. In a word, under an account of a supposed league between MALCHUS & HERODIAS, to destroy JOHN; the suggestion of a real league between LAUD & HENRIETTA MARIA, to extirpate the protestant religion in the three nations.

5. *Hippolytus*, 917. — 6. II. Part *Henry VI.* Vol. IV. p. 242. Mr. Thapbald's Edition.

12. Seventhly,

12. Seventhly. *The utter overfion for the clergy of all sorts discovered in it.* Under this article I will transcribe a passage of the following poem, which any one, who pleases to compare it with two others which I shall set down after it from MILTON (supposing only that such a person as yet knows no more of the *Latin* Original by BUCHANAN, than I at first did) would, I believe, readily pronounce, both for sentiment & expression, to be absolutely HIS. And indeed I must freely own, that, before I knew of the *Latin*, I thought this passage only was a sufficient proof that the whole piece could be written by nobody else but HIM. The passage, I mean, of the following poem, is this.

*But you the Rabines, that in holy gifts
And knowledge fain all others to excell;
And you the sacred dignity of Priests,
And the chief Prelates of the sacred Order,
Tytbe all the hearbs born of our mother earth,
Dill, Mint, Rue, Garlick, Nettles, or green Hay
Does not escape you. But, if you should read,
Or teach the Prophets oracles, or shew
The track or steps of your own holy life,
Then your authority is stricken mute;
Then, like dumb dogs that bark not here, you fret
And fume about your sheep-coats; but the wolves
Which of you drive away? The wolves, said I?
You are the wolves your selves that slay your flocke;
Gloth'd with their wooll, their milk don't slack your thirst,
Their flesh your hunger. Thus your selves you feed,
But not your flock 7. —*

The passages of MILTON I would compare it with are, This in his *LYCIDAS*:

*— Last came, & last did go
The Pilot of the GALILEAN lake.
Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain
(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
He shook his Miter'd locks, & stern bespake 8,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Anow of such as for their bellies sake,
Creep & intrude, & climb into the fold?*

7. Bapt. l. 801.

8. Perhaps it should be, — he spake.

Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 Then how to scramble at the shearers feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
 Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least
 That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? what need they? they are sped;
 And when they list their lean & flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw,
 The hungry sheep look up, & are not fed,
 But, swoln with wind & the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, & foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim Wolf¹⁰ with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, & nothing fed.
 But that two-handed engine at the door,
 Stands ready to smite once & smite no more¹¹.

And This in his PARADISE LOST; where MICHAEL the archangel,
 speaking of the apostles & their antichristian popish successors, proceeds
 thus:

_____ at length
 Thir ministry perform'd & race well run,
 Thir doctrine & thir story written left,
 They die. But in thir room, as they forewarne,
 Wolves shall succeed for Teachers, grievous wolves!
 Who all the sacred mysteries of heav'n
 To their own vile advantages shall turne
 Of lucre & ambition; & the truth
 With superstition & traditions taint,
 Left only in those written records pure;
 Though not, but by THE SPIRIT, understood.
 Then shall they seek t'avail themselves of names,
 Places, & titles; & with these to join

9. Herdman's. Edit. 1637, 1645, 1673,
 & 1713. But what hath the Herdsman to do
 with the Sheep? The herdsman's business is
 to attend the neat cattle. If indeed the pro-
 phets of the old testament, or the ministers of
 the new, were in Holy Scripture any where
 called herdsmen, there would have been some
 authority for our author's using this word here.

But there is not one instance of such an expressi-
 on in the whole bible. I make no question there-
 fore but MILTON meant Shepherd; tho' it is
 like he in haste wrote herdsman, & that, by
 this means, it hath continued so, ever since.

10. Wolf. sic Edit. 1645.

11. Lycidas, l. 109.

*Secular pow'r, though feigning still to act
 By spiritual: to themselves appropriating
 THE SPIRIT OF GOD, promis'd alike & giv'n
 To all Beleevers: & from that pretense
 Spiritual laws by carnal pow'r shall force
 On ev'ry conscience; laws which none shall finde
 Left them inroull'd; or what THE SPIRIT within
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
 But force THE SPIRIT OF GRACE it self, & binde
 His consort LIBERTIE? what, but unbuild
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,
 Thir own faith, not another's; for on earth
 Who against faith & conscience can be heard
 Infallible? Yet many will presume:
 Whence heavie persecution shall arise
 On all, who in the worship persevere
 Of SPIRIT & TRUTH: the rest, farr greater part,
 Will deem in outward rites & specious formes
 RELIGION satisfi'd; TRUTH shall retire
 Bestuck with slanderous darts; & works of faith
 Rarely be found. So shall the world goe on,
 To good malignant, to bad men benigne,
 Under her own waight groaning; till the day
 Appear of respiration to the just,
 And vengeance to the wicked ¹². —*

And as MILTON thus hated the Church Clergy, & the Popish Priest, as little did he care for the Presbyterian. Witness his *Εικοεκλάτης*, where, after running down the common prayer, he adds, 'And what is said of *Liturgie*, is said also of *Directory*, if impos'd ¹³.' And witness again his memorable verses, *On the new forcers of conscience under the long parliament*; where he concludes,

NEW PRESBYTER is but OLD PRIEST wrote large.

13. By the way, as MILTON had such an utter aversion for the clergy of every sort, it may here very naturally be asked, What then was his RELIGION? — I answer, his unalterable aversion for the clergy of every sort, & the passage I have just now quoted from the PARADISE LOST, lead me to conjecture, that in his latter days he was more a QU-

12. Par. Lost. XII. 504.

13. *Εικοεκ.* p. 496.

KER than any thing else. There is a passage also in the PARADISE REGAIN'D, which likewise inclines me to the same opinion.

He who receives

LIGHT FROM ABOVE, *from the fountain of light,*

*No other doctrine needs, though granted true*¹⁴.

Add to all this (as collaterals only) his great intimacy with Mr. ELWOOD & Mrs. THOMPSON, both of that persuasion. To the first of these, as Mr. *Richardson* observes¹⁵, he gave the PARADISE LOST, when he had finished it, & desired his opinion of it; in order, I presume, to correct what he thought amiss in it. 'This Mr. *Richardson* mentions'¹⁶, as a great instance of Mr. MILTON's modesty. And so indeed it was. And he submitted the PARADISE REGAIN'D to the same person for the same reason: nay, wrote it merely from a thought of his suggesting. No doubt then Mr. *Elwood* was greatly pleased to find the two last above cited passages in those poems. On the other of these two persons Mr. MILTON bestowed an elegy, which, in his own MS. (in *Trinity College, Library*) is entitled, 'On the religious memory of Mrs. CATHERINE THOMPSON, my Christian friend; deceased 16. Decem. 1646.' — 'Tis the XIV. Sonnet, in the Edition of 1713. — The plainness of all his own printed Title-Pages also looks this way. 'The author, JOHN MILTON.' — No more.

14. But here, lest I should be thought to deal too hardly by MILTON, with regard to his religion, let his own advocates (Mr. *Toland* & Mr. *Richardson*) speak for him. 'As for his religion, saith Mr. *Toland*¹⁷, he ever expressed the profoundest reverence to THE DEITY, as well in deeds as words, & would say to his friends, that the divine properties of goodness, justice, & mercy, were the adequate rule of human actions, nor less the object of imitation for privat advantages, than of admiration & respect for their own excellence & perfection. In his early days he was a favourer of those protestants then opprobriously called PURITANS; in his middle years best pleased with the INDEPENDENTS & ANABAPTISTS, as allowing of more LIBERTY than others, & coming nearest in his opinion to the primitive practice. But, in the latter part of his life, he was not a professed member of any particular sect among CHRISTIANS; he frequented none of their assemblies, nor made use of their peculiar rites in his family.' — Mr. *Richardson* contracts all

14. Par. Reg. IV. 288.

15. 16. Life, p. cxi.

17. Life, p. 46.

this into a much narrower compass. 'For himself, faith he¹⁸, MILTON
 ' seems to have had little regard to the *exterior* of religion. We hear of
 ' nothing of that, even in his last hours. And, whatever he did in the
 ' former parts of his life, he frequented no public worship in his latter
 ' years, nor used any religious rite in his own little family.' Add to this
 from the same author¹⁹, for it shews the man. 'He had a servant who
 ' was a very honest silly fellow, & a zealous & constant follower of the
 ' [*presbyterian & independent*] teachers [of those days;] when he came
 ' from the *meeting* [he should say, *church*; for those *pretended* *divines*,
 ' as he just before calls them, were then in possession of the *churches*] his
 ' master would frequently ask, what he had heard? & divert himself
 ' with their ridiculous fooleries, or (it may be) the poor fellow's under-
 ' standing; or perhaps both. However, this was so grievous to the good
 ' creature, that he left his service upon it.' — Now these gentlemen, it
 may be observed, make Mr. MILTON NO ROMANIST, NO CHURCH-
 MAN, NO PRESBYTERIAN, NO INDEPENDENT, NO ANABAPTIST.
 Yet sure they either forgot, or did not think it worth their pains, to con-
 sider whether he was not something of a QUAKER. What I have said
 above makes it, I conceive, somewhat likely. Mr. Toland indeed, by his
 saying, that *He was not a professed member of any particular sect among*
Christians, will not allow him to have been even that. But the reason of
 that, I think, is plain. Mr. Toland himself was a DEIST, & I suppose
 he would have Mr. MILTON to have been the same too. I will not go
 farther, & say with Mr. Bayle²⁰, that, 'to reject every religion on one's
 ' death-bed, to die without professing any kind of religion, or to die an
 ' atheist, are three synonymous terms.' Or again, with the same gentle-
 man²¹, that, 'in reality, there are poets, who, without having any piety or
 ' any faith, have made magnificent & admirable verses on the most sub-
 ' lime truths of religion. And, that they made choice of that subject,
 ' because it gave them an opportunity of displaying the finest phrases, &
 ' the most shining figures of their art.' — No! I chuse rather to stop
 short here, than to pursue such an enquiry, which by many will be e-
 steemed malicious.

15. Eighthly, *the great spirit of LIBERTY which runs through it*. LI-
 BERTY was MILTON's darling subject. This led him to every writer who
 had any thing to offer IN DEFENCE OF IT. And all his own composi-
 tions

18. Life, p. xlvi.

19. *Id.* p. xlvii.

20. Crit. Dict. Vol. V. p. 581.

21. *Id. ib.* p. 307. col. a. *ad inum.*

ons had a view to this *one* point. 'Give me the LIBERTY, saith he, to know, to utter, & to argue freely, according to conscience, above all LIBERTIES ²².' (In like manner 'Selden, who had a very choice library, wrote, in the beginning of all his books, *περὶ πάντων τὴν ἐλευθερίαν*: to shew that he would examine things, & not take them upon trust ²³.) His PARADISE LOST itself is a poem IN DEFENCE OF LIBERTY, & the devil is his hero who contends with God himself to recover what he vainly calls his *lost freedom*. But the speech of MICHAEL the archangel sets MILTON's notions of this subject in its best light, when, discoursing of NIMROD, he saith,

Justly thou abhorr'st
That son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
 RATIONAL LIBERTIE: yet know withall,
Since thy original lapse TRUE LIBERTIE
Is lost, which alwayes with RIGHT REASON dwells
Twinn'd, & from her hath no diuidual being:
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, & to SERVITUDE reduce
 Man till then FREE. Therefore, since hee permits
Within himself unworthie pow'rs to reign
 Over FREE REASON; GOD in judgement just
Subjects him from without to violent Lords:
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall
 His outward FREEDOM. TYRANNIE must be;
Though to the TYRANT thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
 From VERTUE, which is REASON, that no wrong
But justice, & some fatal curse annext,
 Deprives them of thir OUTWARD LIBERTIE,
 Thir INWARD lost ²⁴.

Permit me to cite here a passage from *Whitelocke*. The thing is fact, & as good a moral may be learnt from it as from any fable of the brightest invention. '12. Oct. 1650. letters, that a frigate of the parliament's called 'THE LIBERTY, with fifty brass guns, was cast away by carrying too much

²². *Areopagitica*. p. 440. ²³. *Ath. Oxon.* Vol. II. col. 180. ²⁴. *Par. Lost.* XII. 79.

' *sail*, upon the sands betwixt *Harwich & Yarmouth* road ^{25.} And to sub-join the words of *Cromwell* to his independent parliament 31. Jan. 1654.
' Is it ingenuous to ask LIBERTY, & not to give it? What greater hypocrisy
' than for those who were oppressed by the bishops to become the greatest
' oppressors themselves so soon as their yoke was removed? I could wish that
' they who call for LIBERTY now also, had not too much of that spirit if
' the power were in their hands ^{26.}

16. Ninthly, *the SAMSON AGONISTES* being wrote exactly on the same plan. For the plan of this tragedy appeared so just to Mr. MILTON, that, when he came to write his *SAMSON AGONISTES*, he formed that poem entirely upon the same model with this. That is, with a *Chorus* (after the manner of the antients) & a *nuntius* brought in to relate the death of *SAMSON*; just as we find a *chorus* & a *nuntius* introduced here, to relate the death of *JOHN*.

17. Tenthly. A long while after I had set down these nine conjectures, out comes a new edition of Mr. MILTON's prose works, with his life by Mr. *Birch*, & therein the plans of a great number of dramatic pieces which Mr. MILTON in his younger days proposed to have wrote. One of these is entitled, the *BAPTISTES*: the argument whereof, in Mr. MILTON's own MS. (in *Trinity College* library) is as follows.

BAPTISTES.

' The Scene, the Court.

' Beginning, From the morning of *Herod's* birth-day.

' *Herod*, by some counseler perswaded † on † Or els the queen
' his birth-day to release *John [the] Baptist*, pur- may plot, under praetense of
' poses it; [&] causes him to be sent for to court his liberty, to seek to
' from prison. draw him into a snare

' The queen hears of it; takes occasion to passe by his freedom of
' wher he is, on purpose, that, under praetense of speech. *Marg. MS.*
' reconfiling to him, or seeking to draw a kind
' retractation from him of the censure on the mar-
' riage (to which end she sends a courtier before, to sound whether he might
' be perswaded to mitigate his sentence) which not finding she her self craftily
' affays; &, on his constancie, founds an accusation to *Herod* of a contu-
' macious affront, on such a day, before many peers; praepares the king to
' some passion, & at last, by her daughter's dancing, effects it.

' There may prologize the spirit of *Philip*, *Herod's* brother.

25. *Memorials* edit. 1732. p. 474. a. l. ult.

26. *id.* p. 614. a.

‘ It may also be thought that *Herod* had well bedew’d himself with wine,
 ‘ which made him grant the easier to his wife’s daughter.

‘ Some of his disciples also, as to congratulate his liberty, may be brought
 ‘ in; with whom, after certain *command* of his death, many compassionating
 ‘ words of his disciples, bewayling his youth cut off in his glorious cours;
 ‘ he telling them his work is don, & wishing them to follow CHRIST his
 ‘ maister.’

18. Presuming now, for all these reasons (& especially *that of this argu-
 ment*) that I had hit upon the *right author*, my next enquiry was naturally
 enough, *What put Mr. MILTON upon writing this his supposed BAPTISTES?*
 And here, methought, his disappointment at *Christ’s College* in *Cambridge*
 was one reason. (Tho’ he somewhere saith he was courted to accept of a
 fellowship there, & would not.) The republican turn of his principles,
 another. His compassion for PRYNNE, BURTON, & BASTWICK (the
 three great champions of the puritan cause) then in prison, perhaps a third.
 And (as WILLIAMS, I thought, appeared in the drama as a favorit, &
 LAUD as a detested person) I imagined that he was secretly put upon it by
 WILLIAMS in mere spite to LAUD. For the long quarrel between these
 two prelates, is very justly bewailed by Mr. *Wharton* ²⁷, as one great misfor-
 tune both of themselves & of the church at that time; who from this oppo-
 sition, & the names of the colleges where they were educated, & to which
 they were bountiful, even to emulation) were, by the wags of the age,
 called JOHN THE BAPTIST & JOHN THE EVANGELIST ²⁸.

19. My next enquiry was, *When did Mr. MILTON begin to write this
 his supposed BAPTISTES?* And here I guessed most probably in January 1637.
 when PRYNNE was removed from the castle of *Caernarvon* to that of *Mount-
 Orgueil* in *Jersey*; BURTON, from *Lancaster* castle, to that of *Castle-Cornet*
 in *Guernsey*; & BASTWICK from the castle of *Launceston*, to that of *S. Mary*
 in the isle of *Scilly*. There being then, it should seem, a suspicion among
 their friends, that they should all three be soon after privately made away with
 in their several new prisons, as JOHN THE BAPTIST was in the castle of
Macbaerus by HEROD.

20. My next enquiry was, *When did Mr. MILTON finish this his sup-
 posed BAPTISTES?* And here I conceived most probably in April 1638. if not
 sooner. Because (as appears by a letter of Sir *Henry Wotton* to him, printed

²⁷. Preface to the life of *Laud*. p. 3.

S. John the Baptist, Oxon; & *Williams* in that

²⁸. *Laud*, was educated in the college of *S. John the Evangelist*, Camb.

before his *Comus*, & bearing date the 13th of that month) he was then just setting out upon his foreign travels.

21. I was thus going on from one enquiry to another, as if I had made good all my ground before me, when I was unexpectedly stopped here, & obliged to weigh things over again. Mr. MILTON's argument of the BAPTISTES (as set down above) I at first sight (& for some time after) apprehended was a new & absolutely decisive proof, that the poem which I had in my hands was a work of His. It is true the poem I had wanted the *prologue* there suggested of PHILIP HEROD's brother *prologising*, after the manner of EURIPIDES (who generally brings in one of the parties, or some relation or dependent of theirs, as the prologue, whose business it is to explain all those particulars which preceded the opening of the play) yet I still made no doubt, but that MILTON, when he wrote that drama, wrote also such a prologue, & was afterwards forced to suppress it when he published the poem; because such a prologue would have discovered the work to have been a dramatic piece: a fact, which (for some reasons hereafter mentioned) he by all means endeavored to hide. Yet that great proof, tho' thus strongly supported, after all I found would not do. For this argument, I at last perceived, was only the argument of *another tragedy* of the same name, which MILTON, if some difficulties had not happened, intended to have written; & the drama which I had in my hands was nothing else but a translation (as I intimated) of the *Latin* of Mr. GEORGE BUCHANAN. And thus I came at length to know it.

22. Discoursing, *one day* ²⁹ when I was last in town, with a learned gentleman about all these matters, he told me, that, if he remembered right, BUCHANAN had a *Latin* poem entitled the BAPTISTES, & he wished me therefore to compare the *English* piece I had in my hands with the *Latin* of BUCHANAN. Accordingly away I went that evening to Mr. Fletcher Gyles & asked for *Buchanan's* poems, where I found a tragedy called BAPTISTES, & to my great amaze perceived that my *English* poem was a direct translation of it, & the closest thing of the kind, I think, which I ever saw. Here then was a double discovery. The *English* poem which I had in my hands was not an *Original*; & again, MILTON was not the *author*, He could now be no more than the *translator*, of it.

23. Upon looking yet farther into the business I found, that when Mr. GEORGE BUCHANAN taught the first class in the college of *Guienne*

29. 6. Feb. 1738.

in

in *Bourdeaux* (whither he was invited by *Andrew Goveanus*, a learned *Portuguese*, about 1540.) he wrote four *Latin* dramatic pieces: And this he did (as himself tells us ³⁰) in compliance with the usage of the schools there (where the scholars every year played something of that sort) & to take off the fancy of those young students from the acting of a low sort of plays called *Allegories* (which, at that time, both they, & the whole kingdom of *France*, were grown excessive fond of) & to fetch them back to an imitation of the antients. Now the first of these four poems was his *BAPTISTES*, a tragedy, as he himself formed it from the sacred story; the second, a translation of the *MEDEA* of *EURIPIDES*, from the *Greek* into *Latin*. And these two pieces, he found, took so greatly with every body who was present at the representation of them, that he was thereby much encouraged to go on with others of the like sort, & he afterwards therefore composed the tragedy of *JEPHTHA*, from the scripture relation, & translated the *ALCESTES*, another tragedy of *EURIPIDES*, from the *Greek* into *Latin*. I shall only observe farther at present as to *BUCHANAN*, that his *BAPTISTES* (tho' written so early as 1540.) was not published till the latter end of the year 1576. at what time he was preceptor to *JAMES VI.* King of *SCOTS*, to whom he then addressed it with a dedication, very much to the honor of the writer.

24. This leads to the question, *And how will you now prove MILTON to have been the TRANSLATOR?* To which I answer, many of the conjectures which I have above offered to prove him the *author*, will, I apprehend, yet stand good to prove him the *translator*. For the peculiar way of spelling; the whole manner & turn of the style; the choice of the persons reflected upon; the invectives against the clergy; the great spirit of *LIBERTY* which runs through the work; & above all, the design & timing of the translation, do all, I imagine, prove him to have been the *translator*; especially if we add to all these this one other argument, & I think it is a strong one, viz. *that there was no one else, I think, but HE then living* (at least of that party) *who could have done it in such a masterly way as here we see it.* Whereas HE was then just beginning to make his appearance upon the stage of the world, as one of the champions of the puritan cause; & he saw how exactly all the characters of the *BAPTISTES* might be understood to answer to the characters of divers great persons then living as well as if they had been written on purpose for them, & consequently how serviceable it would be to the cause he had espoused to shew them in such a light. He resolved therefore to *translate*, & publish it. And at length, we see, he did so.

30. In his life prefixed to his poems.

25. But

25. But there was yet another thing, which (before I knew ought of BUCHANAN'S *Latin* poem) exceedingly puzzled me, & that was to make it out, *When & how MILTON* (whom I took for the author) *presented his book to the King?* It being said in his title-page, *And presented to the King's most excellent majesty by the author.* For this juggling (this true, & yet false) assertion led me into four several Enquiries, which I shall presently set down, as they may serve to shew, that if cunning men resolve to borough, we may sometimes take a deal of pains, & yet all in vain, to ferret them out.

26. When I first read in the title page — *And presented to the King's most excellent Majesty by the author.* — I recollected, that K. CHARLES I. was a very proper person for either MILTON, or any one else to present a dramatic poem to. For that prince, it is well known, while yet in his prosperity, was a great admirer of tragedies, comedies, pastorals, masques, or any other sort of dramatic poems, especially if wrote with wit & modesty. And when any thing of that sort was approved & proposed to be acted before him, the famous *Inigo Jones* (who, in K. James I. time, first introduced moving scenes here, whereby he frequently changed the face of the whole stage) was often called in, at his majesty's charge, to help the poet to set off his work with proper ornaments & embellish it with fine machinery. But then all this was before the meeting of the Long Parliament on 3. Nov. 1640. few or no plays of any sort being, after that period, ever acted before king Charles.

27. By the way (if the reader will pardon me a short digression) the abovementioned art of varying the face of the whole stage was a new thing & never seen in *England*, till Aug. 1605. 'at what time K. JAMES I. being to be entertained at *Oxford*, the heads of that university hired the afore said Mr. *Inigo Jones* (a great traveller) who undertook to farther them much, & to furnish them with rare devices for the king's entertainment. Accordingly he erected a stage close to the upper end of the hall (as it seemed at the first sight) at *Christ's-Church*; but it was indeed but a false wall, fair painted & adorned with stately pillars; which pillars would turn about. By reason whereof, with other painted cloaths, on Wednesday 28. August, he varied their stage three times in the acting of one tragedy^{31.} (This passage may serve to correct a small mistake of a yet unknown author, who says, 'Some are of opinion that our late imitable tragedian Mr. *Thomas Betterton* first introduced moving Scenes

31. MS. *pens me.*

'into England³².) Mr. Jones also assisted BEN. JOHNSON, Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT, & other poets of those times in the decorations of their masques; in one of which he produced such a machine in form of a mountain rising from under the stage at the *Banqueting-house*, as almost covered the whole end of the room, & greatly surprised the king & court to think how it could be raised up to such an height from under the stage (for the vault whereof he had but a little space allowed him) & brought forward, & winged out, & spread abroad as they saw it. The reader, I hope, will not be displeased with this relation, especially if I add, that MILTON himself, as I am of opinion, had seen this machine, & if I am not greatly mistaken, took thence the hint of his own beautiful description of the rising of PANDAEMONIUM.

*Anon out of the earth a fabrick huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies & voices sweet;
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, & DORIC pillars over-laid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures grav'n;
The roof was fretted gold³³.*

But to return. Mr. MILTON, I imagined, might present his BAPTISTES to the King, either, 1. *in person, before he went to travel, in 1638.* Or, 2. *by the hand of some friend, as the safer way, after he was gone abroad.* Or again, 3. *in person, after he was returned from his travels in 1640.* Or, after all, 4. *only from the press in 1641.*

28. Of these four, my first Enquiry was, *Who put Mr. MILTON on presenting his BAPTISTES to the king, before he went to travel in 1638. & why? And (admitting he did so) how was it then received?* And here I fancied, that he was most probably put upon it by WILLIAMS. And that, to affright the King; & to save PRYNNE; & to pull down LAUD. And again, that, as plays were often acted before K. CHARLES I. on Sundays in the evening (a custom yet very common in foreign countries) perhaps he might then present it with the address (whether a compliment or a sneer, let the reader judge) that 'as his majesty liked plays on Sundays, this, being 'a sacred tragedy, was therefore more proper to be represented on that day, 'than some others which were then acted at court.' And that, supposing this to have been the fact, his Manuscript was at first received kindly enough, 'til

32. *Crit. Dict.* Vol. IV. p. 285.

33. *Par. Lost.* I. 710.

upon farther looking into it, the king (who was a prince of good discernment) perceived it was a satyr as well as a tragedy, & then, wondring at the boldness (I had almost said impudence) of the man, great in writing, but greater in presenting him with such a piece; instead of thanking or rewarding him for his performance, expressed some contempt for a person who had used Him, the queen, his chief minister, & the whole church & clergy, with so much rudeness & ill manners.

29. Here, in due justice to the memory of K. CHARLES I. I must beg leave to subjoin, that Q. ELIZABETH also had plays acted before her on the Lord's-day as well as K. Charles; & those not sacred tragedies, but the works of heathen poets; & sometimes likewise made the church itself her play-house. And yet was never blamed for any of these things. To give an instance.

' On Sunday 6. August 1564. she being then at Cambridge, her majesty, after even-song, went to the play called AULULARIA PLAUTI. For the hearing & playing whereof was made, by her highnes surveyor, & at her own cost, in the body of the king's college church, a great stage containing the breadth of the church from the one side to the other, that the chapels might serve for houses, [i. e. dressing rooms.] In the length it ran two of the lower chapels full, with the pillars on a side. Upon the south wall was hanged a cloth of state with the appurtenances & half path [rectius, pace] for her majesty. In the rood [now, organ] loft, another stage for ladies & gentlewomen to stand on. And the two lower tables under the said rood-loft were greatly enlarged & rayled in for the choise officers of the court.—When all things were ready for the play, the lord chamberlain with Mr. Secretary came in, bringing a multitude of the guard with them, having every man in his hand a torch-staff for the lights of the play (for no other lights were occupied) & would not suffer any to stand upon the stage, save a very few upon the north side. And the guard stood upon the ground by the stage side, holding their lights. From the quire door unto the stage was made as it were a bridge for the queen's grace to go to the stage; which was straightly kept. At last her highnes came, with certain lords, ladies, & gentlewomen (all the pensioners standing on both sides with torch-staves) & so took her seat, & heard the play fully. When the play was ended, her majestie departed to her lodging about twelve of the clock 34.'

30. My next enquiry was, (ii.) *after what manner did Mr. MILTON's friend* (admitting such a person presented his BAPTISTES for him to the

King, after MILTON himself was gone abroad in 1638.) *make that present, & how was it then received?* And, here methought it might be presented civilly enough, tho' perhaps also with a suggestion at the same time, as from the supposed author, that, if either PRYNNE, BURTON, or BASTWICKE miscarried, or were any other ways unfairly dealt by, this poem should then be printed & dispersed all over the kingdom. In which case, it is easie to imagine, that it must have been received both with coldness & scorn.

31. My next enquiry was, (iii.) *after what manner did Mr. MILTON himself* (admitting he presented his BAPTISTES to the king in person, after he returned from his travels in 1640.) *make that present, & how was it then received?* And here, admitting this to have been the case, I guessed it was both presented & received much in the same manner as I have above described it to have been presented & received in 1638. And here, to shew the coincidence of these supposed particulars with the then affairs of the times, I observed, that MILTON returned *anno aetatis* 32. (i. e. *anno Dom.* 1640.) before PRYNNE, BURTON, & BASTWICKE were yet released. That on 3. Nov. 1640. the then new parliament met. That on the 7. of the same month, they ordered the release of PRYNNE, BURTON, & BASTWICKE. And that, on the 28. of the same month, those three Gentlemen entered London in triumph.

32. My next enquiry was, (iv.) *supposing that Mr. MILTON did not present his BAPTISTES to the King, any of these ways, either in 1638. or 1640. who then put him upon presenting it both to the king, & to the public, from the press, in 1641. & why?* And here I fancied the most likely persons to do this were WILLIAMS, PRYNNE, & WHITE; & that to save the Lord KIMBOLTON & the five members (PYM, HAMBDEN, HOLLIS, HASELRIG, & STRODE) who were then, it was apprehended, in near as much danger as PRYNNE, BURTON, & BASTWICKE had been in before; as also to complete the overthrow of episcopacy, & to forward the war. In which case, as I took it, Mr. MILTON might perhaps send, or (which I judged most probable) leave his book to make its own way to his majesty. *Carmina invenient iter* ³⁵. It being then, I believe, as well as now, the common art of many writers to say in their title-pages, *And by the author presented to his majesty*; & That, either to engage the king himself (if they can so reach him) or at least the public, to read what they have so written with the more attention.

35. Seneca. *Hercules Oetaeus*. 464.

33. Upon shewing what I had thus set down upon all these four enquiries to a learned gentleman (who then had not as yet recollected any thing of BUCHANAN) he was pleased to observe³⁶, — ' That the poem was not *presented* to the King's majesty at all by the author in the sense the word is commonly understood, & as Mr. Peck understands it, i. e. personally put into his hands, is improbable from several circumstances taken from considering, 1. the *subject*, 2. the *author*, 3. the *king*, & 4. the *archbishop*, LAUD. 1. The *subject*: which must be admitted to be a most severe satyr upon the manners of King, Queen, Archbishop & whole order. 2. The *author* MILTON: an utter Republican, utterly averse to Regal Government; without access at court, or even resorting thither, for means of introduction to present a book of any sort, much less one like This, which must have been seen by his introducer first; which, considering the subject, must have been LAUD, or could not have been *eo inscio*. 3. The *King*: who bore so ill always any thing that thwarted or traversed him, much more what reviled or abused him, when he had power to revenge it, both in & out of parliament; & was so impatient with any thing that censured his measures in any shape, as was known in the *Star-Chamber*; & that no body (if he could have got at him) durst have put such a thing in his hands *aperta facie*. 4. The *Archbishop*: whose share in this satyr is so very large, would certainly have sent the author (whom he must have known if it had been presented at Court) at least after PRYNNE, BURTON, & BASTWICKE: [for] he who would not pass over a simple jest in the *king's fool*, but complained of him at the Council Table, & had him punished when it touched himself (Vide *Rushworth*³⁷) [would never have forgiven the author

36. In a paper which he wrote & gave me.

37. ' At this time [11. March 1637.] news from *Scotland*, that the King's proclamation, dated 19. Febr. published at *Striveling* the beginning of March, wherein his majesty declares, That he ordained the book of Common-Prayer to be compiled for edification of the King's subjects in *Scotland*, & to maintain the true religion already professed there, [was ill received.] And it so happened that, on the 11. of the said March, *Archibald*, the king's fool, said to his grace the archbishop of *Canterbury*, as he was going to the Council Table, *What's feule now?*

' Doth not your Grace hear the news from *Striveling* about the liturgy? With other words of reflection. This was presently complained of to the Council, which produced this ensuing Order. — At *Whitehall*, 11. March, 1637. Present, the King's most excellent Majesty, Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*, [& seventeen more.] It is this day ordered by his Majesty, with the advice of the board, that *Archibald Armesstrong*, the king's fool, for certain scandalous words of a high nature, spoken by him against the Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury* his Grace, & proved to be uttered by him by two witnesses, shall have his coat pulled over

‘author of this libel.] — On the other side, to satisfy the words as
 ‘they stand in the Title-page, I understand, — *And presented to the*
 ‘*King’s most excellent Majesty by the author.* — to mean no more, than
 ‘that by the publication, *under the Order of the Commons*, it was pre-
 ‘sented (by the author certainly who composed it) to the King’s view
 ‘or consideration, &c. As an author may say to a reader, I *present* you
 ‘with a poem or a work, &c. or this work, &c. is *presented*, i. e. ob-
 ‘*latum*, offered to the publick; i. e. this title is to tell the world &
 ‘give them aim, that ’tis a thing, published by the *Commons Order*, fit
 ‘for the *King* to see & consider. And by this device (artful enough) it
 ‘might reach his view by a way which it otherwise could not; & the
 ‘people were, *eodem flatu*, presented with a kind of Key to it. — This
 ‘is Mr. Peck’s fourth way; & I believe right.’

34. Soon after this the same learned Gentlemen recollected the BAP-
 TISTES of BUCHANAN (as I have before related) & then how immedi-
 ately was all this cunning juggle of the translator unriddled! Then we
 plainly came to see how slyly he drops BUCHANAN’s dedication to JAMES
 VI. King of *Scots*, as a thing which otherwise would discover all; & in
 the room of it substitutes in his *English* Title-page — *And presented to*
the King’s most excellent majesty by the author. — Which crafty trick of his
 makes the *translator* to pass for an *author*; &, if he was found out, fur-
 nished him with a very ready *salvo*, that it was the *author* (BUCHANAN)
 & not him the *translator* (MILTON) who *presented it to the King’s most*
excellent Majesty. And again proved that that *King*, whom he presented
 it to, was not K. CHARLES (as to be sure every body imagined) but in
 reality, his father, JAMES I. — And thus here (& indeed throughout the
 whole poem) the *translator* played the PROTEUS which the *author* describes
 in his prologue!

35. Having thus at length then discovered this work to be a tragedy,
 as also the true *author*, & *translator*, & *design* of the latter; if now it be
 asked *who instructed Mr. MILTON in 1641. to alter his translation from*
a tragedy in verse, seemingly to an history in prose; & why? — I answer,
 his own judgment & the humor of the times might naturally lead him to
 all this, or probably the advice of Mr. PRYNNE, or Mr. WHITE. This
 matter will require a little farther opening. For, tho’ Mr. MILTON was

‘over his head, & be discharged of the King’s
 ‘service. For which, the Lord Chamber-
 ‘lain of the King’s household is prayed & re-

‘quired to give order, to be executed. —
 ‘And immediately the same was put in Exe-
 ‘cution.’ *Rushworth*, Vol. II. p. 470, 471.

no doubt willing enough, at this time, to *present* both his majesty & the world with a printed copy of that drama which he had before translated on the imprisonment of PRYNNE, BURTON, & BASTWICKE; & had now therefore so ready to produce *on the king's demanding of the five members*, when also he knew the cutting vein of satyr which runs through it, would make it extremely acceptable to all the chiefs of the parliament party; yet here, to his no small vexation, he met with an unthought of obstacle in his way, which at first not a little perplexed him, & that was this.

36. When the parliament first began to quarrel with the king, it is well known how strictly they looked into his private life, with a design to expose him, wherever they could pick an hole. And (not to mention other matters, foreign to my present purpose) one way whereby they attempted to render him odious was, by displaying his great affection to theatrical entertainments, & herein particularly for having those plays acted on Sundays. And to this end, it is likewise as well known, many furious books & pamphlets were written against the stage, whereby at last all plays & dramatic pieces were run down as much as the king himself. So that, in short, all acting of them ceased, not only on Sundays, but also on the week days; & it was reckoned a wicked thing by the *godly party* (for so it seems the parliament & their friends would now be called) even to read them in private.

37. To publish a tragedy then (professedly as such) & that tragedy built upon *scripture* story, at such a juncture, Mr. MILTON well enough foresaw, would, instead of being well received & read as a satyr upon the king, the court, & the church, not only be slighted & never looked into, but also be reckoned a great prophanation of the piety of the times, & raise such an outcry against himself, as, upon sober thoughts, he did not at all care to venture the consequences of. He consults therefore with Mr. PRYNNE; PRYNNE with Mr. WHITE (then one of the representatives in parliament for the borough of *Southwark*, & chairman for the committee of religion) who both approving his design, advised him to print his said work, not as a play, but as an *history* or *dialogue*, & withall wished him to give it a new title, suitable to his & their design of exposing the king & court & clergy as much as they could.

38. This advice was liked & followed. The title of BAPTISTES *five CALUMNIA* is immediately altered to *Tyrannical Government anatomiz'd; or, a discourse concerning evil counsellors: being the life & death of JOHN THE BAPTIST*. The original dedication & prologue are both dropped. The *dramatis personae* worded, *The collocutors & complainants, or persons*

sons speaking. The half title — BAPTISTES — at the head of the first act, is called *the life & death of JOHN THE BAPTIST*. (Tho' very improperly. For the work is so far from being the History of *the life of JOHN THE BAPTIST*, that it takes in only the history of *his death*, & the circumstances immediately relating thereto. 'The circumscription of time wherein the whole drama begins & ends, being, to use Mr. MILTON's own words in another like case, according to antient rule & best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.') The same word BAPTISTES, made the running title in the *Latin*, is again struck out in the *English*, & figures substituted in the place of it. The *five acts*, which it seems the play was first divided into by the translator himself (for the *Latin* is not marked into acts) are named the *five parts*. To conceal its being a poem, the *English* drama is printed (not as the *Latin*, & as the translator himself, no doubt, at first wrote it) *line by line*, in verse, but, *all on heaps*, in long paragraphs, like a discourse in *prose*. And then, to engage the common people to look into it, is added in the title-page — *And presented to the King's most excellent majesty, by the author.* — And, last of all, farther to recommend it to their perusal, Mr. WHITE procures an order from the Committee for printing to stamp it with their authority, as a most pretious thing, & now every way fit to be put into the hands of the godly. — Die Martis 30. Januarii, 1642. *It is ordered by the Committee of the house of Commons concerning printing, that this book be forthwith printed & published.* JOHN WHITE.

39. If again it be asked, *When did Mr. MILTON first publish his translation?* I answer, in Febr. 1641. — Here I know it may be objected, Mr. WHITE's Order (as above) for printing bears date 30. Jan. 1642. To which I answer, Mr. WHITE reckoned the year to begin on the 1. of January (& not as we do on the 25. of March) & that in contempt of the church of *England* & her supputation; for he hated the church to such a degree that he was called *the Father of the Separatists*³⁸. And again I am aware, that it may also be objected, that the drama itself, as appears by the date at the foot of the title-page, was not printed till 1642. To which I answer that it is the usual way of printers & booksellers, when the first of January is once elapsed, to date forwards, as if the 25. of March was elapsed too; & that, lest their books should, after the said 25. of March, be thought a year older than really they are. Whereas this way they preserve an air of newness for ten, & among some people,

38. See Mr. Carte's Letters, Vol. I. p. 25.

for twelve months longer. Thus then on Tuesday, 30. Jan. 1641. the head of JOHN THE BAPTIST is again as it were brought out in a charger by some of those men, who, on that very day seven years (on Tuesday 30. Jan. 1648.) brought out the head of M. CHARLES I. as triumphantly, & much more a public spectacle, than ever SALOME, the daughter of HERODIAS, did the PRAECURSOR'S.

40. The dates being thus rightly adjusted, to shew how exactly all these things bear touch with the common histories of the times, let it be observed, that on 4. Jan. 1641. the King went to the house, & there, taking the speaker's chair, demanded the five members to be delivered up to him. The next day the Commons declared they could not sit without a guard, adjourned to the 11. & appointed a Committee of twenty-four to sit, during the adjournment, at *Guildhall*. The same 5. Jan. the King went to *Guildhall*, & in a speech to the Common Council, demanded the five members there. On the 8. he published a proclamation for apprehending them. On the 10. the Committee resolved to return to the house on the morrow. On the same day the King withdrew to *Hampton-Court*. On the 11. the Commons assembled again at *Westminster*, with a strong guard. And on the 30. Mr. MILTON'S work was ordered to be forthwith printed & published.

41. If again it be asked, *How comes it, after all, that this work was so little regarded when it was first published in 1641?* I answer, at this great distance of time we cannot well tell what effect it had. To be sure it had some effect, tho' now we do not know what; & would have had a great deal more, if it had not been wrote in a stile so much above the vulgar capacity; printed very incorrectly; & all on a heap, not like a tragedy or poem; & the author & translator's names concealed: so that it was not perceived to be a tragedy or poem, nor was MILTON (as far as I can yet find) once thought of to be either the author or translator, till I came thus strangely to discover what it was, & the design of it. And so might any body else, you will say, if they had met with the printed copy, as you did. Yes; *Columbus* his egg for that. When SATAN (as MILTON fables) turned up the soil of heaven, & found gunpowder under it,

Th' invention all admir'd; & each, how bee

To be th' inventer mis'd: so easie it seem'd

Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought

Impossible 39. _____

39. Par. Loft. VI. 498.

42. If

42. If again it be asked, *Why did not MILLON himself reprint his BAPTISTES in a more advantageous manner, & then own it, as he might safely have done, & got much credit by it with his own party, when he was Latin secretary to the Parliament, & then to OLIVER, then to his son, & then to the Parliament again?* I answer, it may here be remembered, that Mr. MILTON was afraid to publish his translation as a dramatic piece in 1641. & tho' he himself was now indeed grown a great man, yet the genius of the times, as to dramatic poems of any sort, was still the same, & could never be brought to endure them till after the Restoration. On the contrary it appears that he had already been forced to publish 'a serious 'apology for his frequenting of playhouses in the former parts of his 'life;' which he cunningly did, partly by pretending to assign another reason, 'why som terms of the stage might appear in his writings, without his having learnt them in the theatre⁴⁰.'

43. Lastly, if it be asked, *Why did not Mr. MILTON reprint his BAPTISTES, with his other smaller poems after the Restoration in 1673?* I answer, K. CHARLES II. son of CHARLES I. & HENRIETTA MARIA (both whom he had so egregiously slandered in that work) was then, & all the rest of MILTON's life after, upon the throne. And, if that good-natured prince could himself have been so easie as to have forgiven it; still the translator might have been shut up for so doing (as PRYNNE was) by some of the court ministry; or perhaps have been assassinated (as *Ascham* & *Doristlaus* were) by some angry cavalier. And these were risques, which, at that time of day, Mr. MILTON did not care to run the adventure of.

44. There were but *two objections* which I could possibly think of (when I first met with this work) why it should not be MILTON's; & those were, *several couplets of it being wrote in rhyme, & again some few lines cut shorter than other some.* (In this last case I do not mean those lines, in this edition, broke into two or three, because they consist of so many several speeches; but those other lines, here & there, which belong to one & the same speech, & yet want their due number of feet to make them complete verses.) These two objections I then thought of some weight. But upon looking into MILTON's *COMUS* & his *SAMSON AGONISTES*, I found several instances of both sorts in each of those dramatic pieces. And so both these objections quickly ceased.

40. See his life by *Toland*, p. 15. & the first Vol. of his prose Works, p. 173, 174, 175.

45. Mr. MILTON having for the present thus done his part towards carrying on of the good old cause, give me leave to add here, what his worthy friend Mr. JOHN WHITE did, very soon after, for the furtherance of the same enterprize. In November 1643. he publishes a 4to. pamphlet, entitled, 'The first Century of scandalous priests, made & admitted into benefices by the prelates, in whose hands the ordination of ministers & government of the church hath been; or, a narration of the causes for which the parliament hath ordered the sequestration of the benefices of several ministers complained of before them, for viciousness of life, errors in doctrine (contrary to the articles of our religion) & for practising & pressing superstitious innovations against law, & for malignancy against the parliament.' The whole book & preface was written by Mr. WHITE. And (what is very observable) this pamphlet is likewise recommended by the Committee of the House of Commons for printing, (just as Mr. MILTON's work before was) with the following Order. It is ordered this 17. day of November, 1643. by the Committee of the House of Commons in parliament concerning printing, That this book be printed. JOHN WHITE.

46. 'This Mr. WHITE (afterwards commonly called CENTURY WHITE) was educated, as Mr. Wood informs us⁴¹, in Jesus College, Oxon, & thence translated to the Middle Temple; where, being a counsellor, he was by the puritan party made one of the feoffees for the buying in of impropriations to be bestowed on those of the godly side. But, having an information put in against him & others employed in that work, in the Exchequer Chamber, they were prevented in that design & censured in the Star-Chamber. Whereupon WHITE, being enraged against the bishops & clergy, because LAUD & others of them had hindered that project, he studied all the ways imaginable to be revenged. And at length, being elected a Burgess for Southwark in 1640. he made it his business to rail against the bishops & canons; & when he was elected one of the Committee for Religion (of which he was mostly chairman) no man more violent against the clergy, or more ready to license books against them, than he; & as ready as any (except PRYNNE) to be a witness against LAUD at his tryall; he being then one of the House of Commons appointed to sit amongst the assembly of Divines. His above pamphlet [the first Century] was so scandalous, that [tho' he promised it] he was ashamed to pursue his thoughts of another. And

41. Ath. Oxon. Vol. II. col. 70.

his majesty being at *Oxford*, when it was published & shewed to him, would not give his consent that a like book should be written of some parliament ministers. This Mr. WHITE died 29. Jan. 1644.

47. It remains that I lay before the reader a brief account how this work is now published. And here ——— *For the Title* ——— This work appears now with the plain title of BAPTISTES, being that which the author himself at first gave it; & which, I persuade my self, the translator (if he had wrote with no other views than merely those of a translator) would himself have continued. ——— *For the Dramatis Personae*, instead of ——— *The Collocutors & Complaynants, or Persons speaking*; as in the *English* copy — is put only ——— *The Persons*: as in the *Latin*. For the work it self in general, the *five parts* (as they are called in the old printed copy) are here called the *five acts*, as no doubt the translator himself at first wrote it. Those *five acts* I have also subdivided into *Scenes*, as is usual in all tragedies. And again, the whole poem is likewise now printed (as it should be) in distinct lines or verses, like other works of the like sort. And those verses or lines are all numbered.

48. *For the Text* in particular ——— Upon my first meeting with this work in *English*, I presently set myself, by scanning & transcribing of it line by line, to restore & write it out of prose into verse. And I was greatly delighted with doing so, & with seeing it answer so exactly, in almost every part, without any stretching or forcing of the words to bring it into measure. In some places indeed the sense now & then appeared a little obscure. And here & there again, but for what reason I could not yet tell, the measure it self would not hit right. But when I met with the Original, that instructed me to adjust every thing. The first of these difficulties (that of some passages being a little obscure) I then found was chiefly owing to the haste & mistakes of the printer's *compositor*, who (now & then, having occasion to remove & shift some little part of his *matter* as he composed the work for the press) unluckily took up, sometimes a word or two, sometimes a line or more, & set it before other words or lines, which, in the right order of things, it should have followed. (Those who are used to printing, know this to be a very common case.) And again, where the measure itself would not hit right, there something I then found was always dropped by the carelessness of the *transcriber* or *compositor*. Now, as to the first of these difficulties, the *Latin* helped me with ease to correct all the *transpositions* I met with. And, as to the second sort (the *English* of some lines, or pieces of lines,

being dropped by the carelessness of the *transcriber* or *compositor*) as there was hardly any possibility of retrieving exactly the very words they had dropped, yet here also the *Latin* enabled me every where to supply all those omissions with something very near what was dropped, as the same of course must needs be always a translation of those very words which the translator himself had to translate. And every passage of both sorts I have been careful to distinguish by a note.

49. *For the Notes*—— They are of two sorts. 1. The *shorter Notes*, to shew, 1. why some words & lines stand as they do in the present printed text. And 2. how some other words & lines are altered. Wherein by the word *Orig.* (i. e. *Original*) I mean only the first printed copy, published in (1642. or rather) 1641. by Order of the House of Commons. II. The *larger Notes*, which are chiefly historical, & were mostly written to shew how the drama may, in the translator's sense, almost all the way be supposed to carry a double meaning. Hence the *English* story, as suggested in those notes, tallies so strangely with the *Jewish*. And I think it can be no injustice at all to the translator to affirm, that he desired to be understood so. For the very design & conduct of the translation, if I am not greatly deceived, demonstrates it. However, lest I should any where have mistaken his meaning, I have all the way made use of — *I conceive, I fancy, I imagine, I apprehend, I guess, I presume, methinks, it seems, as I take it, if I err not* — & the like *cautionary words*, in representing my sense of things; or, if I have any where neglected this guard, I here, once for all, desire that something of that nature may always be understood. For I would not willingly set down any facts or supposition of facts, but what I apprehend, from the apparent application & tendency of the work the translator himself may very fairly be surmised willing to glance at. To the Whole I have prefixed the *original dedication & prologue*, with an *English* translation of both; as also the *argument*, as well as I could draw it, from a perusal of the Drama.

50. I have only my reason to add, why I always *called* (or rather *described*) this poem [before it was thus printed] as A POEM WRITTEN IN DEFENCE OF LIBERTY, & not by its right name BAPTISTES. And that was this.

51. When I first made a discovery of this poem & of the hand it was done by, I was willing to reap the benefit of it my self. And, I think, it was but just that I should. But this I could not have done, had I called it by its true name; since I should thereby have revealed the secret,

& so others would have printed the thing for me, before I was ready, which I judged was not so proper.

52. Being nevertheless desirous to inform the world that I had a poem of Mr. MILTON's in my hands as yet unknown to the public, I therefore called or rather described it as A POEM WRITTEN IN DEFENCE OF LIBERTY (as, I think, I have proved it actually was) not a poem ON LIBERTY (tho' some people, I believe the generality, understood me in this sense; &, if they did, it was not yet my business to undeceive them.) And thus I often wrote & spoke of it to my acquaintance. Farther I could not yet go, for the reason here given. Nor had I gone thus far; but, being making some collections about MILTON, I thought my owning thus much might help me to some new intelligences concerning him; as indeed it did.

53. And now all those of my friends, who so often asked me for a *specimen of the poem* itself, & urged me with divers other questions, both about that & the author or rather translator, & I doubt not, took it ill that I was not so open in the affair as they expected, will, I hope, at last be satisfied with this fair & frank relation of the whole secret, & also accept what I have here given as a satisfactory reason, why I could not (tho' I very much desired it) till now oblige them either with a specimen of the poem, or again with a full detail of the manner I came to discover both it & the translator. For they may now see, that there was a great secret in the affair, which, had I once mentioned it, would have deprived me of all the advantage of the discovery, & that therefore it behoved me for a while at least, to be silent.

& to other world have printed the thing for me, before I was ready, which I judged was not so proper.

§ 2. Being nevertheless desirous to inform the world that I had a poem of Mr. MILTON's in my hands as yet unknown to the public, I printed it called or misapprehended it as a ROMAN WRITTEN IN DEFENCE OF LIBERTY (as I think I have proved it actually was) not a poem on LIBERTY (the some people, I believe the generally understood me in this sense, & if they did, it was not yet my business to understand them). And that I often wrote & looked of it to my acquaintance. I thought I could not yet go for the reason here given. But had I gone to the point, being making some collections about MILTON, I thought my own in this much might help me to some new intelligence concerning him; as I did.

§ 3. And now I thought of my friend, who is often asked, and for answer of the same thing, & asked me with many other questions, about that & the author of rather a small one, & I do not say, took it ill that I was not so open in the answer as they expected, will, I hope, at last be satisfied with this full & frank relation of the whole fact, & all except what I have here given as a satisfactory reason, why I could not (the I say again) do it. All my oblige then comes with a remembrance of the poem, or again with a full detail of the manner I came to discover that it was the translation. For they may now see that there was a great reason in the thing, which had I once mentioned it, would have appeared to me as all the advantage of the discovery, & that which I followed me with while at least to be done.

BAPTISTES:

Sacred Dramatic Poem.

GEORGIUS BUCHANANUS, JACOBO Sexto, SCOTORUM Rēgi, S. P. D.

CUM omnes mei libelli, postquam Tibi erudiendo sum appositus, ad Te familiariter accedunt, salutant, confabulantur, & in Tuae clientelae umbra conquiescunt, tum hic meus BAPTISTES pluribus de causis Tui nominis patrocinium audentius sibi pascere videtur; quod meus, quanquam abortivus, tamen primus est foetus, & adolescentes a vulgari fabularum scenicarum consuetudine, ad imitationem antiquitatis provocet; & ad pietatis studium, quod tum ubique fere exagitabatur, animos excitare pro virili contendat. Illud autem peculiarius ad Te videri potest spectare, quod Tyrannorum cruciatus, & cum florere maxime videntur, misérias dilucide exponat; quod Te nunc intelligere non conducibile modo, sed etiam necessarium existimo: ut mature odisse incipias, quod Tibi semper est fugiendum. Volo etiam hunc libellum apud posteros testem fore, si quid aliquando, pravis consultoribus impulsus, vel regni licentia rectam educationem superante secus committas, non praeceptoribus, sed Tibi qui eis recte monentibus non sis obsecutus, id vitio vertendum esse. Det Dominus meliora, & quod est apud Tuum SALUSTIUM, TIBI BENE FACERE EX CONSUETUDINE IN NATURAM VERTAT. Quod equidem cum multis & spero & opto. Vale. Sterlino, ad Calend. Novembres., 1576.

THE ARGUMENT.

[By the Editor.]

I. JOHN THE BAPTIST, preaching up a new religion & the abolition of the ancient Jewish rites in the times of HEROD ANTIPAS, Rabbi MALCHUS (a very old pharisee, a resolute stickler for the Mosaic Law,

GEORGE BUCHANAN to JAMES the Sixth, King of Scots, Greeting.

[Translated by the Editor.]

SINCE all my little pieces, after I was appointed your Preceptor, familiarly approach, salute, discourse you, & repose themselves in the shade of your protection; so this my BAPTISTES, for many reasons, seems more boldly to demand the patronage of your name, as, tho' an abortive, it is yet my first offspring, & may lead young persons from a vulgar taste of plays to an imitation of antiquity; & also as it, with all its might, endeavors to stir up their minds to a study of piety; which is now almost every where molested. And it may likewise seem more peculiarly to look towards you, as it clearly opens the vexations & miseries of TYRANTS, even when they appear to be most fortunate; a particular which I account not only profitable, but also necessary for you now to be acquainted with: that you may begin betimes to hate that course, which you ought always to avoid. Moreover I would have this book remain as a witness to posterity, that, if you act any thing hereafter, either impelled by EVIL COUNSELORS, or by the liberty of Kingship, ill overcoming a right education, all such faults may not be charged to your Instructors, but to yourself, who have not well observed those good advisers. But God send us better things, &, as it is said in your own SALUST, TURN YOUR DOING GOOD FROM CUSTOM, INTO VERY NATURE. Which truly I & innumerable others both wish & pray for. Farewell. From *Sterling*, 1. Novemb. 1576.

The ARGUMENT.

[By the Editor.]

I. JOHN THE BAPTIST, preaching up a new religion & the abolition of the antient JEWISH rites in the times of HEROD ANTIPAS, *Rabbi* MALCHUS (a very old pharisee, a resolute stickler for the MOSAIC Law, & the king's chief minister) resolves, if possible, to destroy him; but *Rabbi* GAMALIEL, another pharisee (whom he expected to join with him in that design) advises him to more gentle courses. Whereupon MALCHUS in a rage resolves to apply himself to the king, & to this end craftily engages HERODIAS the queen to second him, who (hating THE BAPTIST for his freedom in rebuking the king for marrying of her) is easily persuaded to do so.

II. She accordingly moves the King to destroy JOHN, as a seditious person; but he at first, awed by the sanctity of THE PROPHET, refuses to comply; till THE PROPHET again rebuking him for his adulterous & incestuous course of life, he at length imprisons him, under a pretence of his preaching up a new religion & disobedience to CAESAR.

III. Yet soon after orders him to be enlarged. Whereupon MALCHUS (seeing JOHN in so much favor with the king) resolves to make his peace with him, & to meddle no farther against him. But, upon hearing him again preach against the JEWISH priests & pharisees, grows more enraged than ever, & resolves, come what will, to ruin him.

IV. To this end he again applies to HERODIAS, lays open afresh the great affront which is done her, & instructs her how to manage HEROD; who again imprisons JOHN. The admirable discourse of JOHN with his disciples (who would persuade him to beg pardon & submit to HEROD) upon an unbroken integrity, & the present & future rewards of it.

V. HERODIAS, yet unable to prevail with the king, sets her daughter SALOME (who had lately charmed him with her fine dancing, & to whom, in return, he had promised, upon oath, to give whatever she would ask) to demand THE BAPTIST's head. HEROD, greatly shocked at her inhuman request, & fearing the people (who, he finds, look upon JOHN as a PROPHET) endeavors to get off; but (for his oath's sake) at last, tho' very unwillingly, complies. THE PROPHET is beheaded in prison; & the destruction of JERUSALEM (for that, & her many other sins) foretold by his disciples.

PERSONAE.

[THE PERSONS.]

Prologus.

The Prologue.

Malchus, *Phariseus*.

Malchus,

} *Pharise[e]s.*

Gamaliel, *Phariseus*.

Gamaliel,

Joannes, *Baptista*.

John, *the Baptist*.

Chorus *Judaeorum*.

Chorus; *or a Company of Jews.*

Herodes *Rex*.

King Herod.

Herodias *Regina*.

The *Queen*, Herodias.

Reginae Filia.

The *Queen's Daughter*.

Nuntius.

Nuntius, *or the Messenger*.

[SCENE, The Court; *all but part of the Fourth Act, where it changes to*
The Street before the prison.]

PROLOGUS.

VETERES poetae fabulantur PROTEA
 Quendam fuisse, qui se in omnes verteret
 Formas, nec ullis contineri vinculis
 Posset, liquentes nunc in undas dum fluit,
 Nunc flamma stridet, nunc ferus rugit leo,
 Viret arbor, horret ursus, anguis sibilat,
 In cuncta rerum transiens miracula.
 At ego profecto fabulam istam comperi
 Longe SIBYLLAE veriore oraculis.
 Nam quotquot homines video, tot me PROTEOS
 Videre vultus credo qui sumant novos,
 Seseque vertant in figuras quaslibet:
 Subjecta quorum maxime calumniis
 Fortuna semper scenici est spectacula.

Nam si vetustam fabulam quis proferat,
 Turbant molesti, tussunt, & nauseant.
 At si novam quis attulit, tum protinus
 Vetera requirunt, comprobant, laudant, amant:
 Illiberali respuunt fastidio
 Nova, & priusquam noscere queant, exigunt.
 Recteque dicta interpretationibus
 Vitiant malignis: omne in pejus trahunt.
 Ipsique somno dediti, ac ignaviae,
 Vacui laboris, invident laboribus
 Aliorum, & omnem collocant operam suam,
 Ut deprehendant quod queant reprehendere.
 Si quis sit error, antevortunt Lyncea
 Visu, notaque perlinunt censoria.
 Bene dicta surdis auribus praetervolant.

7. In cuncta rerum transiens miracula.]

Paraphrase of Virgil.

Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum;

Ignemque horribilemque feram, fluviumque liquentem

Georg. IV. 441.

At

THE PROLOGUE.

[Translated by the Editor.]

THERE was one PROTEUS, as old Poets feign,
 Who to each shape would change himself, nor might
 With any bonds be held fast; whilst he now
 Melts into liquid waves, whizzes a flame,
 Roars a fierce, hungry lion, flourishes
 A tree, bristles a bear, a snake hisses,
 Into the miracle of all things shifting.
 But truer than the SIBYLL's oracles
 That fable I indeed have found. For, just
 So many men as I behold, so many
 PROTEUS's, methinks, I see; who each can take
 New forms, & into ev'ry figure turn;
 Their fortune, subject most to calumnies,
 A scenic spectacle becoming always.

Yet, if an antient story any one
 Produce, your snarlers clamor, cough, & tofs;
 Or if the tale be new, then straight the old
 They call for, like, & praise, & say they love best:
 New with illiberal distaste they slight,
 And, ev'n before they understand well, throw back.
 All rightly said, with their malignant glofs.
 Corrupting, into worse they wrest. Themselves
 Slothful, & idle, empty of all pains,
 Other mens works still envying, they search
 To fault with; them perusing o'er & o'er,
 Sharp-sighted as the Lynx: 'till some small slip
 Or found, or fancied, joyful, that they mark
 With dash censorial: yet things well said
 For haste will neither see nor hear. As light

*Horum severa supercilia nihil moror,
Tristemq; vultus tetrici arrogantiam.*

At si quis adsit aestimator candidus

Qui puriores promoventi litteras

Studeat & favore sublevet,

Et (quando ab omni parte sincerum nihil

Humana gignit mens) levibus erroribus

Ignoscat, illi fabulam afferimus novam,

Aut potius historiam vetustam interpolet:

BAPTISTA quondam ut, regia libidine

Et invidorum subdolis calumniis

Oppressus, indignam innocens subiit necem.

Porro vocare fabulam veterem aut novam

Per me licebit cuique pro arbitrio suo.

Nam si vetusta est, ante multa secula

Res gesta, veteres inter haec censebitur.

Sin, quod recenti memoria viget, novum

Existimemus, haec erit prorsus nova.

Nam donec hominum genus erit, semper novae

Fraudes, novaeque suppetent calumniae:

Livorque semper improbus premet probos,

Vis jura vincet, fucus innocentiam.

BAPTISTES.

Regard I all the supercilious looks
Of those men, or their arrogance so stern!

But if there be but one candid judge here,

Who kindly purer letters can both taste,
And with his friendly countenance support,
And little errors (as the human mind
Nought altogether perfect brings forth) can
O'er-look: I unto him this fable new,

Or rather antient tale new furbished,
Present; how once, oppress'd by regal lust,
And the crafty calumnies of his foes,
A certain BAPTIST innocently fell

A sacrifice most undeserv'd. — And let
Each one, as likes him, call the story new
Or old, henceforth, for me. For, if he call
It old, the thing was many ages past
Transacted, & therefore 'mong the antient
May be reckon'd. Or, if he account it young,
As in late memory reviv'd, it must
Be deem'd, in this sense, altogether new.

And truly, whilst the race of mankind lives,
New frauds & calumnies will ever be
In readiness. Unjust hate will just men
Always oppress; force, right o'ercome; & guile
Still undermine the whitest innocence.

BAPTISTES.

BAPTISTES.

[ACTUS I.
SCENA I.]

MALCHUS & GAMALIEL, Rabini: CHORUS.

MALCHUS.

MISERA Senectus, & supremi spiritus
Propinqua meta, Fataque infelicia!

In hosne vitae longioris terminum

Tribuistis usus? Serviente ut patria

Polluta Templum cernerem nefarie,

Profana sacra mista? Vidi impervii

Arcana Fani fracta, sacrum postibus

Aurum revulsum! Quicquid aut GABINII

Cupido rapere potuit, aut ANTONII

Haurire luxus, periit: ac ludibrio

Etiam CLEOPATRAE fuimus (infandum) gulae!

Ac, ne deesset parte ab ulla indignitas,

Rex, ANTIPATRI Semi-ARABIS pronepos,

Crudele sceptrum saevus HERODES gerit;

JUDAEA IDUMAE servit; ARABARCHAE, SION;

SOLYMA, profano; populus, impio, DEI!

Tot sortis inter saevientis vulnera,

In servitute quamlibet gravi, tamen

Scintilla quaedam dignitatis pristinae

Adbuc supererat: Disciplinae & patriae

Vel quaecunque specimen ipsis hostibus

Etiam verendum: coeperat victor ferox,

Et purpuratae non minima pars curiae,

Honore leges prosequi JUDAICAS.

20

BAPTISTES.

7 Fame. Orig.

Hac

BAPTISTES.

[ACT I.]

SCENE I.]

MALCHUS [G.] GAMALIEL, *Rabines*: [CHORUS.]

MALCHUS,

O THIS old wretched Age, the neighb'ring bounds
 Of our last breath! And you, unhappy Fates,
 Long life on us have you bestow'd for this?
 Or for these uses? That we should behold
 Our Temples lewdly, cursedly defil'd,
 Our holy things prophan'd, our Country 'slav'd,
 The Reliques of our *Fane* (which none might enter)
 Broken before me, & the sacred gold
 Rent from the posts? Whatere the greedy will
 Of stern GABINIUS could by Rapine gaine,
 Or ANTHONIE's luxurious pow'r exhaust,
 All's lost: & we have been a mocking stock
 (Which I abhorre to heare, much more to speake)
 To CLEOPATRA's gluttonous desires!
 And, lest we should not be in ev'ry part
 Disgrac'd & vilifi'd, we now are brought
 Under a cruell King, the Nephew's Son
 Of halfe-ARABIAN ANTIPATER;
 JUDAEA serves an IDUMAEAN Tyrant,
 While an ARABIAN Lord in SION reigns,
 God's people & JERUSALEM, a man
 Prophane & impious! Yet in this distresse,
 Among so many wounds of raging chance,
 Some sparks of ancient honor did remain,
 A pattern of our Countrie's Discipline,
 Such as it is, which by our foes themselves
 Is to be reverenc'd: the furious Victor,
 And no small number of his purpled Court,
 Began to dignifie the JEWISH lawes.

1 Q 9

We

*Hac recreati spe caput vix tollere
Fessi miseriis coeperamus: quum nefas
Ortum repente est, unde nullius mali*

*Metus imminebat. Ecce BAPTISTES novus,
Non e profanis editus parentibus,
Interque cultus educatus exteros,
Sed gente noster, genere LEVITES, DEO
Primis dicatus usque ab incunabulis,
Pontificis ipse natus, ipse pontifex
Brevi futurus, ni cupitae gloriae
Fruetus acerbos rapere mallet, quam suo
Maturam honoris legere messem in tempore.*

*Is ergo ruris devii solos colens
Solut recessus, sanctitatis tetricae
Vulgus fefellit imperitum imagine;
Hirco capillo, terga opertus pellibus,
Victu ferino, & id genus praestigiis
In se ora vertit omnium: Plebs credere
Vatem repente redditum mundo novum.
Et jam sequacis ille vulgi exercitum
Traduxit ad se, jam relictis urbibus
Hunc populus unum suspicit, proceres colunt,
Reges verentur. Ille, stolidae insania
Plebis superbus, alter ut MOSES, nova
Dat jura: lymphis expiare crimina,
Adulterare ritibus leges novis
Audet vetustas: ut furore facilius
Vulgi fruatur, omnibus probris patres
Lacerat, secundis plebis usus auribus.
Quod si furentis insolenti audacia
Latronis hujus nemo se conatibus
Opponat, illa celebris orbi sanctitas
Brevis peribit, imò perit, imò periit.*

30. *neere*, with a double e. Orig. So again,
lines 385. 588. 861. 1029. 1308.

42. *then* (for *than*, the adverb of comparison)
with an e. Orig. So again, lines 96. 181.

420. 518. 525. 529. 591. 1012. 1023.

1039. 1047. 1090. 1103. 1119. 1167.
1540.

51. *reduc'd*. Orig.

55. *past*. Orig.

56. *Through the madness*. Orig.

We with this hope refresh'd, though well *neere* tyr'd
 With misery, had hardly taken heart
 To re-advance our heads, when, out alas!
 A hainous matter which we never fear'd,
 Did suddenly arise a NEW BAPTIZER,
 Whose Parentage is holy, who was bred
 Among strange worships, but by Nation, ours;
 By Stock, a LEVITE; given unto GOD
 Ev'n from his infant cradle, being son
 Of an High-Priest, & shortly to receive
 That dignity himself, unlesse he chuse
 Rather to taste false glorie's bitter fruit,
 Then honor's harvest in due time to reape.
 He therefore keeping in the desert soyle
 Deceives, with shew of sanctity severe,
 The simple people; cloath'd in skins of beasts,
 His haire uncomb'd, & feeding sa[l]vage like:
 By which delusions he draws the lookes
 Of all men towards him; the common sort
 Being posses'd with ignorant beliefs,
 That a new PROPHET to the world is sent.
 And now unto himsele he hath *seduc'd*
 An Army of the vulgar following him:
 Him only now the people all admire,
 Leaving their Cities Noblemen & Kings
 Honor & feare him: where he, *puff'd* with pride
 Through madnesse of the multitude, new laws
 Gives, like another MOSES; cleansing crimes
 With water, & presumes our ancient laws
 With new Rites to adulterate, & rends
 The Fathers with reproaches, to enjoy
 The peoples mad affection with more ease,
 Who give him gentle hearing. — But, if none
 Himself oppose against this theife's attempts,
 Raging & ranging with bold insolence,
 That sanctity, throughout the world renown'd,
 Will soon expire, nay it expieth now,
 Or rather hath expir'd.

Gamaliel. *Professionem nil temere nostram decet*
Statuere : mites lenitas decet patres.
Juvenum temeritati dare venia potest;
At nulla nostram poterit excusatio
Velare culpam. Paululum da irae locum.
Residat impetus, & dolor deferveat.

Malchus. *Et tu, GAMALIEL, hic sacrilegus quae facit*
Tua, ut videtur, approbas sententia?

Gamaliel. *O MALCHE, MALCHE! nec probo, aut damno prius*
Quam quale quodque sit, sciam, quod VATEM ad hunc
Spectat; vir adeo (quantum ego audio) malus
Non est, nec odio sic premendus publico.

Malchus. *O sidera, O coelum, O solum! Huic etiam vira*
Non deest patronus, esse qui malum negat.

Gamaliel. *Qui vitia carpit, qui docet mores bonos,*
Praeitque primus quam indicat aliis viam;
Hunc esse mihi persuadeas malum virum?

Malchus. *Qui jura spernit, qui docet sectas novas,*
Novosque ritus, qui petit convitiis
Populi magistros, Pontificibus detrahit:
Hunc esse mihi persuadeas bonum virum?

Gamaliel. *Si in nos severi & tetrici aequi iudices*
Essemus aliis quam sumus saepe offeri,
Minus paterent publicis convitiis
Flagitia nostra; blandiamur quamlibet
Nobis, beati praedixemur, coelites
Vulgo putemur, integri, casti, pii:
At nemo nostrum maximis vitiis vacat.

Malchus. *Ut haec, GAMALIEL, vera sint; num cuiuslibet*
E plebe fas est praesuli maledicere?

73. vaile, with an a. Orig.
 91. Ritts. Orig.

97. publice. Orig. So again, line 728.
 103. that. Orig.

Gamaliel. Men of our calling must do nothing rashly:
Mildnesse becomes milde Fathers. To young men,
If through temerity they go astray, 70
A pardon may be given; but, a fault
By one of us committed, no excuse
To vaile it can prevaile. Be calme awhile,
This rage appease, & let your sorrow flake.

Malchus. Then you, GAMALIEL, as it seems, approve 75
This curst Caitiff's actions?

Gamaliel. MALCHUS, no!
I neither do approve, nor yet condemne,
Before I know the matter that concerns
This new-come PROPHET; who is not a man 80
(So far as I can hear) so full of ill,
Nor to be so opprest with publick hate.

Malchus. O Stars, O Heav'n, O Earth! That wicked wretch
Wants not a Patron here, that can uphold 85
His manners to be good!

Gamaliel. Who vice reproves,
Good manners teaching, leads the way himself
Which unto others plainly he directs;
Can you perswade me that this man is naught?
Malchus. He that our Laws condemnes, new Sects doth teach, 90
Besides new Rites, reviles our Magistrates,
And our high Priests with calumny pursues:
Can you perswade me that this man is good?

Gamaliel. If we were equally against our selves
Judges austere, & milder towards others, 95
Then we are oftentimes, our heynous crimes
Would lye more open unto publike view
And sharpe reproaches; howsoever we
Flatter our selves & are proclaimed blest,
Reputed by the common people Saints, 100
Chast, pious, & upright: But of us all
None from the greatest fault[s] was ever free.

Malchus. GAMALIEL, though these things may be true,
Is't lawfull for a vulgar man to rayle
Against a Prelate? Let the people hear

Yielding obedience, & sober live,
 Refuse no reyns by him upon them cast,
 He can reduce the vulgar, if they err,
 To the right way: Let him be as a law
 Unto himselfe. But, if in ought he chance
 To go astray, the wicked, God doth see
 And sharply punish.

Gamaliel. And do you conceive
 This law is just?

Malchus. I do indeed.

Gamaliel. And why?

Malchus. Because blind ignorance & want of skill,
 Rashnesse & error commonly are found
 As proper & peculiar to the vulgar.

Gamaliel. He, that to Princes wisdom gives not place,
 Is often taken from the vulgar throng.

Malchus. But give we place then in this chair
 To shepherds?

Gamaliel. MOSES a shepheard was, & DAVID too.

Malchus. They were taught all things by the SPIRIT of GOD. 125

Gamaliel. He that taught them can also tutor this.

Malchus. Will GOD instruct him & relinquish us?

Gamaliel. GOD neither Scepter, parents, noble stock,
 Beauty, nor Kingly riches doth respect;
 But hearts that no contagion of deceit,
 Of lust, or cruelty doth once pollute:
 The HOLY SPIRIT in this temple rests.

Malchus. Surely GAMALIEL, to confesse a truth,
 You seeme to me of late, by your opinion,
 A plain approver of that wicked Sect.
 I can no longer smother what I think,
 Seeing you do such things as are unworthy
 Both of your Ancestors & of your selfe,
 You that of all the rest ought to defend,
 Do chiefly our authority offend,
 And that in favour of a mad young man!
 For God's sake tell me, What's your tryall's hope,
 What profit do you seeke to get by this?

Perhaps

Forte ille honores aut opes dabit tibi,
Qui dignitatem funditus nostri ordinis
Evertit omnem, nosque ad inopiam vocat.
 Gamaliel. O MALCHE, vero *potius omnes bona bonos semper decet.*
Nostram tueri dignitatem si putes
Nos posse fastu, viribus, superbia:
Non haec parentes ratio nostros extulit.

Malchus. *Vetusta veteres nostra nos magis decet:*
Suique vivat quisque more seculi.

Gamaliel. *Quin potius omnes bona bonos semper decet.*

Malchus. *Si quid paterni spiritus nobis foret*

Gamaliel. *Et nos paternis viveremus moribus*

Malchus. *Poenas huiusce mundi non debemus*

Gamaliel. *Aliena nostro abundans est crudelitas*

Malchus. *Quicquid DEO praestatur, id sanctum & pium est*

Gamaliel. *Morti immerentes impia est pietas dare.*

Malchus. *Hunc immerentem, tunc qui vocat*

Gamaliel. *Si peccat ille, quin palam redarguit*

Quin lumen ingenii exeret illic tui

Rudem peritus, doctus indoctum, senex

Aggredere juvenem. Fors reduces in viam

Et tibi apud omnes comparabis gloriam.

Malchus. *Curanda non est ista plaga molliter,*
Sed fune, ferro, & igne, vel si quid scias

Quod fune, ferro, & igne sit crudelius.

Gamaliel. *Sit ille qualem dicis, aut peior etiam*

Si vis, dare unum te tamen decet tibi,

Ut ante moneas hominem amice & leniter;

Ne malle quisquam praecipitare te putet

Dubium salutis, dexteram quam tendere

145. orders, honor, Orig.

148. that. Orig.

156. we, with a double e. Orig. So again,

lines 270. 1160. 1521. 1531. 1532. 1537.

179. least (for left.) Orig. So again, line 269.

Perhaps hee'l give you honor or great wealth,
Who utterly destroys our order's honor,
And labours to undoe us!

Gamaliel. Truly, MALCHUS,
You shoot far from the marke, when you suppose
We can defend our dignity with pride,
And arrogancy, or with strength of Arms:
Our parents were not by such means advanc'd.

Malchus. Our ancient Laws & Orders more become
Us that are ancient. And let each one live
According to the manner of his time.

Gamaliel. But rather good things good men still become.

Malchus. If we had any of our fathers spirit —

Gamaliel. Our fathers manners should our lives direct.

Malchus. This wicked fellow by a speedy death,
Not threat'nings, had beene punished.

Gamaliel. For our order cruelty is unmeet.

Malchus. What's done for God, holy & pious is.

Gamaliel. [MALCHUS,] to put to death without desert
Is impious piety.

Malchus. Deserves not he to dye, that all subverts?

Gamaliel. If he transgresse, why do you not confute him
In publicke view with arguments & reasons?
Why do you not shew there your light of wit?
You, being expert, learned, & so old,

Set upon one that's rude, unlearn'd, so young,
To the right way perhaps you may reduce him,
And glory to your selfe 'mongst all men gain.

Malchus. That wound is never to be gently cur'd,
But with cord, sword, & fire, or if you know
Any thing more tormenting.

Gamaliel. Be he such
As you expresse him, or worse if you will,
Yet one thing to your selfe you ought to give,
That first you freely & in gentle wise
Admonish him, lest any one do think,
That you would rather cast him headlong down
Doubtfull of heaven, then extend your hand

Jam pessum cuncti. Plurimum interest tuam
Ad famam, ut omnes invidi etiam intelligant
Servare te omnes velle, perdere neminem,
Nisi obstinata mente qui praeceps ruat.
Unum oro saltem, te priusquam longius
Abducatur ira, cogita quid assequi
Hoc obstinata pertinacia queas?

Malchus. Nempe illud. Hostem ut opprimam, saler bonos.
Dubiosque firmem, & impudentes terream.
Legesque patrias hoc cruore sanciam.

Gamaliel. Quin potius illud assequere; ut omnibus
Grassatus esse viribus tyrannidis
Credare, sanctum donec opprimeres virum,
Ratione quem non potueris convincere.

Malchus. Sit sanctus ille, sit gravis quantum libet,
DIVINUS illum SPIRITUS non dirigit,
Quando instituta prisca patrum negligit.
Et quando apud vos nil reperio praesidi,
Contra ruinam regum auxilium petam.

Chorus. Recte GAMALIEL admonet, me judice:
Et tu monenti obtempera.

[S C E N A II.]

CHORUS & GAMALIEL.]

Sed consilii

Recti hostis ira mentis aciem obnubilat,
Auremque monitis obstruit salubribus.

Gamaliel. Ille abiit ira incensus & fastu tumens.
Ego quod licebat sedulo pro viribus
Monui furem, spiritus nixus feros
Lenire verbis mollibus. Fidum dedi
Consilium, at ille tantum abest ut gratiam
Ingratus habeat, etiam ut oderit bene
De se merentem. Vulgo ita modo vivitur,

199. *bee* (the potential verb) with a double *e*. 208. *cleer*, with a double *e*. Orig. So again,
 Orig. So again, lines 390. 873. 1152. lines 267. 476.
 1179. 1538. 210. *Hee*, with a double *e*. Orig. So again,
 204. *councells*. Orig. lines 238. 239. 264. 942. 945. 1300.
 207. *advise*. Orig. So again, line 883. 1442. 1452.

To save him falling. It concerns you much,
That all your Enemies may understand,
Your will is good to save all, none destroy,
But such a one, as, with a mind perverse,
Precipitates himselfe. One thing at least
I crave, ere you by wrath be further drawn,
Consider by this obstinate condition
What you may gaine?

Malchus. Why this. Confound a foe,
Comfort the good, & terrifie the shamelesse;
Confirm the wav'ring mind, & with this blood
Our Countrie's Laws establish.

Gamaliel. Rather this
You shall obtaine; to be accounted one
That with all pow'r of tyranny hath ro[a]m'd,
Untill you did a holy man confound,
One whom by reason you could not convince.

Malchus. Then let him *bee* as holy as he will
And grave, GOD'S SPIRIT doth not him direct,
Who does neglect the Father's ancient Rules.
And, seeing no redresse with you I find,
I'll seeke the King's assistance against Ruine.

Chorus. [To *Malchus.*] GAMALIEL in my judgment counsells well:
Obey him therefore ——— [Exit *Malchus.*]

[S C E N E II.]

CHORUS & GAMALIEL.]

But I speak in vain,
Since wrath, the enemy of GOD'S advice,
Darkens his mind's cleer sight, who stops his ears
To wholesome admonitions.

Gamaliel. Hee's gone in wrath & swelling with disdain.
For my part, what was lawfull to my pow'r
I earnestly advis'd him, with mild words
Endeav'ring to assuage his raging spirits.
I gave him faithfull counsell, but so far
Is he, ingrate! from giving any thanks,
That he ev'n hates me for my good desert.
Such is the common course. And a great fault

Nostrique coetus vitium id est vel maximum
 Qui sanctitatis plebem imagine fallimus
 Praecepta tuto liceat ut spernere Dei
 Contra instituta nostra si quid audeas
 Conamur auro evertere adversarios
 Tollere veneno, subditisque testibus
 Opprimere; falsis regias rumoribus
 Implemus aures; quicquid animum offenderit
 Rumore falso ulciscimur; & incendimus
 Animum furore turbidum; & calumniis
 Armamus irae saevientis impetum
 Nullius ille nunc memor modestiae
 Graditur ad aulam; comminiscetur novas
 Sectas oriri, sacra patrum deferi,
 Auctoritatem regiam ludibrio
 Patere: demum quicquid illi commodum est
 Honesti sceleri nomina obtendens suo
 His si moveri senserit regem parum
 Inveniet aliud saevius telum: in caput
 Jurata regis clamat agmina,
 Secreta fieri colloquia, nefarium
 Facinus parari, consilia clam concoqui,
 Coetus coire nocte, privatas opes
 Per factiones impias augescere:
 Haec ille finget, aut atrociora, ut est
 Animi impotentis, barbaraeque jugiter
 Crudelitatis auctor. Haec in regias
 Stillabit aures toxica ingenii sui.
 Hoc adeo cunctis pene semper regibus
 Commune vitium, facile delatoribus
 Praebere sese; quo quid est crudelius
 Fictum, facilius creditur; vanos metus
 Fingunt sibi ipsi; mobilis famae levem
 Sequuntur auram. Qui fideliter monet
 Timidus habetur, languidus, torpens, habes.

223. and. Orig.

234. Lys. Orig.

250. believe, with a double e. Orig. So again.

In our degree is this: that we deceive
 With shew of sanctitie the common sort,
 That safely we GOD's precepts may despise. 220
 But, if against our customes ought they dare,
 We practise to subvert them with our gold,
 Or witnesses suborn'd, or cut them off
 By secret poyson; filling HEROD's ears
 With feigned utt'rance; what our mind offends, 225
 Revenging with false rumors: while his breast
 With rage affected we the more incense,
 And arm the violence of cruell wrath
 With calumnies. — But MALCHUS now is gone,
 Unmindfull of all modesty, to Court; 230
 Where he will feigne the rising of new Sects,
 Deserting of the Fathers holy Rites,
 And that the King's Prerogative & pow'r
 Lye open to derision: to conclude,
 Whatare he holds commodious to himself: 235
 Masking his wickednesse with honest names!

If these he finds the King but little move,
 Another dart more cruell hee'l invent;
 Hee'l cry, the sworne Bands that attend the King
 Do secretly conspire, some wicked plot 240
 Preparing, they digest: Troops meet by night
 Their private wealth by Factions to augment!
 These he will feign, or worse [*a counselor*
As he is always weak of mind, but full
Of barb'rous cruelty;] into his ears 245
 These poysons of his wit he will instill!

And this in Princes is a common fault,
 Gently to hearken unto secret TELL-TALES;
 Whereby what is most cruell, though but feign'd,
 They easily beleieve, & feign vain fears 250
 Unto themselves; pursuing the light ayre
 Of moveable Report. Where he that gives
 Faithfull advertisement is holden dull,
 Torpid & timorous. We change the name
 Of

Virtutis olim vertimus jam nomina:
Virtute nulla splendidi, sed splendidis
Titulis superbi, fallimus vulgus rude,
Quod ad prophetam spectat homo, modestus
Se noster utinam gereret ordo, & cunctus
Si missus huc est ille consilio DEI,
Humana poterit nulla vis obistere.
Sin fraude tectum comminiscitur nefas,
Sese ipse gladio subito confodiet suo.
Interpretetur quisque pro ingenio ut lubet,
Si quis sequatur hic meam sententiam,
Cruore puras servet innotus manus,
Nec temere sancti prodigus sit sanguinis;
Ne, quae statuimus in alios crudeliter
Exempla, recidant postea in nostrum caput,
Immanitatis non sat HERODES habet,
Ni, facibus irae subditis, accreverit
Animi furentis impotens crudelitas?

[SCENA III.]

CHORUS.

Quanta mortales latebris opacis
Nox tegit mentes, quibus in tenebris
Degimus, lapsu celeri, fugacis
Tempora vitae?
Occulit falsus pudor impudentem,
Impium celat pietatis umbra:
Turbidi vultu simulant quietam,
Vera, dolosi.
Qui fuit tristi gravitate vultus,
Unicum vitae specimen modestae,
Aestuat praeceps furis, & atrox
Fervet in iras.
Qualis AETNEIS vapor & caminis
Saxa convolvit celeri rotatu,
Qualis arentem coquit in favillam
Flamma VESUVUM;

255. *adoru'd* (a turned letter.) Orig.259. *with more modesty, & wisdom, &c.* Orig.265. *condition.* Orig.275. *Cymerian.* Orig.282. *Vissage.* with a double *s.* *sic* Orig.284. *building statues.* Orig.286. *vapours.* Orig.288. *Vesveus.* Orig.

Talis

Of *quondam* vertue now: Now not *adorn'd*
With any vertue, but with glorious titles
Proudly preferr'd, the Vulgar we beguile.

255

As for this PROPHET, with my soule I with
Our Order *with more modesty & wisdom*
Would bear themselves. If hither he be sent
By GOD's appointment, there's no pow'r of man
That can withstand him. But, if he devise
Mischief by fraud concealed, with his sword
Hee'l soon confound himself. Let ev'ry man
Interprete as his own *discretion* guides him.

260

265

If any here my sentence do allow,
His hands he may keep *cleer* of guiltlesse blood,
Nor let us be profuse of holy blood,
Lest those examples, that in cruell sort
Wee make for others, afterwards return

270

On our own heads. Dwells not in HEROD's heart
Immanitie enough, unlesse his rage,
By firebrands added to his wrath, increase?

[Exit Gamaliel.]

[SCENE III.]

CHORUS.

O what a night of darkenesse doth possesse
The minds of mortalls! What CIMMERIAN Cave
Do we inhabite, while this brittle life
Doth swiftly fleet away!

275

Falſe modesty doth skreen the brazen face;
Pietie's Va[i]le the impious doth conceale:
Litigious men peace in their looks do feigne,
And the deceitfull, veritie in words:
The *Vissage* where sad gravity did dwell,
The only Symbole of a modest life,
Now turnes to cruelty with boyling wrath
And *headlong estuates* with furious fits.

280

285

Ev'n as the *vapour* of hot [A]ETNA's furnace
With a swift rolling turnes the stones about;
Or into embers, flames VESEVUS burn:

So

Talis hunc caecus furor ultionis 250

Cogit in vatem ruere innocentem 251

Ut truci nudam male veritatem

Crimine vexet

Tu, mali tanti genitrix, cupido

Gloriae, vano tumefacta fastu

Lausque fucati specie supernè 255

Splendida honesti

Mentis ut regnum semel occupasti

Fascinas blandis animos venenis

Et relegata ratione, turbas

Pectoris aulam 260

Te fugit verum, pietas, pudorque

Te fides, & quae melioris aevi

Hospes, infames vitiis reliquit

Ultima terras

Si quis O, frontis nebulis remotis 265

Artifex, nudas daret intueri

Pectoris curas, penitus revelans

Abditae caecum penetrabile mentis

Cerneret miris variata formis

Monstra, non magno stabulare in antro 270

Plura quam terris ferat in remotis

NILUS & GANGES, LIBYAEQUE saevis

Foeta portentis, latebrisque nigris

CAUCASUS horrens

Non ibi tigris rabies cruentae 275

Deesset; aut fulvae feritas leaenae;

Non sitim nulla saturata strage

Dira saevorum ingluvies luporum;

Nec venenata basiliscus aura

Pestifer; longumque ferens soporem 280

Aspis; & caudae metuendus uncae

Scorpius telo; lachrymisque fictis

299. *shamefastness*. Orig.

300. *Faith of the*. Orig.

304. *best* (without an *a*.) Orig. So again, line 359.

310. *Affricke*. with a double *f*. Orig.

ib. *yeelds* with a double *e*. Orig. So again, line 414..

311. *bored*. Orig.

317. *Basalisk*. Orig.

So the blind fury of revenge excites
This MALCHUS on a guiltlesse man to fall,
And falsly to accuse poor naked truth.

290

Oh thou, desire of glory, swoln with pride,
Mother of so great mischief, glitt'ring praise
Of goodnesse, colour'd with a shew divine!
When the mind's Kingdom thou hast once possess,
With flatt'ring poyson thou inchauntst our thoughts;
And, reason banisht, thou disturbst the Court,
The Court within us. Piety & truth,
With *shamefastnesse* & faith, are fled from thee!
Justice, o'th' better age a common Guest,
Hath lastly left the vice-dishonor'd Earth.

295

300

If there were any Artist that could set
(The forehead's clouds remov'd) our cares to fight
(The *breast* being made transparent) & disclose
Our minds dark inner parts; you might perceive
Monsters there vari'd into wondrous forms,
And those all stabled in a little Cell,
Being more than in remote & forreign parts
NILUS & GANGES beare, or all the births
That AFFRICKE yeelds with furious portents,
And those that *hoary* CAUCASUS affords
In his darke Dens. The cruell Tyger's rage
Would not be wanting there; nor the fierce wildnesse
Of the deep-shining yellow Lyonesse;
Nor the dire gluttony of ranging Wolves,
Whose appetite no slaughter can assuage;
Nor the fell *Basilisk*, with pois'ning breath;
Or stinging Aspe, that brings long-lasting sleepe;
Or Scorpion, dreaded for his hooky tayle;

305

310

315

Or

Personans seram crocodilus algam;
Nec doli vulpis, PHARIAEQUE fallax
Ludus byaenae.

Ficta crudeles pietas tyrannos,
Impios mores stola fimbriata,
Celat; in panno tenui recondit
Nuda se virtus tuguri sub umbra

Rustici; nec se titulis superbis
Vendit; insanosque fori tumultus
Ridet, & plausus popularis aurae; †

Nec cliens magni foribus patroni
Affidet: Vitae tacitos beatae
Rure secreto, sibi nota tantum,
Exigit annos.

[ACTUS II.]

SCENA I.]

REGINA, HERODES, [SATELLITES.]

REGINA.

TU lentus usque auctoritatem regiam

Labare nondum sentis; in tuum caput

Nondum parari caecus insidias vides.

Nam concitator iste vulgi, si alterum

Supersit annum, vincla, carcerem, cruces,

Frustra mineris. Jam suas circumspicit

Vires superbus. Prosequendum jam grege

Obscurat aulae regiae satellites.

Herodes. *At turba inermi quod times periculum?*

Regina. *Secreta si conventicula fieri sinas,*

A genere nullo non timendum existimes?

Herodes. *At hic, ruentem sponte populum ad se, docet.*

Regina. *Magis timenda est fusa late factio.*

Herodes. *Crimen refellit istud hominis sanctitas.*

† Solem & pulverem non amant; umbra ac rore armorum, & forensi strepitu deterrentur.
 recessu delectantur [studia.] Contrahuntur hor- Videtis Cromwelli Panegyri. II. p. 13.

Or Crocodile, whose voice with feigned tears
Sounds through the sea-weeds; nor the Foxe's wiles;
Or the [PHARIAN] Hy[a]enae's *false* play.

320

Counterfeit piety doth often cloak
Mercileffe Tyrants; & the guarded stole,
Impious natures. In a homely weed,
Under the Cottage shadow of a swain,
Vertue obscured lyes, nor sells her selfe
For haughty titles; laughing as in scorn
At the mad tumults of our Justice-Courts,
And the applause of common peoples breath;
Nor, Client-like, sits waiting at the doore
Of a great Patron: but doth passe away
The silent Ages of her blessed life
In rurall privacy; being unto none
Saving her selfe, or but few others, known.

325

330

335

[A C T. II.

S C E N E I.]

QUEEN, HEROD, [GUARDS.]

QUEEN.

MY Lord, you live secure, & feele not how
Your kingly pow'r *decays*, nor yet discern
(Like one that's blinde) what snares are daily set
To ruine you. For, if that vulgar Preacher
Breath[e] but another yeare, bonds, prison, crosse,
In vain you then may threaten. Proudly now
His forces he surveyes. Your person's Guard
His followers obscure.

340

Herod. What danger fear you from th' unarmed rout?

Queen. If private Conventicles you permit,
How can you sleep secure?

345

Herod. But he instructs
Those that run to him of their own accord.

Queen. A wide-spread Faction we should feare the more.

Herod. His sanctity confutes that crimination.

350

322. *false*. Orig.

337. *debays*. Orig.

344. *root*. Orig.

Regina. *Hoc tecta velo saepe flagitia latent.*

Herodes. *A purpuratis vis timenda est satrapis.*

Regina. *Et a severis fraus timenda hypocritis.*

Herodes. *Inops, inermis, unda cui sedat sitim,*

Dat sylva victum, terra gramineum torum,

Quem cogitare poterit, is, sceptris dolum?

Regina. *Vides amiculum; & cibum & potum vides:*

At quod reclusum pectore gerit, non vides.

Herodes. *Conditio regum misera, si miseros timet.*

Regina. *Si nil timendo praeda fit, miserrima.*

Herod. *Quid ergo tutum jam supererit regibus?*

Regina. *Omnia, quieti si quod obstat, auferant.*

Herodes. *Nempe hoc tyrannus interest regi bono:*

Hic servat hostes, hostis ille civium est.

Regina. *Utrumque durum est, & perire & perdere:*

Sed, si eligendum est, praestat hostem perdere.

Herodes. *Cum non necesse est alterum, utrumque miserum est.*

Regina. *Tanto in tumultu nihil agendum est asperè?*

Quum concitatur mobilis vulgi furor,

Leges, religio, auctoritasque principis

Contempta, plebi est infimae ludibrio!

Cave, lenitatis falsa species avocet

Tibi mentem ab aequo. Quae videtur lenitas,

Propius tuenti summa erit crudelitas.

Dum parcis uni factioso & perdito,

Is perditum omnes, in caput quos hic tuum

357. a Serpent. Orig.

370. pleasant quiet. Orig.

381. Princes, Law, Orig.

Armare

Queen. This vaile doth cover detestable Acts.

Herod. Of purpled Rulers we may stand in dread.

Queen. And fear the fraud of graveſt hypocrites.

Herod. He that is helpeſſe, armeſſe, that al[l]ayes

His thirſt with water, takes his food in woods,

His lodging on the graſſe; Oh what deceit

Can he intend to *Sceptres*?

Queen. His attire,

His meat & drinke you ſee; but in his *breſt*

You ſee not what he bears.

Herod. A King's eſtate

Is miſerable, if he ſtand in awe

Of thoſe that are in miſery.

Queen. If a King

Through fond ſecurity become a prey,

He is moſt miſerable.

Herod. How then may

A King remain in ſafety?

Queen. What withſtands

His *preſent quiet* let him ſoon extirp.

Herod. Surely a Tyrant & a King that's good

Differ in this; the one his foes preſerves,

The other is a foe to them he rules.

Queen. Either is hard, to periſh or deſtroy.

But it is better, if make choice he muſt,

An enemy to deſtroy.

Herod. Where no neceſſity the one requires,

Either is miſerable.

Queen. Should you in ſuch a tumult uſe no rigour?

The wav'ring vulgar's fury being rais'd,

The *Prince's Laws*, Religion, Pow'r contemn'd

Is to the baſe Plebe[i]ans made a ſcorn!

Take heed, that lenitie's deceitfull looks

Draw not your mind from equity. What ſeems

Afarre off mildneſſe, to one neere at hand

Will be the greateſt wildneſſe. While you ſpare

One Faction man that's deſperately bad,

You ſeeke to ruine all, whom he to arm

Againſt

*Armare satagit. Finge fieri quod fore
Tandem necesse est; concitari mobile
Ad arma vulgus, cuncta passim lugubri
Ardere bello, vasta linqui prœdia,
Urbes cremari, virgines per vim rapi,
Manusque dubia conseri victoria.
Quum fraena legum ruperit licentia,
Damnabis istam sero tum clementiam,*

[SCENA II.]

REGINA, HERODES, JOANNES *Stipatus*; CHORUS.]

— *Atque ecce coram pestis & mali caput!*
Hic CENSOR ille est! Hunc roga, plura audies.
(Ni fallor) ab eo, fama quam vulgaverit.
Nec miror esse, sceptrum qui spernant tua,
Quando ipse pravos lenitate provocas.

Herodes. *Quum multa possis, facere viribus modum*
Regum bonorum est.

Regina. *Itane! Jam sceptris modum*
Hic faciet! Hujus, regnum habendum arbitrio est.
Si regis esset animus in te —

Herodes. *Quin abis.*
Mibi haec relinque.

Regina. *Quin abeo, ne denuo*
In os, ut ante, contumelias feram.
Regina inulta quando cedit infimis,
Quae spes fovebit aequitatis caeteros? [Exit.]

[SCENA III.]

HERODES, JOANNES, CHORUS, [SATELLITES.]

HERODES.

Jamne abiit? — abiit. — Hoc agamus interim,
Non est quod id te moveat, aut novum putes,

393. *wasted.* Orig.394. *ravished.* Orig.395. *joyn'd.* Orig.398. *scepter*, not *sceptre*. Orig. So again, line 590.414. *yeeld much.* Orig.416. *shee*, with a double *e*. Orig. So again, lines 1298. 1289. 1293. 1295. 1297. 1402. 1403. 1494.

Against your life endeavours day & night.
 What needs must be at length, feign to *bee* done;
 ' That the inconstant people are stir[r'd] up
 ' To arms; that ev'ry where they all things burn
 ' With woefull War, &, Villages left *waste*,
 ' Our Virgins *ravish* & our Cities fire,
 ' And with ambig[u]ous fortune Armies *joyn*.
 When Liberty shall burst the reynes of Laws,
 That clemency too late you'l then condemne. —

[S C E N E II.]

QUEEN, HEROD, JOHN *guarded*; CHORUS.]

— And here behold that plague & mischief's head!

This is that HIGH REFORMER! Question him,
 And, if I do not erre, [then] you shall hear
 From him [himself] much more than fame hath *publisht*.
 No do I *mervaille* that there can be some
 That scorn your Government, when you your selfe
 The wicked sort through lenity provoke.

Herod. When a good King is able to do much
 His pow'r he ought to moderate.

Queen. Say you so?

This upstart now will moderate your *Scepter*,
 And you must rule according to his will.
 But if you had the spirit of a King —

Herod. But get thee gone, & leave these things to me.

Queen. And so I will,
 Lest you rail at me, as you did before.
 When Queens *must yeeld* to men of basest kinde,
 What hope of equity will cherish others. [Exit.]

[S C E N E III.]

HEROD, JOHN, CHORUS, GUARDS.]

HEROD.

Ha! is she gone? — *Shee* is — Now let me tell thee,
 There's nothing that may move thee, or that strange
 Thou may'st conceive, if an offended woman,

Rich,

Si laesa mulier, nobilis, dives, potens,
 Regina denique, gravius aequo trascitur,
 Vel ipse testis esse poteris optimus,
 Quantum saluti faverim semper tutum,
 Namque universae plebis odium te petit,
 Et ad luendas flagitat poenas reum;
 Dolentque procures, & sacerdotes fremunt
 Atque adeo quid sit, quod querelam publicam
 Incendat, edam breviter. — Omnes ordines
 Laceras maledicis concionibus palam,
 Vulgusque veterum decipi legum rude,
 Lethale spargens dogmatis virus novi;
 Et turbulentis vocibus regni statum,
 Tranquillitatemque labefactas publicam;
 Parere prohibes milites duci sua,
 Parere populum CAESARI, vulgo nova
 Dum regna spondes; libera iuga extera
 Fore polliceris, speque vana concitas;
 Gentem rebellem nec finis quiescere
 Et, calamitatum ceu tulissemus parum,
 ROMANA demens arma rursus provocas.

Nec dubito quid sis ausus absens, quum palam
 Mibi impudicas exprobraris nuptias,
 Et odia populi nixus in me accendere,
 Fratremque mecum praelio committere
 Tentaris, in te quod erat. Ac, velut parum
 Scelerum patrasses, ausus omnia in omnium
 Pariter salutem, bella jam coelo paras,
 Et sacra, quibus hoc haecenus regnum stetit,
 Abolere tentas. — Haec populus omnis fremit:

430. receiv'st — venime. Orig.

437. forraign, with an a. Orig. So again,
line 1184.

440. And madmen like us, as if. Orig.

441. reinsitit. Orig.

442. Romanes. Orig.

449. mee, with a double e. Orig. So again, lines

493. 904. 1132. 1156. 1285. 1294. 1299.
1396.

455. flow. Orig.

Rich, noble, potent, finally a QUEEN,
 Do entertain more anger *then* is meet. 420
 Ev'n thou thy self may'st witnesse it the best
 How much thy welfare I have still regarded.
 For all the people hate thee, & require thee,
 As guilty, to be pun[i]sh'd: our Priests murmur,
 Our Nobles grieve. — And surely what it is, 425
 That may increase the common sort's complaint,
 I will relate in brief. — In thy Orations,
 Thou all the Orders openly revil'st!
 The vulgar sort, in our old Laws unskill'd,
 Thou cunningly *deceiv'st*, the deadly *venome* 430
 Of a new Sect dispersing; & impair'st,
 With speeches turbulent, our regall State,
 With the Republick peace; prohibiting
 Our men of War their Captain to obey,
 The people, C[A]ESAR; while thou promistest 435
 New Kingdoms to the vulgar, & to free them
 Of their new *forraign* yo[a]k, & stir'st them up
 With a vain confidence, nor do'st permit
 This our Rebellious Nation to rest;
 And, *mad-man like*, as if we had endur'd 440
 But small calamity, thou *re-incit'st*
 The ROMANS a new War 'gainst us to make.
 Nor doubt I what thou darest do being absent,
 Se[e]ing thou openly dost me upbraid
 With an unlawfull marriage, & would['st] heape 445
 The people's hate upon me, & attempt'st,
 All that thou canst, to make my brother raise
 Unnat'rall War against *mee*. And, as if
 Thou hadst done little mischief, for the safety
 Of all alike presuming to do all things, 450
 Now against Heaven thou prepar'st to fight,
 Those holy Rites attempting to abolish,
 Wherewith this Kingdom hitherto hath stood.

These things the people grudge at, & complaine
 That I am *slow* to vindicate & right

I T t

455
 Their

Lentumque legum me queruntur vindicem

Patriarum. — At in te durius nihil tamen

A me profectum est. Et modo quicquid favor

Judicis amici & benevoli poterit dare,

Tribuetur a me liberaliter tibi.

Neque enim tyrannum genuit avidum sanguinis

Vestri pater me ASSYRIUS aut ARGYPTIUS.

Et patria, & altrix, & parens eadem mihi

Vobisque terra est. Infima quoties perit

De plebe quisquam, corporis membrum mei

Toties revelli existimo: meus cruor

Mitti videtur. Facilem & aequum judicem

HERODEM habebis. Si refellere caetera

Objecta poteris, quicquid in me dixeris

Olim, meosque, gratiam facio tibi.

Tu, teste populo, intelliges injuriam

Negligere propriam, persequi me publicam.

Utinam ipse reliqua diluas sic crimina,

Severitatis ut mihi nullam tua

Occasionem linquat innocentia.

Chorus. Hac perge charus esse; vives posteris

Clarus. Nec auro, nec catervis militum

Tam crede regna tuta, quam quae charitas,

Et aequitate parta defendit fides.

Joannes. Tenenda populi fraena cui credit DEUS,

Audire oportet multa, cuncta credere

Necesse non est. Quae stus, invidia, favor,

Timor, dolorque saepe vera supprimunt.

E plebe si quis aut patrum, inclementius

Me credit in se prolocutum quippiam,

Vitam necesse est arguat prius suam,

457. But. Orig.

459. shallt. Orig.

463. own. Orig.

467. Nor. Orig.

469. be — falsly. Orig.

485. commit. Orig.

Their Countrie's Lawes. — Yet have I shewn my self
 In nothing harsh to thee. *And all the favour,*
 That a benevolent & friendly Judge
 Can shew thee, thou *shalt* plenteously receive.
 For no ASSYRIAN or AEGYPTIAN Father 460
 Hath me begotten a blood-thirsty Tyrant,
 Who had with you *one* Country, parent, nurse
 (I mean the spacious Earth) so that, as oft
 As any of the meanest people perish,
 I lose, methinkes, a member of my selfe, 465
 Ev'n from this body torn, [*& my own blood*
Upon the ground seems let out.] No! thou shalt find
 Of HEROD an upright & gentle Judge.
 If thou *be*[e'st] able *fully* to confute
 What other things are layd unto thy charge, 470
 All thou hast utter'd against me & mine
 I freely pardon, heartily remit;
 And thou shalt understand that I neglect
 Mine own, & prosecute the publicke, wrong;
 The people being witnesse. And I wish 475
 Thou may'st so *cleer* thy self of other crimes,
 That no occasion of severity
 Be left me through thy innocency.

Chorus. Go forwards to be gracious in this,
 And thou shalt live renown'd to thy successors. 480
 And thinke not in Gold-Ore or Military bands
 Thy Kingdom safe, as those atchiev'd
 By equity, which charity & faith
 Do evermore defend.

John. He unto whom th' ALMIGHTY doth *committ* 485
 A Kingdom's Rule, ought many things to hear,
 But all things that he heareth to believe
 It is not necessary. Envy, feare,
 Griefe, lucre, favour, oft suppress the truth.

If any of the people or the fathers 490
 Thinke I have utter'd any thing against him
 In rig'rous manner, or ungently rayl'd;
 'Tis necessary, ere he *mee* accuse,

Orationem quam meam culpet. — Mea

Haec ratio semper fuit, uti reprebenderem

Delicta publica publice. Occulte nihil

Facio, doceove. Non latebras aucupor

Caecas; nec homines, sed vitia, redarguo.

Cum me rogarent milites, quonam modo

Servire possent pariter & REGI & DEO?

Pulsare vetui, rapere, vim facere, dola

Circumvenire improvidos, componere

Cupidinem jussi, ad modum stipendii.

Nec spem novarum praedico rerum, nisi

Quam vos prophetis ex vetustis creditis

Mecum. — Nec unus interim e tot millibus,

Auctore me qui principem contempserit,

Profertur. — Ista sive fama rettulit,

Seu finxit ira caeca, dum praeceps furit

Studio nocendi, nuda facile veritas

Per se refellet. — Sacra quam pie colam

Et instituta vetera, nullum certius

Indicium opinor, quam meorum criminum

Praeclarus index quod palam non prodeat:

Clam murmuret, ubi facile fit fctis locus.

Quod te negavi posse fratris conjugem

Habere jure, id ipse tecum cogita,

Utrum placere tibi sit aequius an DEO?

Atque utinam is animus omnibus itidem foret

Quicunque regum sese amicitiae dicant,

Ut vera malint proloqui ac salubria,

Quam blanda damno mox futura: Quot malis

Praeclusus aditus esset, & molestiis!

496. reproove. Orig.

503. utbrly. Orig.

529. whas. Orig.

That he examine his own course of life.

This hath been ever my care & custome
Publick offences to *reprove* in publicke;
Nothing in private have I done or taught.
Blind lurking-holes I seek not, neither tax
Men, but their vices. When the souldiers ask'd me,
How they could serve at once the KING & GOD? 500

' To ravish or use violence, abuse
' Or circumvent the simple with deceit,
' I *utterly* forbad them; to compose
' Their sensuall desires, I gave them charge,
' According to the measure of their meanes. 505

Nor any hope of new things do I preach,
But only that which you believe with me
Out of the ancient Prophets. — I'th' mean time
None of so many thousand[s] is produc'd,
That through my doctrine hath contemn'd his Prince. 510

Those matters, whether by uncertain fame
To you related, or by hood-winkt wrath,
Still raging headlong with desire to hurt,
Falsly invented, naked verity
Will by it self & easily confute. 515

How piously I prize the holy Rites
And ancient institutions, there's no sign
More certain *then* th' impeacher of my crimes,
Because he comes not forth to publick view.
Where feigned things be easily *beleev'd*, 520
He secretly may murmur.

For my denying that your Brother's wife
Is yours by right, consider with your self,
Whether you ought to serve your carnall will
Rather *then* your CREATOR? — And I wish 525
All men devoted to the love of Kings
Would be in mind alike, to mention things
That are both profitable, true, & good,
Rather *then what* are pleasant, & will soon
Turne to their damage. Then against how many 530
Mischiefs & Molestations would the Gate

Or

Ego si quid olim liberius ac verius
Dixi, tu, ut æquum est aequitatis vindicem, 455
Aequi bonique bonus & æquus consule;
Tuaeque fines hos statue potentiae,
Mensura legum quos tibi praescripserit,
Quod jus in alios hîc habes, in te DEUS
Aliosque reges omnium REX obtinet. 460
Proinde quicquid de capite statues meo,
Statuere id ipsum crede de tuo DEUM.

Herodes. Quum in astra venies, loquere tum coelestia:
Terrena jura patere, dum terram coles.

Joannes. Terrena vereor regna, pareo regibus: 465
Aeterna patriam regna puto, regem colo.

Herodes. Res ipsa clamat, regibus quam pareas;
Parere regem qui tuis vis legibus.

Joannes. Si ferre leges mihi liceat, edicerem
Parere populos regibus, reges DEO. 470

Herodes. Sat litigatum est. — Rursus hunc abducite. —
Perplexa res est. Donec cuncta certius
Comperta pateant, stat nihil decernere.

[S C E N A IV.]

HERODES, CHORUS.]

CHORUS.

Qui de tyranni oratione se autumat
Perspicere mentis posse sensus abditos, 475
Nae turbido se credere speculo sciat.
Utinam secundet cuncta COELESTIS PARENS!
Sed ominari metuit animus, quae timet.

Herodes. Fortuna regum quam misera sit & anxia,
Nec fando poterit explicare oratio, 480
Nec cogitando mentis acies assequi.

536. these. Orig.

539. supream, with an a. Orig.

550. ordeineft, with an e. Orig. So again, lines

551. 1392. 1530.

556. ceertainly. Orig.

559. underdand. Orig.

560. into. Orig.

Or entrance be shut up! — If heretofore
 Freely & truly I have spoken ought,
 Do you, that in your ways are just & good,
 (As Equitie's defenders are oblig'd)

Receive it in good part, & set *those* bounds
 To your high potency, which are prescrib'd you
 By the Laws measure. For, what Law you hold
 Here against others, GOD, the KING SUPREAM,
 'Gainst you & others of your place retains.

Then, whatsoever you shall judge of me,
 * Beleeve that GOD will judge the same of you.

Herod. When thou shalt come to Heav'n speak heav'nly things;
 But, while thou liv'st on earth, earth's Laws abide.

John. To earthly Kingdoms reverence I bear,
 And Kings obey: but those eternall Kingdoms
 I hold my Country, & their KING adore.

Herod. The matter ev'n it selfe instructs thee how
 Kings to obey, that do't desire a King
 Such Laws as thou *ordeinest* to obey.

John. If I may Laws *ordeine*, I would proclaime,
 To Kings their people should obedience yield;
 And Kings to GOD.

Herod. Thou hast enough contended. — Bear him hence —
 The case is doubtfull. Nought can I determine,
 Untill all things more *certainly* appear.

[Exit John, guarded.]

[SCENE IV.

HEROD, CHORUS.]

CHORUS.

[*Aside.*] Who doth conceive, that, by a Tyrant's words,
 The close or hidden meaning of his mind
 He can perceive, let him well *understand*
 He trusts *unto* a foule deceitfull glasse.

GOD prosper & turne all things to the best:
 What my foule fears, it trembles to divine.

Herod. [*Aside.*] How wretched & how overwhelm'd with care
 A King's condition is, no tongue of man
 Or politique Oration can expresse,
 Nor any thoughts attain. — The vulgar hold

Nos esse vulgus liberos solos putat,
 Solos beatos, quos egestas obsidet,
 Formido cruciat, misera servitus premit.
 Quodcunque populus diligit, cupit, timet,
 Audet fateri libere; procul metu
 Fruitur modestis opibus. At nobis foris
 Persona honesta est induenda, cogimur
 Vultu benigno humaniter promittere;
 Palam profari justa; ficto pectore
 Differre bilem; suppressere odia in suum
 Tempus; minari maxime cum maximae
 Causae timoris anxium pectus premunt.
 Spernit modestum principem plebs, asperum
 Odere. — Vulgo serviendum est mobili,
 Et imperandum nil meo arbitrio gero.
 Hunc si PROPHETAM perdo, populum offendero:
 Si servo, regno consulo parum meo.
 Quid ergo agendum est? idne dubium est? imperi
 Habenda ratio est: ipse mihi sum proximus.

Si ob sceptrā populo serviendum est, stultius
 Quid esse poterit, regna quam pessum dare,
 Placere vulgo dum studes? — Plebs gaudia,
 Irasque temere sumit, & temere abjicit.

Nunc stat, cruore auctoritatem regiam
 Stabilire: vulgus facile post placabitur.
 Si serpere malum latius praesens sino,
 Remedia vincet. — Ausus est videlicet
 Mibi impudicas exprobrare nuptias
 In os! Id illi impune si permisero,
 Non stabit illic hominis impudentia:
 Jam sceptrā leges ad suas flecti volet!
 Jam vincla captis induet! Jam non regi,

581. rigerous. Orig.

586. do then? Orig.

590. foolish. Orig.

594. confirm. Orig.

Us only free & happy, that are vex'd
 With terror, & with poverty besieg'd,
 With miserable servitude oppress'd.
 The people, whatsoever they desire,
 Or love, or dread, they freely dare confesse,
 And modest riches without fear enjoy.

But when we walke abroad, we must assume
 An honest person's habit, & are forc'd
 To promise courteously with gracious lookes,
 [Ever just things in publick to profess,]
 Our anger to defer, & hide our hate,
 Till a fit season; chiefly then to threat,
 When greatest cause of fear our mindes torments.

A modest Prince, the people do despise;
 One rigorous, they hate. — The wav'ring vulgar
 We are compell'd to serve, & can command
 Nothing to our desire. — This new-come PROPHEET

If I cut off, I shall offend the people:
 If I preserve him, for my Royall State
 I little do provide. — What shall I do?
 [Here is there any room at all for doubt?]

I must regard my Kingdom: none so neer
 As I am to my selfe. — If I must serve
 The people for a Scepter, what's more foolish
 Then, whilst thou seek'st to please the vulgar sort,
 To cast away a Kingdom? — Joy & wrath
 The people rashly take, & rashly leave.

'Tis now my resolution to confirm
 The Royall power that I hold with blood:
 The vulgar will be easily appeas'd.
 If by my sufferance this evill creep
 A little further, 'twill be past redresse.

Why he, forsooth! durst tell me to my teeth
 My marriage was unchast! And, if he 'scape
 For this unpunish'd, his audacious will
 There will not rest, but Scepters to his Laws
 Then he will force to stoop! Then he will cast
 His Captives into chaynes! Then he will seeke

Sed regere cupiet ; jura regibus dabit,
Confundet imis summa! — Gliscenti malò
Statim medendum est. Antequam crescat, recens
Flamma opprimenda est. Contumelias novas
Veterem ferendo provocas injuriam,

Populo secundo si expetere poenas quædam,
Populi faventis gratiam non negligam :
Si nequeo, regno cuncta stat postponere.
Quid MALCHUS iste garriat de legibus,
Quas curiosas quaestiones litibus
Inexplicatis jactet ; id nihil mea
Referre credo : modo populus unam banc sciat
Legem tenendam, PRAETER UT LEGES MIHI
LICERE QUIDVIS, esse legitimum putet.

[SCENA V.]

CHORUS,

O spatiosi CONDITOR orbis!
Cujus trepidant omnia nutum;
Coelum, nitidis ignibus aptum;
Tellus, vario florida cultu ;
Tumidum restuis aestibus aequor ;
Nonne ad nostras pertulit aures
Fama prioris conscia secli,
Aevi splendida facta prioris !
Cum tu, validae robore dextrae,
Auro atque opibus regna superba
Ipsa extincti, a stirpe revellens,
Illorum ut nos agro infereres;
Agro haud ense, aut jaculis nostris,
Aut consilio, vique parato.
Sed nos coeli favor omnipotens
Per fera tutos agmina duxit.
Non tu rex ille ISACIDARUM?
Non tu gentis DEUS HEBRAEAE ?
Cujus ductu, perfida castra

627. flame. Orig.

631. ex-extiop'd. Orig.

632. their land to prepar'd. Orig.

633. counsell (a turned letter.) Orig.

BAPTISTE.

To rule, & not be rul'd; give Laws to Kings,
And turne all upside down! — We must apply
Unto a growing evill speedy cure:
Flames rising must be quench'd ere they increase.
By suffering old injuries, we raise
Fresh contumelies, new reproachfull termes.

If, with the people's favour, I may gaine
Some satisfaction by this punishment;
To wyn their favour I will not neglect.
But, if perverse against me they persist,
[*All must be slighted to preserve my Crown.*]
What MALCHUS of our Laws may freely bab[b]le,
What curious questions he may vainly cast
With intricate debate, that, I conceive,
Concerns not me. And let the people know
This one Law to be kept, that they may think,
ALL THINGS TO ME ARE LAWFULL WITHOUT LAW.

[S C E N E V.]

CHORUS.

Oh thou, CREATOR of this spacious Orbe!
Whose nod makes all things tremble; Heav'n, adorn'd
With glitt'ring stars; Earth, variously deckt
With flourishing Array; & Seas, that swell
With raging violent motions, ebbes & flouds!
Hath not lowd *fame*, that knew the former age,
Brought to our hearing thy then famous acts!
When thou, by vigour of thy puissant arme,
Proud Kingdoms, boasting of their gold & wealth,
Hast utterly abolish'd & extirp'd,
Us in their land to plant: *their land prepar'd*
Neither by *counsell*, strength, nor Arms of ours!
But Heav'n's Almighty favour safely brought us
Through the fierce Armies! Art not Thou the King
Of ISAAC's lineage? Art not Thou the God
Of the JEW's Nation, by whose guiding hand

Proculcavimus, hoste peremptor,
 Non confisi robore nostro,
 Sed duce & auspice te, praeclaras
 Saepe retulimus patriae palmas!
 Nunquid penitus deseris, olim
 Genitor, populum tibi dilectum!
 Nunquid fabula linquimur hosti!
 Spreta est pietas! Religio jacet!
 Fraus purpurea regnat in aula!
 Populus, tanquam victima, sanctus
 Dat pia saevae colla securi!
 Vates pereunt ense! Tyranni
 Nostri gaudent luctibus hostes;
 Et, pietatis sub praetextu,
 Meriti poenas regna gubernant:
 Meritos regnum poena coercet!
 Exurge, tuo populo fer opem!
 Exurge, parens optime! & hosti
 Da te talem cernere, qualem
 Te viderunt AEQUORE patres
 RUBRO PHARIOS mergere currus!
 Qualem vatis fatidici olim
 Te puer oculis vidit apertis,
 Dantem igniferis fraena quadrigis,
 Totis flammis spargere campis!
 Te, caligine pulsa erroris
 Humanae qui lumina mentis
 Obruta caeca nube recondit,
 Et quae primo sole tepescit
 Tellus, & quae mergere ponto
 Cernit rutilae lumina flammae,
 Unum agnoscat cuncta potentem!

647. predomant. Orig.

648. yeild (ei, not ie) Orig. So again, line 764.

651. & they they the Kingdome. Orig.

653. deservig. Orig.

658. Hoast. Orig.

661. reigns (for reins) Orig. So again, lines

779. 894.

(Our enemies destroyed) their treach'rous Tents
 We trampled under foot; confiding not
 In our own strength & courage, but in Thee
 Our most auspicious Leader, bringing spoyles
 And triumph to our Country! Wilt thou now,
 Being once our FATHER, utterly forsake
 The people whom thou lov'st? Are we now left
 A fable for our foes? — Religion lyes
 With Piety despis'd! In purpled Courts
 Fraud is predominant! The holy flocke
 Yeild as a sacrifice their pious necks
 To the fell Axe; our Prophets by the sword
 Perish; our Tyrant enemies rejoice
 In our laments; & *they the Kingdome* rule
 Under pretext of piety & zeale,
 Though punishment *deserving*: whil'st they smart
 Whose worth deserves a Kingdome! — 'Rise, O LORD,
 And help thy people! [*'Rise O parent best!*
Both God & parent!] To our Adversaries.
 Shew thy selfe such as Thee our Fathers saw
 In the RED-SEA, confounding PHARAOH'S HOAST!
 Such as the Prophet's boy did thee behold,
 When, to disperse the flames throughout the Camp,
 Thou to thy fiery horses gav'st the reins!
 The mist of error (that obscures the light
 Of humane understanding, overwhelm'd
 With a darke cloud) O LORD, now drive away!
 Let both the Land warm'd with the rising Sun,
 And that which doth it in down-going view,
 Confesse that onely THOU canst all things do!

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[A C T

[ACTUS III.]

SCENA I.]

MALCHUS.

*SIC se profecto res habent mortalium,**Ut, optionem si tibi obtulerit DEUS,**Incertus erres, quid recuses, quid velis.**Opes, honores, rem tibi & tuis cupis;**Quae perdiderunt saepe voti compotes.**Hosti imprecariis vincla, carcerem, fugam,**Quae saepe pariunt maximam illi gloriam,**Tibique damnum. Quod adeo verum meo**Didici periculo, exempla ne longe petam.**Nam cum remotis montium degens jugis**BAPTISTA vulgus fascinare hic novus,**Plebisque secum credulae traheret gregem,**Ego Pharisaeae dignitatis vindicem**Me praestiti unum, caeteris cunctantibus.**Nec experiri cuncta desi prius**Quam dura fontes vincla presserunt manus,**Hostemque carcer publicus compescuit;**Aulamque totam criminum implevi. At nihil,**Ut video, prosunt vincla, carcer, crimina.**Sic plebis animos occupavit impiae**Vis dira pestis, omniumque pectora**Lethale virus perbibere, ut illius**Clades honorent, ingemant periculis.**Quacunque pergo, me execrantur, indicant**Me digito, iniquo me intuentur lumine.**Illi favetur sacrilego, qui sustulit**Rerum universa & ordinum discrimina,*

678. go to. Orig.

681. ridiculous. Orig.

684. alwayes. Orig.

688. redort (a turned letter.) Orig.

689. And and yet. Orig.

690. thoghuts. (a transposed letter.) Orig.

692. bath quast. Orig.

695. death. Orig.

Et

[ACT III.
SCENE I.]

MALCHUS.

THUS truly is the state of humane things,
 That, if God grant that we should have our wish,
 We are to seeke, uncertain what to chuse,
 What to refuse: We covet honor, wealth,
 Dominion, Heritage, for us & ours:
 Which, having our desire, we often lose.
 Bondage, imprisonment, & shamefull flight
 Unto our foes we wish; which oft beget
 Their greatest glory, to our bitter shame.
 And surely I have learn'd that this is true
 (Not to go fetch examples as farre off)
 By mine own danger. For when this BAPTIZER,
 Living remote from us on Mountaine tops,
 Bewitch'd & drew with him the *ridic'lous* rout;
 I onely (the rest idle) did defend
 The Pharisees Authority & worth.
 Nor did I cease *al[l]* wayes & means to try,
 Untill this Adversarie's guilty hands
 Were strongly bound, & in the common Goal
 His insolence allay'd; & the whole Court
 His crimes had knowledge of by my report.
 And yet his crimes, imprisonment, & bonds,
 Nought, in my *thoughts*, avail. The peoples hearts
 The horrid power of this hellish plague
 Hath so possesst; & ev'ry one *so quast*
 The deadly poyson, that they all bewaile
 His dangerous condition, yeilding honor
 Unto his eminent unworthy *deeds*.
 But, wherefoere he can let MALCHUS go,
 Their curse he cannot 'scape. At me they point,
 On me they looke with a Malignant eye;
 Doing all favours to that wicked wretch,
 Who hath bereft us of all differences
 In our affairs & orders; keeping watch

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Before

Et excubatur ante clausum carcerem.

Nibil miserius esse nobis arbitror,

Qui nos, omissis rebus aliis, commodo

Populi dicamus. Quisquis illi mancipat

Se, collocatam gratiam sciat male;

Ut qui maligno semper ingenio solet

Favere pravis, optimates spernere.

Quo conferam me? Quid querar primum? Quibus

Potissimum irascar? Cui opem primum feram?

Pseudo-prophetam populus impius colit;

Mussant Rabini; connivet Rex; negligunt

Proceres: ruentes solus his humeris ego,

His fulcio humeris patrios ritus, manum

Nullo admovente. Publicam solus vicem

Doleo. Quid igitur? Deferam munus? sacra,

Legesque prodam, dignitatemque ordinis?

Meque esse patiar hostibus ludibrio?

Patiar profecto. Nam quid aliud jam queam?

Feramne solus, ferre quod cuncti abnuunt?

Et me ruinae publicae objiciam? — DEUS

Sua tueatur! quando jam sic vivitur

Ut quisque caveat sibi, ego mihi sum proximus.

Si male gero rem publicam, in meum caput

Ruina verget. Qui favent nunc maxime

Stanti, jacentem calcibus primi petent.

Si bene geram rem, gratiam male collocem;

Nibil parabo praeter invidiam mihi.

Nunc GAMALIELIS sero consilium placet;

Nisi forte sero nemo respiscere potest.

722. Orders, dignity, Orig.

725. I indeed. Orig.

734. false. Orig.

Before the Prison. — Surely nothing now
 In misery exceeds us, that devote
 Our selves (all other bus'nesse set apart)
 Unto the peoples profit! He, that 'slaves
 Himselfe to them, may easily perceive,
 That such his favour he hath ill bestow'd,
 As upon those, that, being ill inclin'd
 Through innate malice, ever use to bear
 Toward the bad good-will, & to contemne
 The chiefeft persons of a Common-weale.

Oh whither shall I go? How first complain?
 Where shall my anger principally 'light?
 Whom shall I first assist? Th' ungodly crew
 Love that false-Prophet, & the Rabines murmur,
 The King connives, the Nobles him neglect!
 I only with these shoulders do support,
 Ev'n with these, our Countrie's falling Rites,
 None lending me a hand. — Why then do I,
 And none but I, the common change bewayle?

Shall I put off my office, & forsake
 Our Order's dignity, with all our lawes
 And sacred Rites; & suffer my poor selfe
 To be a laughing-stock to those that hate me?
 I'll do't; I'll suffer't; ay indeed, I will:
 For what else can I do? — Shall I alone
 Bear that my self, which all refuse to bear,
 And lay my self forth to the *publike* ruine? —
 God keep his own! sith now the world is such,
 That ev'ry man must look unto himself;

I'll do the like. — And, if the Common-wealth
 I rule amisse, then let the ruine light
 Upon my head. Those, that now, while I stand,
 Favor me most, will first, when I am *false*,
 Assault me with their heels. If well I rule,
 And do ill place my favour, I shall get
 Nothing but envy. Now too late I like
 GAMALIE[L]'s advice; unlesse perhaps
 No man from error can returne too late. —

*Malo ego requirant hic meam constantiam,
Quam re peracta temeritatem puniant.*

*Quod cuique visum est, sentiant. Molestissimum
Ego me explicabo, & gratiam resarciam
Hoc cum propheta. Nec, animi simplex homo,
Renuet, opinor. Duriores si mihi*

Se ostendet, omnes admovebo machinas,

*Ne populus illum credat artibus meis
Periisse. Populum si reconciliavero,
Non undequaque cesserit res pessime.*

—Atque ipse, opinor? — ipse nimirum est! — Vide

*Qui coetus illum sacrilegum sequitur comes,
In urbe media nos inanes interim*

Inter cathedras desidemus. — At libet

Audire primum quid MAGISTER HIC ferat.

[SCENA II.]

MALCHUS, JOANNES, CHORUS.]

JOANNES,

O magne rerum rector, auctor, arbiter!

Te quicquid aer continet laxo sinus

Quaecunque tellus educat; quicquid suis

Fretum sub undis nutrit, agnoscit DEUM,

Sentit parentem! Legibus semel datis

Obsequitur ultro tramite immutabili

Jussu tuo ver pingit arva floribus;

Fruges dat aestas; fundit autumnus merum;

Hyems pruinis vestit albicantibus

Montes; in aequor curva volvunt flumina

Moles aquarum; mare reciprocatur vices;

Noctem, DIANA; PHOEBUS, incendit diem,

Et inquieta lustrat orbem lampade!

Nil denique usquam est, sive coelo, seu solo,

Quod non libenter pareat regi suo.

755. gaud Mr. Orig.

759. there. Orig.

772. Ther's. Orig. This is very like Milton:
who generally wrote *this* for *their*.

I'd rather they should seeke me constant here,
 Than when all's done my indiscretion punish:—
 What seemeth good to each man let him think;
 I'll rid my selfe of troubles, & repaire
 My favour with this PROPHET. Nor will he,
 Being a simple-hearted man, reject me.
 But, if I finde him towards me perverse,
 I'll set all engines, lest the people think
 He perisht by my craft. If they to me
 Be reconcil'd, the bus'nesse will not fall
 On ev'ry side. — And here, I think, he comes? — [Aside.]
 He comes indeed! See what a company
 Follows the wicked wretch, & we the while
 Sit in the Citie's heart, amongst our Chairs,
 Alone & idle. — But I first will hear
 What this GRAND-MASTER utters. —

[S C E N E II.]

MALCHUS, JOHN, CHORUS.]

JOHN.

O thou that all things dost make voyd, judge, & rule,
 Whatere the ayre in its loose bosome bears;
 Whatere the earth can procreate, or sea,
 Within its waters nourish; Thee *their* God
 All do acknowledge, & by thee alone
 Finde their creation! In a constant way,
 Thy laws once given, freely they obey.
 At thy command the spring with flowers paints
 The fertile fields, & fruits the summer yeilds;
 Autumne pure wine abundantly affords,
 And winter with white frost the hills attires;
 The crooked Rivers rolle into the sea
 Huge heaps of waters; the sea ebbs & flows;
 The silver Moon illuminates the night,
 The golden Sun, the day; & views this orb
 With never resting brightnesse. To conclude,
 Ther's nothing whatsoere, in heav'n or earth,
 That doth not willingly its KING obey,

Amet parentem, & officiis quibus potest
In conditorem studia declarat sua;
At solus HOMO, quem caeteris longe magis
Gaudere decuit & obsequi jussis DEI,

Contemptor unus inter omnes maxime est;
Praecepta spernit; fraena legum rejicit;

In omne praeceps facinus it; libidine
Metitur aequum; ponderat jus viribus;

Malchus. Principia recte sese habent tibi haec enus.

Joannes. Nec tam per orbem devias miror vago
Errore gentes, quam populum qui se DEI

Haereditatem jactat, & conviciis
Incessit alios, impiosque clamat;

Quum nulla, qua sol cunque terras aspicit,
Gens orbe toto vivat effraenatius.

[S C E N E II.]

Malchus. Sane locutus cuncta vere es haec enus. 680

Joannes. Nec ista vulgi culpa tantum est mobilis:

LEVITA, longe veste fulgens candida,

LEGISQUE SCRIBA, turgidus scientia;

Et vos, verendi aetate matura senes;

Obliquus error devio flexu abstrahit. 685

Viduae orphanique causa vestra ad pulpita

Succumbit, opprimitque dives pauperem;

Iniqua juxta & aequa sunt vaenalia.

Malchus. Disrumpor ira, tacitus haec ut audiam.

Joannes. At vos RABINI, sanctitate caeteros 690

Praestare qui simulatis & scientia;

Et vos, sacerdotum sacrata dignitas;

Princepsque sacri pontifex collegii;

Decimatis omne terra quod profert holus;

Non vos anethum, mentha, ruta, & allium; 695

Urtica non vos, aut viride foenum, fugit.

At si legendum, si docendum scilicet

Responsa vatum, & sanctioris orbita

Monstranda vitae, vestra demum auctoritas

Its MAKER love, & towards him declare,
 With all the service possibly it can,
 Its good affection, but only MAN;
 MAN (who is bound far more than all the rest
 God's precepts to delight in & obey)
 Only contemnes them, & rejects the reins
 Of laws divine; yea, into ev'ry sin
 Precipitates himselfe, accounts all just
 In his own strength, & measures right by lust!

Malchus. Thy fair beginnings as yet well proceed. [Aside.]

John. Nor do I so much wonder at the Gentiles,
 That through the world do wander from the way,
 As at this people, that themselves do boast
 To be God's heritage, yet raile at others
 And cry them down as impious; when no Nation
 On this globe seated, whersoere the sun
 Surveys the earth, lives more licentious.

Malchus. Surely as yet he hath sayd no untruth. [Aside.]

John. Nor is this only the light vulgar's fault.
 The LEVITE, in white vesture shining far,
 And the LAW-WRITER, of his knowledge proud,
 And you [to *Malchus*] so reverend for age mature,
 By oblique error are drawn out o'th' way.
 Widdowes & orphans causes, where you judge,
 Fall to the ground; the rich oppresse the poore;
 Both right & wrong are set at equall price.

Malchus. To hear this & be mute, I burst with rage. [Aside.]

John. But you the RABINES, that in holy gifts
 And knowledge fain all othe[r]s to excell;
 And you, the sacred dignity of PRIESTS,
 And the CHIEF PRELATES of the sacred Order,
 Tyth[e] all the hearbs born of our mother earth,
 Dill, Mint, Rue, Garlick, Nettles, or green Hay
 Does not escape you. But if you should read,
 Or teach the Prophets oracles, & shew
 The track or steps of your own holy life,
 Then your authority is stricken mute,
 Then, like dumb dogs that barke not here, you fret

And

Est muta; muti non latratis hic canes; 700

Circumfremantes vestra non ovilia

Lupos abigitis. Quid, lupos, dixi? Lupi

Vos estis ipsi, vos gregem deglubitis;

Vos lana vestit; lac sitim cedat; famem,

Caro. Gregem non pascitis: vos pascitis. 705

Malchus. Faceffat hinc in maximam malam crucem

Concordia. — Egone patiar amplius meo

Sic insolenter contumeliam ordini

[Pieri? —] DEUS, me si ex Olympo mitteret

Hac lege, ut haec sint audienda, deferam 710

Mandata potius ista, quam dici audiam!

Durare nequeo ulterius. — Heus tu, vir bone!

TURBAE MAGISTER UNICE! haec nampe est tua

Doctrina? Populum incallidum sic instruis?

Joannes. Si probus es, ad te haud attinent quae dicimus. 715

Malchus. Ad te sacerdotem attinet traducere?

Joannes. Bene puto dici, cum malis dictum est male.

Malchus. Parere juvenem convenit majoribus.

Joannes. Parere cunctos convenit magis DEO.

Malchus. Te jussit igitur ista proloqui DEUS? 720

Joannes. Jubet profari vera cunctos veritas.

Malchus. Tacuisse vera saepe multis profuit.

Joannes. Cum scelere juncta nil moramur commoda.

Malchus. Scelus videtur ni scelus dicas tibi.

Joannes. Scelus videtur, tot perire millia 725

Spektare, possim cum reducere in viam.

Malchus. Reducere? Gregis nonne pastores sumus?

Joannes. Si res quidem eadem est pascere & deglubere.

Malchus. Rerum tuarum satage, nostra desere.

Joannes. Vicina cum res agitur, agitur & mea. 730

Malchus. Quis tandem es, oro, auctoritate hac praeditus?

Tunc ille CHRISTUS patribus promissus es?

And fume about your sheep-coats; but the Wolves,
Which of you drive away? The Wolves, said I?
You are the Wolves your selves that *flay* your flocke;
Cloth'd with their Wooll, their milk do[n]t slack your thirst, 815
Their flesh your hunger. Thus your selves you feed,
But not your flock.

Malchus. Hence Concord with a mischief! — Can I brooke [*Aside.*]
My Order any longer to be checkt
So insolently, with so base reproach? — 820
If God from Heav'n should send me with this charge,
That these things I should hear, such his command
I rather would decline, than hear so much!

I can endure no longer. — Ho! Sir, you
MASTER OF MIS-RULE! is this doctrine yours? 825
Do you instruct the silly people thus?

John. If you be good, those things that I declare
Nothing concern you.

Malchus. To traduce a Priest
Does it belong to thee? 830

John. When I reprove
A wicked man, I hold it spoken well.

Malchus. A young man ought his elders to obey.

John. 'Tis rather meet that all should God obey.

Malchus. Then dost thou speak these things by God's command? 835

John. Truth doth command all men to speake the truth.

Malchus. It often profits to conceale the truth.

John. Profit with bad works joyn'd I nought account.

Malchus. Thou may'st call goodnesse what seemes bad to thee.

John. To see (when I am able to reduce them
Into the way) so many thousands perish,
It seems too bad. 840

Malchus. Thou able to reduce them!
Why? are not we the feeders of the flock?

John. If it be all one both to feed & flay. 845

Malchus. Do thine own bus'nesse, & let ours alone.

John. My neighbours misery is likewise mine.

Malchus. I pray, who are you, with such pow'r endu'd?
Are you that CHRIST unto our Fathers promis'd?

Joannes. *Non sum.*

Malchus. *Propheta es ille?*

Joannes. *Non sum.*

Malchus. *Et HELIAS?*

Joannes. *Nec HELIAS sum.*

Malchus. *Si nihil es horum, neque*

Spes nostra CHRISTUS, nec PROPHETA, nec HELIAS,

Quinam auctor audes esse BAPTISMI NOVI?

Quem te esse tandem perferemus? indica.

Joannes. *Vox sum in remotis montium clamans jugis,*

Viam parate, facite rectas semitas,

Veniente DOMINO: cujus adventu cavete

In plana valles explicabunt se, solo

Saxosa montes culmina aequabunt. Ego

In nomen ejus abluo populos aquis;

Cui detrahendis servus etiam foveolis

Indignus essem. Nemo quem agnoscit, licet

Versetur inter vos, & usque obambulet.

Malchus. *Quos iste laqueos nectit, atque ambagibus*

Eludit! Istam quam tibi sic vendicas

Auctoritatem, quo probas miraculo?

Joannes. *Possim ego vicissim te rogare etiam, tuam*

Auctoritatem quo probes miraculo?

Malchus. *Ut contumax est! Quamlibet celes, tamen*

Quid in furorem te rapiat, omnes sciunt.

Nostra profecto crescere invidia cupis,

Rem comparare gloriamque incommodo

Nostro, artibusque vis potens fieri malis.

Nec decipis nos: ipse tete decipis.

Nec primus ista es fallere aggressus via,

Postremus utinam debitas poenas luas;

Aut potius animum in melius admonitu meo

Mutes; & auctor ut fuisti errantibus,

Mutatus, auctor sis revertendi in viam.

851. a Prophet. Orig.

859. one. Orig.

861. stright (ie. not ei or ai.) Orig.

863. leaved. Orig.

873. bee't nere. Orig.

John. I am not.

Malchus. Are you then *that* **PROPHET**?

John. Neither.

Malchus. Are you **ELIAS**?

John. No.

Malchus. If none of these;

Nor **CHRIST**, our hope; no **PROPHET**; nor **ELIAS**;

How dar'st thou be the author of **NEW BAPTISME**?

Declare to me, whom shall we say thou art?

John. ' I am a voice that *on the Mountain tops*
' Afar off call & cry, Prepare the way,

' Make *streight* your paths, the **LORD** is *neer* at hand;

' At whose first coming shall the valleys *rend*,

' And Mountaines will be *levell'd* with the plain.

' I, in his name, the people do baptize,

' Whose shoes I am not worthy to pull off;

' Whom none doth know, though he converse with you,

' [*And up & down amongst you walketh daily.*]

Malchus. What snares doth he invent, **deluding me**

With circumstances? — By what **miracle**

Prov'st thou th' authority which thus thou claim'st?

John. And by what **miracle** *thing* can'st thou prove,

I may, on th' other side, thee also aske?

Malchus. How obstinate he is? — *Bee't nere* so much

That thou conceal'st, yet all of us do know,

What makes thee mad. Thou surely do'st desire

To grow up through our envy. Thou would'st gain

Glory & mighty riches by our losse,

And become potent by flagitious Acts:

Nor do'st deceive us but deceiv'st thy selfe.

Neither wer't thou the first that did attempt

Thus to beguile; yet thee the last I wish

That may be duely punish'd; or that thou,

By my *advice*, thy mind would'st rather change;

That, as thou hast made many go astray,

Through thee they may into the way return.

*Vidi severam veste sanctimoniam
Prae se ferentes, ut facile facerent fidem
Animi modesti & simplicis, post artibus*

*Ubi his honores comparassent & opes,
Nudare sensim ingenia: probitatem prius
Bene simulatam propalam contemnere,
Et fraena veris moribus permittere.*

*Quod si hac honorum tendis ad fastigia,
Rerum imperitum fallit ignorantia.
Non isto ad altam tramite itur gloriam,
Ni me fefellit pessime (non pessimus
Magister) usus, & senectus (usus parens)
Famae, reique consules melius tuae,
Si tuta potius appetas quam splendida.*

*Joannes. Si vera dico, recta facio, cur mihi
Quisquam imperare debeat silentium?
Sin falsa, doctus imperito id indica.*

Malchus. Horum pigebit, morte cum poenas lues.

Joannes. Istaec minare fata formidantibus.

[S C E N A III.]

MALCHUS, CHORUS.]

MALCHUS.

Si vivo longum, faxo non laetabere

Hac contumacia. Scies quid sit senes

Negligere; Scribas jurgiis proscindere

Dictis Rabinos provocare procacibus;

Et, quando amicos nos habere negligis,

Quid possit odium forte cognosces senum.

I have seen others that have made a shew
Of sever[e] holinesse by outward habit,
Whereby more easily they might be thought
Of simple modest mind; but, by such art,
Honor & wealth when once they had obtain'd,
Their dispositions by degrees appear'd
And were discover'd: for that pious course,
Well clo[a]k'd before, they openly contemn'd,
And to their true conditions gave the *Reins*.

890

But, if this way thou aim'st at honor's h[igh]t,
Unskilfull *man* blinde ignorance deceives.
By that Crosse-path to glory none attain;
Unless experience (that best instructs)
And age (that such experience doth beget)
Hath very much beguil'd mee. — For thy fame
And liv[e]lyhood thou better mayst provide.
[By] seeking rather saf[e]ty than renown.

895

900

John. If I deliver truth, & do what's right,
Wherefore should any bid *me* hold my peace?
But, if untruth, doe you, that are so learn'd,
Declare it to the simple.

905

Malchus. Of these things,
When thou shalt suffer punishment by death,
Thou wilt repent thee.

John. Threaten that to Those
Who feare to die. —

910

[Exit John.]

[SCENE III.]

MALCHUS, CHORUS.]

MALCHUS.

But, if I live, ere long I'll make thee *mourn*
For this perversness, & know what it is
The Elders to neglect; the Scribes, revile;
And vex the Rabines with thy saucy Tongue;
And haply feele, since thou hast no regard
To purchase friends, the pow'r of old mens hate.

915

[Exit Malchus.]

[SCENA IV.]

CHORUS.

Ad furta qui se comparat,
Nocturna vitat lumina.
Odit facem ficiarius
Sui furoris consciam.
Puer recusat pharmaca
Condita amaro absinthio.
Abborret a salubribus
Vulnus resectum emplastris.
Occulta cui mentis mala
Secreta rodunt pectora,
Huic est molesta veritas,
Quae cor revelat turbidum.
At vos severi hypocritae,
Quos fronte duos tetrica
Lucrum juvat nefarium, ex
Errore vulgi creduli,
Quantum libet recondita
Celaveritis crimina;
Quamvis tegatur sordida
Sentina mentis impiae,
Vos vestra conscientia
Secreta rodens arguit!
Vos clausus intra viscera
Occultus exest carnifex,
Duro flagellans verbera!
O ter beatum & amplius,
Qui purus animi, ad iudices
Non fit reus domesticos!
Clauso nec in praecordiis
Tortore semper vapulat!

924. tormenti. Orig.

[ACTUS

[SCENE

[SCENE IV.]

CHORUS.

He, that himself prepares for secret stealth,
 Avoyds the light ; & Murderers doe hate
 A burning Torch 'that's conscious of their crimes.
 A childe refuseth med'cines intermixt
 With bitter wormwood. A cut wound abhorres
 The wholesome plaisters. And to him, whose breast
 The hidden evills of his soule torment,
 The truth is grievous, which doth open lay
 His troubled heart, & his bad minde bewray.

But, O you Hypocrites, in shew severe!
 (Whom lawlesse gaine, with rugged brow, delights)
 Through error of the cred'lous common sort,
 How well soever you your thoughts conceale;
 And though the foule sinke of your impious minds
 Be closely hid, your gnawing conscience
 Argues your lurking secrets! That *Tormenter*;
 Inelos'd within your Entrailles, eats you up,
 Scourging with cruell stripes! — O three times blest
 And more is he, that, being pure within,
 Becomes not guiltie to Domestick Judges!
 Nor by a torturer, within his heart
 Pent up unseene, endures perpetuall smart!

920

925

930

935

[A C T

[ACTUS IV.]

SCENA I.]

MALCHUS, CHORUS.]

MALCHUS.

IN rege nulla certa spes est. Publicam
 Suamque causam prodidit pravo ambitu.
 — Populo placere dum studet; dum gratiae
 Venatur auram, lenitatis imagine
 Me plebis irae nixus est supponere;
 Suasque voluit vindicare injurias
 Meo periclo: nempe, BAPTISTAE necem
 Ut si videret aegrius ferre populum,
 Populo paratus capite confestim meo
 Litare. Populus si tulisset leviter,
 Novae interemptum factionis principem;
 Quod se ultus esset maxima cum gloria
 Credi volebat callide. — Sic exhibent
 Alterna reges civium de sanguine
 Spectacula sibi, & caede ludunt mutua.

Quodcunque vulgus approbat, sibi vendicant;
 A se patratum praedicant: laudi suae
 Nostri laboris arrogant industriam.
 Popularis aura si favoris flexerit
 Secus ac putabant & petebant, transferunt

Culpam in ministros, & cruore innoxio
 Animaque vili crimen avertunt suum.
 Superest doloris sola nostri particeps
 Regina, tigris orba ceu catulis furens,

BAPTISTA thalami quod prioris foedera
 Polluta coram rege non probaverit,

Palamque vetitos lege damnarit toros
 Cum uxore fratris. — Flamma dum recens calet

[ACT IV.]

SCENE I.]

MALCHUS, CHORUS.

MALCHUS.

THERE is no certain trusting to the King. 940

His, & the Common cause, he hath betray'd
Through foule ambition. — While *hee* bends his thoughts

To please the people, & with favour hunts

For ayrie applause, Me, under shew

Of lenity, *hee* labours to subject

Unto the Commons wrath, & with my perill

Would vindicate his wrongs; even prepar'd

To satisfie the people with my head:

As if he saw they heavily *would beare*

THE BAPTIST'S Death. But if, to have the chiefe 950

Of their new Faction slaine, they took it lightly;

He *subtily* by the vulgar would be thought

With greatest glorie to have *tane* revenge.

Thus to themselves Kings of their Cities blood

Exhibite shewes by turnes, & make a sport

Of mutuall slaughter; challenge to themselves,

And publish, all by them was only done,

All whatsoe'er the vulgar Votes approve;

And attribute our labours industry

To their owne prayse. But, if th' uncertain ayre 960

Of pop'lar favour otherwise doe turn

Against their expectation & desire,

Then on their Officers they cast the fault,

And, with a vile breath, their own crime avert

From innocent blood. — One only now remains 965

A Partner of our griefe, the Queen enrag'd,

Much like a *Tygres* of her Whelps bereft;

For that THE BAPTIST had, before the King,

Accus'd th' alliance of her former Bed

To be polluted, openly condemning 970

The league of marriage with a Brother's wife,

Forbidden by the Law. — Now, while the fire

Of

*Irae aestuantis, turbidae menti faces
Supponam, alamque commodis sermonibus.
Atque ecce! sese in tempore offert commode.*

Chorus. Nunc flamma, flammæ, toxicum nunc toxico,
Accedit! Instat ultimum periculum!

[SCENA H.]

REGINA, MALCHUS, CHORUS.]

MALCHUS.

Regina, salve! splendidum gentis decus,
Regula regni digna tanti culmine!

Regina. Et tu Rabine MALCHE! — Sed quid, tristis es?

Malchus. Idem quod animum, ut arbitror, pungit tuum.

Regina. Fortasse. Sed tu, quid sit, ede apertius.

Malchus. Ecquid animo aequo fers dignitatem tuam
Sperni? per orbem sacrosanctam regis
Auctoritatem nominis vilescere?
Et sceptrum vulgi subijci ludibrio?

Regina. Quid ergo faciam? Quod remedium sit, doce.

Malchus. Iras & animis, & tuis natalibus,
Phalamisque dignas, corde tandem concipe.

Regina. Jamdudum id actum est. Rumpor ira, lacrymo,
Objurgo, clamo; sed nec ira nec lacrymis
Promoveo quicquam. Verba venti dissipant.

Malchus. Si auctoritate qua decet apud conjugem
Esse, inultas sic tuas injurias
Tulisset, aut, ut verius, dicam, suas?

Regina. Studia ipse populi, MALCHE, cernis. Forsitan
Hæc rex putavit posse poena spiritus
Acres retundi, & mitigari audaciam?

Of estuating wrath is fresh & hot,
I will adde fire-brands to her troubled thoughts,
And feed them with fit language. — But behold! 975

How opportunely she presents her selfe!
Chorus. Now poison comes to poison; flame to flame!
Now comes the uttermost hazard!

[S C E N E II.]

QUEEN, MALCHUS, CHORUS.]

MALCHUS.

Noble Queen!

Our Nations glorious honour! Who alone 980
In this so great a Kingdom *do'st* deserve
The highest place, GOD save you!

Queen. And thee, MALCHUS,
The most religious Rabine! — But why sad?

Malchus. For that which, I suppose, your minde *afflicts*. 985

Queen. It may be so. But, tell me, what is that?

Malchus. Doe you (to see your dignity despis'd;
Your royall name's authoritie, so sacred
Throughout the world, to be accounted vile;
Your crowne, made subject to the vulgar's scorne) 990
Beare it with patience?

Queen. What then shall I doe?
Teach me a remedy.

Malchus. Within your heart conceive so high a wrath,
As may be worthy of your Princely stock, 905
Your nuptiall bed, & bosome! —

Queen. That's done already. I am burst with ire,
Weep, & exclaime, & sharply reprehend;
But no reliefe by wrath or teares I gaine:
For all my words are scatter'd by the winde. 1000

Malchus. If with your husband a meet pow'r you had,
Would he have born your wrongs thus unreveng'd,
Or rather (may I speak more truly) his?

Queen. Thou seest the people, how they be *inclinde*.
Perhaps by this imprisonment the King, 1005
THE BAPTIST's eager *spirit* think[s] to quaille,
And to allay his boldnesse?

I Z Z

Malchus.

Malchus. *Tu, si feroces spiritus coercitos*
Putes latroni huic vinculis & carcere,
Erras. Ferarum saevit acrius furor
Quas fracta fudit cavea, quam quas devius
Silva alta semper educavit montibus.
Quid liberatus non aget, cujus colit
Nunc vincla populus? Provocata accenditur,
Non mitigatur, ira. Contumeliis
Elatus animus ad furorem impellitur.

Regina. *Quin lenietur potius hoc beneficio;*
Quod, qui perierat pertinacia sua,
Sit liberatus regia clementia.

Malchus. *Quod tu, beneficium; ille, putat injuriam;*
Seseque vinctum, quam solutum, saepius
Per te meminerit.

Regina. *Asperum ingenium refers.*

Malchus. *Id pene cunctis insitum est mortalibus:*
Quod bene patraris, gratia illico perit;
Quod male patraris, nullus obliviscitur.
Odere cuncti propemodum beneficia,
Quorum memoriae juncta sunt maleficia. †
 BAPTISTA, *quoties memor erit meriti tui,*
Meminisse toties sceleris eum sui, puta.
Se scelere credet non solutum, sed, tuo
Animo, nocentem, liberum pravo ambitu,
Poenam remissam, in tempus iram suppressi.

Regina. *Ingenia saeva mitigat benignitas.*

Malchus. *Longo quod usu in pejus usque induruit,*
Multo facilius fregeris quam flexeris.

Regina. *Quin ergo dubium quid sit ere praemones?*

Malchus. *Reddam expedite haec facile si credas mihi.*

Regina. *Modo praemoneto; nulla exit per me mora.*

Malchus. *Quaerendo, agendo, providendo, haud otio,*

Res magnae aguntur.

† Beneficia eousque laeta sunt, dum videntur
 exsolvi posse: ubi multum antevenere, pro gra-
 tia odium redditur. *Videfis Cromwelli Panegyri. l.*
 p. 1.

Malchus. If you suppose imprisonment & bonds
Can bridle the fierce spirit of this thiefe,
Your Highnesse erres. The rage of sa[l]vage beasts,
That break their Dens & libertie regain,
Is much more vehement, *then* theirs that range
In woods or desert Mountaines. — Being freed,
What will not he attempt, whose fetters now
The people reverence? Wrath, once provokd,
Is kindled, not allaid. By taunts & scorn
The haughty spirit is to fury born.

Queen. This benefit should rather quench it quite;
For that by royall mildnesse he is free,
Who by his own perversnesse might have perish'd.

Malchus. What *you* esteem a benefit, he holds
An injury; & will more oft remember,
That you imprison'd him, *then* set him free.

Queen. A rough & crabbed nature thou relat'st.

Malchus. This in most men is nat'rally graff'd:
What favour you afford is quickly lost;
But what disfavor, no man doth forget.
Good turnes, if born in memory with bad,
All men well *neere* doe hate. Think that THE BAPTIST,
As oft as he remembers your Desert,
Will not his crime forget; & still believe
He is not loose from that, but (in your thoughts)
A guilty man, by foule ambition freed;
His paine remitted, & you[r] wrath suppress
But for a time.

Queen. Yet courtesie prevailes
To mitigate fierce natures.

Malchus. What with long use is hardned to the worst,
We much more easily may break *then* bend.

Queen. What doe you then advise me in this case?

Malchus. I'll shew you quickly, may I be believ'd.

Queen. And what *you* counsell I will not delay.

Malchus. By seeking, agitating, & providing;
(Not fitting still) great things are brought to passe.

Regina. Si nihil promoveris
 Quaerendo, agendo, providendo, non magis
 Praestat quiesse, quam negotium ut tibi
 Frustra facessas, & aliis sis risui.

Malchus. Quod saepe vis non perficit, vincit labor.
 Nec alta quercus iecta subito sternitur;
 Nec vertit aries bellicus primo impetu

Muros. Frequenter quae putaris perfici
 Non posse, tempus expedit. Quae non potest
 Plerumque ratio, expugnat importunitas.

Proinde presa. Lachrymis misce preces;
 Irasque, monitis; blanda dicta, jurgiis;
 Ambi maritum sedulo omnibus modis;
 Occasiones usquequaque amplectere.

Si peragi aperte res nequit, tendas dolos.
 Quod spectat ad me, certa stat sententia,
 Nisi re peracta neutiquam desistere.

[SCENA III.]

CHORUS.

Tandem livor & impiis
 Accensus FURIIS dolor,
 Vires saevitiae suae
 In vatem exeruit pium.
 Illinc saeva calumnia,
 Dirae juncta tyrannidi,
 Pugnat fraude nifaria.
 Hinc innoxia veritas,
 Nullo fulta satellite,
 Spernit terrificas minas.
 Tot telis petitur caput
 Unum. Tot pariter doli
 Intentant juveni necem.
 Ille, ut tunsa furentibus
 Ilex dura aquilonibus;
 Aut rupes, remeabili
 Quam fluctu mare verberat;
 Nullo concutitur metu.
 O, numen venerabile
 Cunctis! candida veritas!

945
(Quam,

Queen. If seeking, agitating, & providing
Nought may availe, 'tis better to sit still,
[*Do nought at all,*] then to make work in vaine,
And be to others [*made*] a mocking stock.

Malchus. Where strength oft cannot, labour overcomes.
A tall Oake is not suddenly born down;
Nor does the warring Ram at one assault
O'erthrow the wal[ls]. — What often you suppose
Cannot be finished, is in time dispatch'd;
And importunity doth overcome

1050

What reason sometimes cannot. — Therefore seeke,
Solicite HEROD, mingle teares with suite;
Wrath, with monitions; flatt'ring words, with brawles:
Work & intreat him by what meanes you can,
Embracing all occasions ev'ry where.

1055

But, if by such plaine course you cannot speed,
Set snares & use deceit. — For mine own part
I am resoly'd, untill we finde successe
In our designments, never to desist.

1060

[*Exeunt.*]

[S C E N E III. *The Street, before the Prison.*]

CHORUS.

Envie at length & bitter griefe, incens'd
By impious FURIES, on this pious PROPHEET
Have cast the venome of their cruelty.
From thence fierce calumny & false detraction,
Joyn'd with fell cruelty, by curst fraud
Maintaine the battell. From hence harmlesse truth,
Supported by no guard, their threats contemnes,
So many weapons doe one head assault!
So many subtle drifts doe menace death
To this young man! Yet, like the hardy Holme,
With North-east winds assaulted; or a Rock
That's beaten by the Seas returning flood,
He with no fear is mov'd! — O pow'r divine,
By all men to be honor'd! Candid Truth!

1065

1070

1075

(Whom

(Quam, nec bellica vis metu,

Nec fraus infidiis, potest

Firmo pellere de gradu)

Sola non metuis graves

Fortunae instabilis vices!

Non obnoxia casibus

Ullis pectora robore

Armas insuperabili;

Et, vitae domina[ru]m & necis,

PARCARUM indomitam manum

Nobis esse vetas gravem.

Sed cesso vatem convenire, nuncio

Ut impleam aures omnium miserrimo.

Atque eccum! ante ipsas carceris stantem fores.

[S C E N A IV.]

CHORUS & JOANNES.]

CHORUS.

Propago sanctis sanctior parentibus,

Et innocentiae una, pristinae fides!

Incolumitati, dum tempus finit, tuae

Consule. Rabinus MALCHUS intentat dolos

Occulte; inops regina consilii furit;

Blanditur aula; rex suam sententiam

Diffimulat; alii vero mussant dicere.

Jam tempus instat ultimi discriminis.

Joannes. *Quid est pericli?*

Chorus. *Mortis urget terminus.*

Joannes. *Haec summa nobis imminenti est mali.*

Chorus. *Quo nullum in hominem cadere possit amplius.*

Joannes. *Ut vis tyranni cesset, ac dolus; feret*

Hanc sponte nobis temporis longinquitas,

Pravo timendam, at innocenti optabilem.

Chorus. *At, tu salutem negligas tuam licet,*

Te ratio nostri tangat. Istos spiritus,

Paulum remitte. Precibus animum regium

Flecte. Per amicos non inexorabilem

Spero futurum.

(Whom neither force of armes, with trembling feare;
 Nor fraud, with all her projects, can depell
 From her *firme* station or unmov'd estate) 1080
 The grievous changes of unstable fortune
 Thou only fear'st not! And dost arme thy breast,
 Obnoxious to no chances, wi[t]h a strength
 Insuperable; & th' impartiall hand
 Of the three Ladies both of life & death 1085
 Forbid'st us to be griev'd at! — But this PROPHET
 I am too slow to meet with, & relate
 The ruthful'st newes that ever pierc'd his eares. —
 Yet see! He stands before the prison doore.

[SCENE IV.

CHORUS & JOHN.]

CHORUS.

O thou more holy *then* thy holy Parents. 1090
 And th' only credit of old innocence!
 Now for thy safetie in due time provide!
 The Rabine MALCHUS privately intends
 Deceit against thee; & King HEROD's wife,
 Unwitting what to do, is almost mad. 1095
 The Courtiers flatter her; the King dissembles
 What he conceives; & others 'twixt the teeth
 Mutter, as those that dare not speak the truth.
 Now is your finall perill.

John. And what's that?

Chorus. To escape death, you shall have much to doe. 1100

John. Of eminent evils, I hold that the sum.

Chorus. Then which none greater can a man befall.

John. As Tyrants power & deceit may cease, 1105
 Time's length may bear it of its own accord,
 Which evill men do fear, good men do wish.

Chorus. But, your own safety though you doe neglect,
 Consider ours; & that high spirit of yours
 Awhile remitting, sue for HEROD's mercy,
 And make some friends. I hope he will not prove, 1110
 Inexorable.

John.

Joannes. *Sedulo nonne hoc ago?*

Chorus. *Utinam tibi istam præbeat mentem DEUS?*

Joannes. *Nihil precari est opus. Is animus jam diu est
Explere properat rex meo iram sanguine.
Nec ego recuso. Qui magis regem queam
Placare, quam quum volumus eadem, & volumus?*

Chorus. *Bona verba.*

Joannes. *Quid igitur mihi auctor es? Duo
Reges utrinque facere pugnantia jubent.
Coelestis alter, misericors, clemens, bonus;
Terrenus alter, impotens, ferox, malus.
Mortem minatur alter: alter me vetat
Mortem timere, pollicetur præmium
Vim non timenti. Corpus alter perdere
Potest: at alter corpus una & spiritum
Torquere flamma poterit inevitabili.
Hi quum repugnant, consule utri paream?*

Chorus. *Placare nunquam postea HERODEM datur,
Oblata si nunc prætereat occasio.
DEI sed ira semper est placabilis.*
Joannes. *Divina quanto saevit ira lentius,
Hoc mora poenas exigit severius.*

Chorus. *Sic fata spernis, quae DEUS mortalibus
Timenda voluit esse? — Neve corporis
Animique sanctum dirimeret consortium
Oblata temere causa, vinclo mutuo
Amoris, animum corpori connexuit.*

Joannes. *Non sperno mortem; at morte momentanea
Fugio perennem. Quem DEUS lucis mihi
Concessit usum, reddo repetenti libens.*

John. Doe not I doe this? *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

Chorus. That minde God grant you.

John. To sue there's no need! *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

For that minde hath been long. — Now with my blood 1115

The Tyrant hasts to satisfie his wrath: *Chorus.* Will to propitius, nil me propitius.

Neither doe I resist. How am I able *Lachrymæ, impotentis quos tu quoque deus*

Rather to pacifie this bloody King,

Then when the same things we will not, & will? *Chorus.* Non desino.

Chorus. Good words I pray. *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

John. Why then report you thus, *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

And thus advise me? — Say there are two Kings, *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

And they on both sides two things bid me doe *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

That be repugnant. The one King is earthly, *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

Cruell & mischievous, who threatens death, 1125

And hath a power my body to destroy. *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

The other, heav'nly, mercifull & milde, *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

Forbids me death to fear, & a reward *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

Proposeth to my courage, being able *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

In flames inevitable to torment 1130

Body & soule. Now, seeing these two Kings

Doe differ in command, give mee advice, *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

Whether I shall obey? *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

Chorus. If now occasion offer'd you omit, *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

HEROD will never after be appeas'd: 1135

But GOD is ever easie to be pleas'd. *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

John. GOD's anger, the more gentle it doth rage, *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

The more severely punishment requires, *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

Being once mov'd. *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

Chorus. So death, which GOD would have all mortals feare, 1140

Do you disdain! — The body with the soule,

He, in a mutuall bond of love, hath knit,

Lest unadvisedly some cause be offerd, *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

That may their holy fellowship disjoyne. *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

John. Death I disdain not; but, by momentary, 1145

Shun that eternall. And, the use of light,

Which GOD hath given me, at his command

I willingly surrender. *Chorus.* I have resolv'd to obey thee.

Chorus. *Itane relinquis orphanos parens tuos?*

Joannes. *Nunquam orphanus erit, qui DEUM credit patrem.*

Chorus. *Nil te propinqui, nil amicorum morientium
Lachrymae, impotenti quos tyranno deseris?*

Joannes. *Non desero, sed patius ab his desero
Namque institutam ab initio mundi viam*

*In fata curro. Nempe lege hac nascimur;
Quicumque lucis fruimur, aliunde munere,
Conditio cunctos una cohibet. Tendimus
In mortem: eo nos singuli ducunt dies.*

*Mortem esse poenam voluit improbis DEUS;
Bonisque, portum; terminum longae vitae;
Ad longioris vitae initium januam;
Quae nos perennis splendidam ad lucis domum
Mittat renatos, verius quam mortuos.*

*De carcere hic est exitus mortalibus;
Et ad carentem morte vitam transitus.*

*Hac universus praeiit coetus patrum;
Cuncti sequentur. — Quis, ubi liquit carceres,
Non cursor animo rapitur ad metam? Fræto*

*Quis aestuoso nocte tenebrosa vagus
Portu recuset se quieto condere?
Quis exul errans per peregrini soli*

Deserta tesqua, moleat in patriam cito

Sese reverti? — Laetus ergo, transte

Decurso, ad ipsam stare metam me puto.

*Jam prope peractae liber a vitae fræto
Prospicio terram. De peregrina sola
Domum revertor, OPTIMUM PRIMUM PATREM*

Visurus. Illum nempe patrem, qui solum

Chorus. Will you then,
Being a Parent, thus forsake your Orphans? 1150

John. He, who believes that God his Father is,
Shall never *bee* an Orphan.

Chorus. Can the teares
Of all your friends & kindred, whom you leave
Unto a spightfull Tyrant, move you nothing? 1155

John. I leave them not, but they *mee* rather leave.
For truly, unto death I run the way,
From the beginning of the world ordain'd.

Yea all men, that enjoy the gift of life,
Are born to die; & *wee* are all restrain'd. 1160

With one condition. We tend all to death;
And thither ev'ry day doth surely lead us.

God will have death a pennance to the bad;
And to the good, a Port; the utmost bounds

Of a long journey; & the Gate that leads
To the beginning of a longer life; 1165

That sends us, rather born againe *then* dead,
Unto a glorious house of endlesse light.

This is to man from prison a release,
And a free passage to life wanting death. 1170

This way the whole flock of the Fathers went;
And all must follow them.

What man is he, that, having once begun
[To leave his prison, &] a race to run,

Desires not instantly the goale to gaine? 1175
Who, by night wandring in the stormy sea,

Refuseth shelter in a quiet Port?
What exile, straying or'e the Desert Hills

Of a strange Countrey, will *bee* discontent
Into his own to make a quick returne? 1180

I therefore, having overpast my way,
Suppose my selfe come to the very goale.

Now, almost quitted from the sea of life,
I view the Haven. From a *forraign* soyle,

Home I return to see my HEAV'NLY FATHER; 1185
That FATHER, who with waters bound the earth;

1 A a a 2 Invested

Revinxit undis; induit coelum solo;
 Regitque certas mobilis coeli vices;
 Servator, auctor, rector unus omnium;
 Cui cuncta vivunt, viva juxta ac mortua!
 Ut flamma sursum sponte volvit vortices;
 Undae deorsum perpeti lapsu ruunt;
 Propriumque pergunt ire cuncta ad somitem;
 Jamdudum anhelat spiritus coelo editus;
 Rerum ad parentem, lucis aeternae incolam;
 Quem contueri est vita; mors, non cernere.
 Non (si pruinis obstet horrens CAUCASUS
 Aer, procellis; unda, tempestatibus;
 Tractusque nimis invius caloribus)
 Eo ire pergam? Non (tot ut videam duces,
 Reges, prophetas, judices pios) via
 Rumpenda, vel si mille mortes obstruant?

Ergo, recluso corporis de carcere,
 Eo evolare spiritus liber cupit,
 Quo cunctus ibit orbis serius ocyus.
 Nam longa vita nil, opinor, aliud est
 Quam lenta duro servitus in carcere.
 O mors laboris una laxamen gravis!
 O mors, doloris portus, & mali quies!
 Notumque paucis commodum mortalibus
 Formido pravis, & bonis votum! Tuo

Sinu recepta naufragum hoc corpusculum,
 Et sempiternae duc quietis in domum,
 Qua non sequetur vis, dolus, calumnia.

[SCENA V.]

CHORUS.

O te beatum hac pectoris constantia!
 O nos misellos, quos iners animi metus,
 Felicitatis privat hoc consortio!

1187. he. Orig.

1188. spbar. Orig.

Invenit

A A A

Quando

Invested earth with Heav'n! *Him*, that rules
 The certain courses of the moving *Spheres*!
 Who only all things made, guides, & preserves;
 To whom all things, both quick & dead, doe live! 1190
 Ev'n as the flame its Globes doth upwards roll;
 Waters, perpetually downwards fall;
 And all things do proceed to their own foment:
 My spirit, from heav'n descended, labours now
 A habitation in eternall light 1195
 To gaine with him, that all things did create;
 Whom not to see, is death; life, to behold.
 If CAUCASUS, rough-growne with hoary frost;
 The Ayre, with Tempests, & the Sea, with Stormes;
 And the whole Region, with excessive heate; 1200
 Should all resist me: thither I would goe!
 To see so many Leaders, Prophets, Kings,
 And pious Judges, shall I not make way,
 Though, with a thousand deaths, I be oppos'd?—
 My spirit therefore, from this body freed, 1205
 (This carnall prison) thither longs to flye,
 Ev'n whither all the world, betimes or late,
 Shall be dispatch'd. For long life, I conceive,
 Is nothing but a gentle servitude
 In a hard painfull prison. — O sweet death! 1210
 (That art of heavy Toyles the sole Release!
 The Haven, where all grief & trouble cease!
 Yet unto few men profitable known)
 [O death! the bad man's fear, the good man's hope!]
 Receive this shipwrackt body in thy bosome, 1215
 And bring it where eternall peace abides;
 Whither no impious violence, deceit,
 Or calumny shall follow it! [Exit.]

[S C E N E V.]

CHORUS.

——— O thou,
 Thrice happy in this constancy of mind!
 O wretches that we are! Whom foolish feare 1220
 Debarres the sweet society & fight

Of

Quando igitur ipse quod opus est facto tenes,

Salve, valeque sempiternum dicimus!

Quam discors hominum tramite dispari

Perfat lis animos! Non metuit mori,

Qui nil commeruit. Qui meruit mori,

Si vanis leviter mors crepuit minis,

Exanguis trepidat degeneri metu.

Quam mortem fugiunt graviter improbi;

Per flammam, per aquas, saxaque devia,

Tam mortis cupidi praecipitant boni

Illustres animas, dura per omnia.

Nempe ignota malis commoda mors habet:

Et fati comes est vita beator.

Nec toti morimur; sed melior rogos

Nostri pars avidos spernit, & aethera

Sublimis patrium scandit. Et igneos

Inter coelicolas certa animas manet

Sedes innocuas. At male conscios

Manes exagitant sulphureo in lacu

*Crinitae colubris EUMENIDES *nigris,**

Et jejuna avidi guttura CERBERI,

Et nunquam saturi copia TANTALI!

Hinc formido, malis. Hinc bona spes, bonis,

Et vitae fragilis prodiga pectora,

Dum vitam properant infragilem sequi.

O SIREN! magicis illecebris potens,

Et, fallacis amans, vita fugax boni!

Tu nobis, teneris blanditiis, mali

Vicinum effugium claudis, & obstruis

Portum perpetuae pacis amabilem;

Nullus terror ubi Martius increpat;

Nec rauco reboant classica murmure;

Nec pirata rapax aequora territat;

Nec latro tacitum trux nemus obfidet;

Of true felicity! — Then, since thou hold'st
What's needfull to be done, to thee we wish
Eternall health & Far[e]well! —

How are the minds of men in wayes unlike
Turn'd by discordant strife? Of no offence
He that is guilty, doth not feare to dye.

He that deserves to dye, if with vaine threats
Death lightly greet him, with degen'rate feare
Growes pale & trembles. As the wicked wight

Shunneth death with heavy heart; so he that's good,
Of death desirous, thorough flames & fouds,
O're *devious* Rocks, all dangers & Extremes,
Freely precipitates his noble Soule.

For sundry benefits to death belong,
To evill men unknowne. A happy life

Is Fate's Associate. Neither doe the Good
Totally die, but still their better part

Contemnes the greedy fire, & mounts aloft
To its own Country, Heav'n. Amongst the Saints

A certain Habitation doth attend
Soules that are harmlesse. But the guilty Ghost,

By snake-haired FURIES, in a brimstone lake,
With greedy CERBERUS his hungry Jawes,

And TANTALUS with plenty never fill'd,
Is evermore affrighted, gnawne, & whipt!

From hence comes feare to evil men. From thence
Good hope to good men; even while their mindes,

Appearing prodigall of brittle breath,
Hasten to prosecute unfading Life.

O SYREN! potent in bewitching baits,
Life, that, abhorring goodnesse, dost affect

What's fraudulent; &, with thy flatt'ring might,
Preclud'st the neighbour passage of our finnes,

And shutt'st the Haven of perpetuall peace,
Where neither Martiall clamor doth affright,

Nor Trumpets with hoarse clangor doe resound;
Nor pilling pirates ter[r]ifie by sea;

Nor cruell thieves beset the silent grove;

Nor

Nec sceptri misera praedo cupidine
Insanus populis exitium creat;
Nec FELIX, placido solus ut otio
Torpescat, tenues cladibus obruit;
Nec viles animas qui miserabilis
Vulgi pro titulis mutet inanibus!
Sed tranquilla quies, almaque faustitas,
Et simplex probitas omnia possidet;
Et ferri in tenebras indocilis dies;
Et vita alterius nescia funeris;
Et luctus queruli nescia gaudia!
O dulce hospitium corporeae domus,
Et vitae nimium carcer amabilis!
Iam tandem magicis exue nexibus
Mentem coeligenam, quam, patriae suae
Oblitam, gremio amplecteris, ebriam
LETHES somniferae deside toxico,
Et laetum thalami degeneris jugo!
O fallax lutei tegmen amiculi,
Vanefce, in cineres rursus abiens tuos!
Ut, rursus patrio reddita mens polo,
Puri se radiis luminis expleat.
Et te pestiferis morte laboribus,
Et mentem anxiferis solve molestiis.

[ACTUS V.
 SCENA I.]

REGINA.

PHARISAEUS igitur spem fefellit: rex pari
Se vanitate pariter & me prodidit,
Vulgi loquacis dum timet rumusculos.

Formido misere nata quid rerum gerat;
Saltationis nuper in convivio
Cui rex frequenti praemium spoponderat

Nor any one, *mad* with desire to rule, —
 Destruction to the people doth procure;
 Nor FELIX, that alone with pleasant ease
 He may himselfe besot, the poore & weaker
 Orewelme with bloudy slaughter; neither he,
 That for vaine Titles may exchange the lives
 Of the rude Commons! But where simple vertue,
 With faire prosperity & tranquill rest,
 Possesseth all; & day can never learne
 To end in darknesse; nor life ever know
 Of any funerall; nor Joy, of griefe!
 O thou sweet friendship of this carnall house;
 And thou, too lovely prison of our life!
 Now, now at length free from bewitching Bonds
 The heav'n-borne soule of man; which (too unmindefull
 Of her own Country; joyfull in the yoke
 Of her degenerate foule nuptiall bed;
 And with somnif'rous LETH's poys'ning sloth
 Inebriated) in thy lap thou huggst!
 O thou deceitfull covering of clay,
 Into thy ashes vanishing, returne!
 That, to her country (Heav'n) the soul restor'd,
 May fill it selfe with beames of purest light!
 So from all sorrow thee shall be enlarg'd,
 And of all troubles thou by death discharg'd.

[ACT V.
 SCENE I.]

QUEENE.

THE Rabine MALCHUS hath my hopes beguilde;
 And HEROD hath himself, with mee his Queene,
 (Fearing the rumors of the bab[b]ling crew)
 Through his owne vanity, alike betray'd.
 Next, for my daughter, what *shee* may effect,
 I greatly feare. — The King did promise her,
 At his great banquet, that he would reward
 Her dancing feates (which gave him high content)
 With whatsoever *shee* of him should aske.

i B b b

Now,

Quodcunque peteret. — Illa BAPTISTAE caput
In lance pepigit se petituram, & feret;
Feret profecto, nisi parum notus mihi
Sit regis animus. — Liber invidia, necis

In me odia populi vertet, ut reor, libens. 1140

Et ego, peracta re, libenter id feram.

Odium, ultionis gaudio; maculam, lucro,

Pensabo. — Turpe est esse atrocem foeminam.

Turpe: nisi reges esse inultos, turpius

Foret. — Sed ambo proferunt pedem domo, 1145

Rex & puella. — Quo propior est spes, metus

Hoc gravius urit. Cuncta fortunet DEUS!

[S C E N A II.]

HERODES, PUELLA, REGINA.

[HERODES.]

Deliberatum quid rogares jam tibi
Satis videtur?

Puella. Sic satis, si quidem satis
Promissa regum certa sint & regia! 1150

Herodes. Ne metue firma, testibus coram, fide

Sancita. Regni posce dimidium mei,

Vel si quid animo carius regno est tuo;

Feres. Volentem nulla vis averterit. 1155

Puella. Istud brevi jam quale sit videbimus.

Herodes. Jam posce: certum est.

Puella. Nil opus regno tuo

Mibi est, quod aequae, rege te, meum reor,

Ac si ipsa teneam. Rem facilem & aequam peto. 1160

Herodes. Non ego, sed ipsa, ne feras tibi, in mora es.

1294. met. past. Orig.

1298. Herods. Orig.

1310. adversat. Orig.

Puella.

Now, unto *mee* the girle hath *pass'd* her word,
 That *shee* would aske of him none other boone,
 But in a dish to have THE BAPTIST'S head.
 And *shee* will have it; certainly *shee* will:
 If HEROD'S mind be not to me unknown.

The peoples hatred, I conceive, on *mee*
Hee will divert, himselfe remaining free.
 And I will beare it, when the deed is done,
 With willing heart; with joy of my revenge
 Weighing their hate; & with my gaine—my staine.

For women to be cruell 'tis a shame;
 A shame indeed: unlesse more shame it were,
 That of such nature there are many Kings.

But HEROD & my daughter *both* appeare——
 The *neerer* my hope is, my feare the more,
 More greivously doth burne. [*Heav'n speed all well.*]

[S C E N E II.]

HEROD, DAUGHTER, QUEENE.

[HEROD.]

And hast thou now sufficiently *advise*
 What boone to aske?

Daughter. If promises of Kings
 Be sure enough & royall.

Herod. Never fear
 Things that are firme establisht with my faith,
 And before witnesses: aske halfe my kingdome,
 [*Or ought else which thy mind esteems more dear;*]
 It shall be thine. No power can avert
 Him that is willing.

Daughter. We shall shortly see
 What thing it is.

Herod. 'Tis certain: ask it now.

Daughter. Your Kingdome, Sir, I need not; which I deeme
 Ev'n as mine own; (while you possesse the Crown,
 As if I held the Scepter.) But I aske
 A thing both meet & easie.

Herod. Thou thy selfe
 (Not I) art in the fault thou hast it not.

1 B b b 2

Daughter.

Puella. *Da in hac recisam lance Baptistæ caput?*

Herodes. *Quod verbum ab ore temere tibi, virgo, excidit?*

Puella. *Non temere.*

Herodes. *Donum virgini indecens petis.*

Puella. *Non indecorum est facinus hostem pendere.*

Herodes. *Hic igitur ira dignus hostis regia est?*

Puella. *Is dignus ira est, scelere qui hanc meruit sua.*

Herodes. *Quod nunc remedium plebis odio reperiam?*

Puella. *Parere, populi est; imperare, regium.*

Herodes. *Aequa imperare regium est.*

Puella. *Quod iniquum erat*

Prius, imperando facere rex æquum potest.

Herodes. *At imperandi lex facit regi modum.*

Puella. *Si, principi quod placuit est jus, iam modum*

Non regibus lex, legibus sed rex, facit.

Herodes. *Pro rege fama me tyrannum perferet.*

Puella. *At sceptrum metuit.*

Herodes. *Metuit: & garrat tamen.*

Puella. *Compesce ferro.*

Herodes. *Regna male servat metus.*

Puella. *Et regna vertit facile scelerum impunitas.*

Herodes. *Securus est, quem civium servat fides.*

Puella. *Necesse reges est timeri: diligere*

Necesse non est.

Herodes. *Odia crudelem premunt.*

1333. becoms. Orig.

1335. uncomly. Orig.

Daughter.

1 B 6 2

Puella.

Daughter. Give me THE BAPTIST'S head then in this Charger?

Herod. What words are these by thee so rashly vented? 1330

Daughter. Not rashly neither.

Herod. Thou demand'st a gift
That ill becoms a Virgin!

Daughter. To destroy
An enemy is no uncomly deed. 1335

Herod. Is therefore he an enemy, & worthy
Of a King's wrath?

Daughter. He's worthy of such wrath,
Who by his crimes deserves it.

Herod. What redresse
May I then purchase for the people's hate? 1340

Daughter. The people must obey, & Kings command.

Herod. 'Tis a King's duty just things to command.

Daughter. Kings by commanding may make those things just
Which were before unjust. 1345

Herod. But Kings commands
The Law doth moderate.

Daughter. If that be right
Which pleaseth Princes, then they rule the Lawes,
Not the Lawes them. 1350

Herod. Then, for a King, a Tyrant
The people will divulge me.

Daughter. But your Scepter
Keeps them in awe.

Herod. It doth, & yet they'l babble. 1355

Daughter. Such babbling, Sir, by punishment severe
Is bridled.

Herod. Kingdomes are ill kept with feare.

Daughter. And Kingdomes by impunity of crimes
Are easily subverted. 1360

Herod. Yet we finde
Kings are securest in the Citie's faith.

Daughter. It is not needfull that a King be lov'd,
But fear'd.

Herod. The cruell are orewhelm'd with hate. 1365

Daughter.

Puella. *In rege vulgo lenitas contemnitur.*
 Regina. *Haec tota, opinor, tendit hac oratio,*
Promissa vana ut effluant. Nondum mihi
Regum videre nosse quae sint munera.

Si honesta credis esse regi & turpia,
Quae honesta vulgus credit esse & turpia,
Falleris. Amici, proximi, socer, gener,
Fratres, sorores, civis, hostis, pauperum
Sunt vincla: vana regibus vocabula.

Diadema quisquis induit capiti semel,
Vulgaris omnes ponat officii gradus.
Nil arbitretur turpe quod regi utile:
Nullum indecorum facinus esse existimet,
Suae salutis quod facit causa. Salus
A rege populi pendet. Igitur consulit
Populi saluti quisquis, in regem est pius.

Tantine sanguis hujus erit bomunculi,
Ut tu, diebus sollicitus ac noctibus,
Non conquiescas? Deme nobis, hunc metum;
Sceptris, pudorem; vastitatem, moenibus;
Armis, rapinas; civicum bellum, omnibus.

Statuere magno oportet exemplo & novo,
Ut sacrosancta regna sint mortalibus.
Scelus patravit: Scelere pessum eat suo.
Si nil patravit conjugii pereat tuae.
Da conjugii hostem. Conjugem si negligis,
Promissa redde filiae rex & parens.

Herodes. *Promissa certum est optima reddere fide.*
At illa, si me consulet, sapientius
Optabit.

Daughter. A gentle King the Vulgar doe despise.

Queene. My Lord, all you have pleaded only tends,
In my opinion, that your promise *pass'd*
In vaine may passe away. As yet, methinks,
You do not know the duties of a King. 1370
If those things, which the common sort suppose
Honest & otherwise, you, for a King
Beleeve to be the same, King HEROD erres.
Brothers & sisters, fathers, sonnes in law,
Friends, kindred, Citizens, & aduerse parties 1375
Are bonds for poor men, but vaine words for Kings.
Let him, that on his head once puts a Crowne,
Put from him all degrees of Common duty;
Let him judge all things honest that conduce
To a King's benefit, & hold no fact 1380
To be unseemly, that he shall effect
For his owne safety. On the King depends
The peoples welfare. Whosoever then
Towards his Prince is pious, hath regard
Unto the peoples welfare. Shall the blood 1385
Of this base fellow be so highly priz'd,
That, for anxietie, by day nor night,
You can repose? Release us, of this feare;
Of shame, your Scepter; & of waste, your City;
Of rapine, Armes; & all, of civill warre. 1390
'Tis fit, by an example new & great,
You should *ordein*, that Kingdomes to all men
Be sacred, & inviolably stand.
He has committed an ungracious act,
And by that let him perish. If no crime 1395
He has committed, let him seeke for *mee*:
Give to your Queene her enemy. Your Queene
If you neglect, yet, as a King & father,
Your promise to your daughter see perform'd.
Herod. That Promise to performe with my best faith 1400
I am determin'd. But, if my advice
The girle doe aske, more wisely *shee* will wish.

Regina. *At, si consulas, ne sanguine* A gentle King the Vainness of
Confilia mutet. Queen. My Lord, all you have pleaded only tends

Herodes. *Itane? Sicne oportuit* In my opinion, that your promise pass'd
Jurasse temere? sic puellae me membra As yet, methinks may pass away.
Obstringere fidem? sic salutem, regnum You do not know the duties of
Vitam, necemque foeminae committere? If those things, which the common

Regina. *Promissa regum certa fermetur* King. I think to be the same, King.

Herodes. *Quando negare non licet, quod non licet* Brothers & sisters, fathers, mothers, kindred, Citizens, & advise
Admoneo rursus & oro, ne quid sanguine Are bonds for poor men, but vain woman
Sexuque vestro, & regio culmine parum I see him, that on his head once puts a Crown
Dignum, patrare cogat iracundia. Let him, that on his head once puts a Crown

Regina. *Haec mitte: nostrae lingue curae caetera* Put from him all degrees

Herodes. *De vate si quid statueritis durius* Let him judge all things honest
Vestra illa culpa, vestrum erit periculum. To King's benefit, & hold no fact

[S C E N A III.] On the third

REGINA, PUELLA.] Who? The people's welfare.

REGINA. Towards his Prince is pious, hath

Jam vindicata dignitas est regia, Unto the people's welfare. Shall the blood
Ne pateat ulli in posterum ludibrio! Of this base fellow be so highly priz'd

Jam faxo populus pervicax de regibus That, for anxious, by day nor night

Loqui modeste, vel malo discat suo; You can repose? Releas us, of this time

Et, siue regis aequa iniquave imperent, Of mine, your scepter; & of mine

Aequo ferenda populus animo omnia putet! Of mine, Armes; & all, of mine

[S C E N A IV.] You should wish, that King

CHORUS. Be facted, & inviolably stand.

DAVIDIS regnum, SOLYMAEQUE turres!

Et locupletis SALOMONIS arces! And by that let him perish.

Unde tam dirus furor in prophetas? He has committed, let him seek

Sanguinis justis sitis unde saeva? Ours your Queen's her enemy.

Quem decet normam pietatis esse, If you neglect, yet, as a King & father

Unicum est vitae specimen sceleris. Your promise to your daughter

Furta, vis, caedes, dolus, & rapinae, The girl does like, more will

Queene. But if *shee* aske my counsell, yours, my Lord,
She may not change or take.

Herod. Is't even so?

Should I so unadvis'd have made a vow?

Thus to a foolish girle my faith oblig'd?

And thus committed to a woman's hands

My Kingdome, safety, treasure, life, & death?

Queene. Kings promises let certaine truth confirme.

Herod. Well! Sith I may not, what I may deny;

Again I doe admonish & intreat.

Let not wrath urge you to a bloody act,

Unworthy of your dignity & sex.

Queene. Grant this, & leave all other things to us.

Herod. If of THE PROPHET you determine ought

More rigourous, the perill, blame, & shame

Is only yours. —

[SCENE III.]

QUEENE, DAUGHTER.

QUEENE.

Now shall we vindicate

Our royall dignity, in future times

To be of none derided! Now I'll force

The stubborne people to speake well of Kings,

Or learne it to their greif; & make them hold,

That all their Kings commands they gladly must

Beare & obey, though never so unjust!

[SCENE IV.]

CHORUS.

O thou great City, where King DAVID reign'd!

You Tow'rs of wealthy SALOMON & SALEM!

From whence against thy Prophets doth arise

A rage so terrible, & cruell thirst

Of blood so innocent? Unhappy thou!

(Whom it becomes to be a pattern, rule,

Or helme of piety) art now become

The only mirror of a wicked life!

Slaughter, with violence, fraud, theft, & rapine,

1405

1410

1415

[Exit.]

1420

[Exeunt.] 1425

1430

Sunt tuae circumstantiae patet
 Non sacerdoti pietas nefandis
 Fraudibus suadet cohibere dextras.
 Cultor idoli populus reliquit
 Omnium rerum DOMINUM
 Pro Deo lignum colitur, lapisque
 His calent arae vitulae, agnae, tauri, pecorae,
 Et suae dextrae simulacra adorant
 Artifex: vixit, sed nunc non
 Poscit; a muto eloquium precatur
 Pauperi, dives; dominus, minister
 Supplicat: ritus pereunt vetusti.
 Te prophetarum cruor innocens
 Iudicis magni rapit ad tribunal.
 Pauperes clamant, viduaeque coelum
 Questibus implent.
 Ergo te justae manes
 Poena, non mendax, nisi fallor, augur
 Namque, qui fastus premit insolentes,
 Arbiter coeli, maris, atque terrae
 Spectat ex alto, lachrymasque plebis
 Et preces tristes meminit, manuque
 Vindice infandi scelus propinquas
 Exiget poenas; quibus intumescit
 Insolens victor tibi
 Praedia. Externo domina refundet
 Vinitor fructus tuus. Alta quae dunc
 Surgit in coelum SALOMONIS ardes
 Exterus messiem faciet colonus
 Ergo, dum praebet tibi poenitendi
 Numinis favor spatium, relictis
 Turpiter vitae vitiis peractum
 Exteri ritus simulachra pelle,
 Et sitim fraterni avidam cruoris
 Et famem argenti cohibe profanam

1459. in silent. Orig.

1461. repairs. Orig.

Alc

2

Sed,

Art thy chiefe exercise! No Godly Zeale
 Perswades the Churchman to restraine his hands
 From horrible deceits. The people now
 Forsake THE LORD that all things did create,
 And worship Idols for GOD; stone & wood:
 With Calves & Lambes their Altars are still hot
 And Images the workman doth adore,
 Which hee himself hath wrought. Life he requires
 Of a meere stocke, & eloquence he craves
 Of a dumb stone. The rich intreats the poore;
 The Lord, the Servant: Ancient Rites are lost
 The guiltlesse PROPHET's blood brings thee perforce
 To the Tribunall of the greatest Judge
 The poore exclaime, & widowes fill the ayre
 With their complaints. For which the fearfull paine
 Of just revenge attends thee (unlesse I
 Be in my divination much deceiv'd.)
 For hee, that throwes down insolence & pride
 (Being the Ruler of Heaven, Earth & Seas)
 Views from above th' oppressed peoples teares;
 Their heavie prayers never doth forget,
 And speedily, with a revenging arme,
 Will punish thy unspeakable misdeeds,
 And overturn thy Tow'rs, wherewith thou swel[st]
 Insolent victor-like! The barb'rous foe
 Shall all thy Buildings, Farmes, & Lands possesse;
 The Vineyard-Keeper shall repoure his fruit
 To an Outlandish Master! And, where now
 SALOMON's Temple high tow'rs Heav'n doth rise,
 A for[r]aign rustick shall his harvest make
 O therefore, while God's favour to repent
 Affords thee respite, of thy ill-pass'd life
 The finnes forsaking, utterly amove
 Those fruitlesse Images of forreign Rites;
 Curb thy prophane desire of wretched wealth,
 And greedy thirsting for thy Brother's blood!

1435

1440

1445

1450

1455

1460

1465

1470

But

Sed, nec exactae male poenitabit
Te tuae vitae; neque sacra ab aede
Exteri ritus simulacra pelles
Nec sitim fraterni avidam crateris
Nec famem argenti fugias profanam
Ergo te pestis vitiosa carpat
Te fames, bellum, macies, egestas
Opprimet, donec merito rependes
Sanguine poenas!

[SCENA V.]

Nuncius, Chorus.

Quis indicabit ubi reperiam gentium
Comites PROPHETAE, nuncium ut tristem feram?

Chorus. Nisi forte properas (histe paulisper gradum)
Eloquere paucis: Scire quid feras juvat.

Nuncius. At non juvabit scisse, scire quid cupis.

Chorus. Ut ut se habent res, ne moram inde brevam.

Nuncius. Scisti puella ab rege quid petideris?

Chorus. In lance Vatis sibi caput caesum duri.

Nuncius. In lance Vatis abstulit caesum caput.

Chorus. O facinus atrox! Ille coelestis vigor
Decusque vultus morte tristi emarcuit
Edora nuper plena sacro numine
Claudit perenni dira vis silentio!

Nuncius. Quid fies? Inanes mitte questus fundere.

Chorus. Quum flenda videam & audiam, flendum negas?

1475. seise. Orig.

1484. pertake. Orig.

1488. master. Orig.

1497. comly. Orig.

Nuncius.

But thou wilt not repent thy *ill-past'd* life,
 Nor Images of forraigne Rites amove,
 Nor shun the greedy thirst of brother's blood,
 Nor the profane desire of wretched wealth!
 A vicious Plague shall therefore *seise* on thee, 1475
 Famine & warre, with barrenesse & want,
 Shall overwhelm thee, not to be withstood,
 Till thou be quitted with deserved blood!

[S C E N E V.]

NUNCIUS, CHORUS.]

NUNCIUS.

Where may I finde (O who will tell me where?)
 THE PROPHE'T's followers, that I may relate 1480
 My heavy tydings?

Chorus. Stay your pace awhile,
 (Unlesse your haste be great) & speak in brieft:
 For what you bear I gladly would *pertake*.

Nuncius. O but to know, what you to know desire; 1485
 'Twill not delight you!

Chorus. Yet your short abode
 Think not too long, howere the *matter* stands.

Nuncius. Know you what boone the Daughter of our King
 Hath beg[g]'d of him? 1490

Chorus. To have THE PROPHE'T's head
 Given her in a Charger.

Nuncius. And his head
 Ev'n so *shee* hath obtain'd.

Chorus. O horrible 1495
 And most inhumane act! That heav'nly vigour
 And *comly* countenance by rig'rous death

Is utterly decay'd! And cruell force
 With ever during silence hath shut up

Those lips, that did abound with sacred vertue! 1500

Nuncius. Why weepe you? Cease to poure out vaine complaints.

Chorus. When things to be bewail'd I see & heare,
 Why should I not bewaile them?

Nuncius.

Nuncius. Si flenda mors est, mortui illi flent
Quorum sepultae spes jacent cum corpore;

Qui, post soporis terminum brevissimum,
Reditura membra non putant, & alteram
Supersse vitam. Mortuos miseri flent,
Miserosque tantum. Neminem facere potest
Fortuna miserum; similis infanti licet
Sontemque maneat terminus vitae. Tamen

Male morietur nemo, qui vixit bene
De genere miseros exitus si iudices;

Miseros putabis tot patres sanctos, quibus

Cruce, ensis, unda, flamma claudit spiritum
Nam veritatis qui satelles occidit

Pro religione patriisque legibus,

Omnibus illum prosequi bonis decet,

Votisque vitae poscere similem exitum.

Chorus. Vere profecto es elocutus omnia.

At nos, opinio quos & errores trahunt

Dum fata fugimus, fata stulti incurrimus.

Ignis pepercit, unda mergit, Aëris

Pis pestilentis aequori ereptum necat.

Bello superstes tabidus morbo perit.

Differre, non vitare, fata dat DEUS.

Et foeneramur mortis indies moras

Morbis, periculis, luctibus, molestiis.

Nec longa vita est aliud, ac longi mali

Catena, mortis nexa ad usque terminum

Serie perenni. Nec ligati hoc vinculo

Servire miseri nos putamus. Exitum

Quam servitutem, potius exhorrescimus.

BAPTISTES.

393

Nuncius. If death be

To be bewail'd, let *them* bewaile the dead, 1505
 Whose hopes doe with their bodyes lye interr'd;
 Who doe not thinke, their short sleep being done,
 Their bones must rise again, & there remaines
 Another life. Let wretched men bewaile
 Those that are dead, & only wretched liv'd. 1510
 None can be made by fortune miserable,
 Though the like end of mortall life betide
 The innocent & guilty; good & bad:
 No man shall die ill, that hath lived well.
 If, by the sev'rall manners of their ends, 1515
 You judge men miserable, you will thinke
 So many holy fathers to be such,
 Who died by fire or water, sword or crosse,
 For HIM, that dyed Defender of the truth,
 Both for Religion & his Country[s] Lawes; 1520
 In all things pursuing, *wee* should pray
 And wish to have like end or fun'rall day.

Chorus. Verily you have utter'd nought amisse.

But we, whom errors & opinion draw, 1525
 Foolish, by flying death, with death doe meet;
 The water drowning whom the fire hath spar'd;
 And, by the power of contagious ayre,
 Others are kill'd that have escaped the sea;
 And some, that in the battell have surviv'd,
 With sicknesse pyning die. God doth *ordeine* 1530
Wee may deferre, but not our deaths eschew:
 And daily *wee* delay our houres of death.
 Yet, with diseases, danger[s], troubles, griefe,
 Long life is nothing but a brittle chaine
 Of diuturnall evill, which is knit, 1535
 With a conti[n]uall course & speedy race,
 Ev'n to the bounds of death. Nor doe *wee* hold
 (Bound with this bond) our selves to *bee* inthral[l]d
 In misery; but feare the fatall knife,
 With deeper horror *then* a servile life. 1540

[Exit.]

NOTES

NOTES on the BAPTISTES.

7. **T**HE Reliques of our Fane (which none might enter)
Broken before me.]

Shakespeare likewise uses Fane for Temple. As,
Tullus Aufidius. — My valour (poison'd
With only suffring stain by him) for him shall flie
Out of it self; nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor Fane, nor Capitol,
The pray'rs of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarkments all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege & custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. —

Coriolanus, Vol. IV. p. 31.

By the way (tho' neither Mr. Theobald, nor any of his friends, saw it) the passage here quoted is corrupt. Shakespeare undoubtedly wrote,

Embarrassments of fury, shall lift up, &c.

9. ————— Whate're the greedy will

Of stern GABINIUS could by rapine gaine.]

A. Gabinius was president of Syria, anno mundi 3893. & two years after returned to Rome with seventeen millions, which he had scraped together; but, upon complaint, was banished. Isaacson.

14. To CLEOPATRA's gluttonous desires!]

Cleopatra would have begged all Jewry of Marc Antony, but he would give her only the revenues of Jericho. See Josephus, lib. XV. capp. iv. v.

17. Under a cruel King, the Nephew's son

Of halfe-ARABIAN ANTIPATER;]

Antipas (made governor of Idumaea by queen Alexandra) had issue Antipater, governor of Judaea. Antipater married Cypros of Arabia; & had issue Herod the Great of Ascalon, king of Judaea; who built the temple & put the holy innocents to death. Herod the Great had issue, 1. Antipater; 2. Alexander; both put to death by him. 3. Herod Antipas, called Herod the tetrarch of Galilee & Perea; who A. D. 29. put away Areta his wife (daughter of an Arabian king) & married Herodias; & A. D. 30. beheaded John the Baptist. 4. Herod Philip, tetrarch of Iturea & Trachonitis. 5. Aristobulus; who had issue Herodias; who

married

married first *Herod Philip*, her uncle; then *Herod Antipas*, her other uncle. By *Herod Philip*, she had issue *Salome*; who danced off *John the Baptist's* head, for reproving her mother & *Herod Antipas* of adultery. *Aristobulus* had likewise issue *Herod Agrippa*, or *Agrippa the Great*, made king by *Claudius*, A. D. 39. who A. D. 43. slew *James*, & A. D. 44. died miserably. *Herod Agrippa* had issue *Agrippa*, called king *Agrippa*; *Drusilla*, who married *Felix* the Roman governor; & *Bernice*. 6. *Archelaus*, left to be king, but afterwards banished; & *Judaea*, *Samaria*, & *Idumaea* added to *Syria*, under *Quirinus*, whom *St. Luke* calls *Cyrenius*. 7. *Phaselus*. 8. *Roxana*. 9. *Salome*, &c.

34. a new BAPTIZER,]

John was not the first BAPTIZER. Baptism was a right used long before by the *Jews*, in the admission of profelytes to their religion. It was also used by the antient *Persians*. *Pro infantibus non utuntur circumcissione, sed tantum baptismo seu lotione, ad animae purificationem internam. Infantem ad sacerdotem in ecclesiam adductum sistunt coram sole & igne; qua facta ceremonia, eundem sanctiorem existimant.* *Historia Religionis veterum Persarum*, a *Tho. Hyde*, Oxon. 1700. 4^o. p. 406.

There are three sorts of baptism, viz. *baptismus fluminis*, that of water; *flaminis*, that of the spirit; & *sanguinis*, that of martyrdom.

59. & rends.

The Fathers with reproaches,]

Originally from that speech of *Horace*, in answer to his friend *Trebatius* the lawyer.

Si quis

Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse;

Solventur risu tabulae: tu missus abibis.

Satyr. Lib. II. i. 85.

89. Can you perswade me that this man is naught?]

Shakespeare is very exact in observing the difference between *naught* (which is an abbreviation of *naughty*) & *nought* (which is a contraction of *no ought*;) As,

Glouc. We say that *Shore's* wife hath a pretty foot,

A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue:

That the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:

How say you, Sir, can you deny all this?

Brackenbury. With this, my Lord, my self have nought to do.

Glouc. What, fellow? nought to do with mistress *Shore*?

I D d d

I will

*I tell you, Sir, he that doth naught with her,
Excepting one, were best to do it secretly.*

K. Richard III. Vol. IV. p. 402.

91. *Besides new Rites;]*

By *new Rites*, the translator would be thought to mean *extempore prayer, & preaching, &c.*

100. *Reputed by the common people Saints,]*

And here to laugh at the vulgar for their affection to bishops.

104. *Is't lawfull for a vulgar man to rayle
Against a Prelate?]*

How they *railed* against *Laud* may be seen, in part, by the following passages, taken from his own diary.

' *Anno 1629. March 29. Sunday. Two papers were found in the dean
of Paul's his yard before his house. The one was to this effect con-
cerning my self. Laud, look to thy self: be assured thy life is sought.
As thou art the fountain of all wickedness, repent thee of thy monstrous
sins before thou be taken out of the world, &c. And assure thy self, nei-
ther God nor the world can endure such a vile counsellor to live, or such
a whisperer: or to this effect. The other was as bad as this, against
[Weston] the lord treasurer.*

' *Anno 1634. June 11. Mr. Prynne sent me a very libellous letter a-
bout his censure in the Star-Chamber, for his Histriomastix; & what I
said at that censure.*

' *Anno 1637. July 7. Friday. A note was brought to me of a short
libel pasted on the Cross in Cheapside, that the arch-wolf of Canterbury
had his hand in persecuting the saints, & shedding the blood of the
martyrs. Memento for the last of June, [when Prynne, Burton, &
Bastwick lost their ears.]*

' *Eodem anno. Aug. 23. Wednesday. My lord mayor sent me a libel
found by the watch at the south gate of S. Paul's: That the Devil had
let that house to me, &c.*

' *Eodem anno. Aug. 25. Friday. Another libel brought me by an of-
ficer of the High Commission, fastned to the north gate of S. Paul's:
That the government of the Church of England is a candle in the snuff,
going out in a stench.*

' The same day at night my lord mayor sent me another libel hanged
upon the standard in Cheapside: My speech in the Star-Chamber set in a
kind of pillory, &c.

116. Gamaliel. *And why? blind ignorance & want of skill?*
 Malchus. *Because rashness & error commonly*
Are found as proper & peculiar
To the vulgar.]

Thus unaccountably mixed & transposed are the words of these lines in the original, thro' the carelessness, of the transcriber or compositor. [See the Text.] So that we may justly say to him in the words of *Horace*,

———— *Quod prius ordine verbum est,*
Posterius facias, praeponens ultima primis!

Satyr I. iv. 58.

122. *But give we place then in this chair*
To shepherds?]

Malchus may here be considered as sitting, either in the *chair* of a pharisee or *Jewish* doctor, as chief of the Sanhedrim; or, of a bishop, as archbishop of *Canterbury*: *Shepherds*, either as *Jewish* prophets, or Puritan ministers.

137. *Seeing you do such things as are unworthy*
Both of your ancestors & of your selfe.]

By *ancestors*, I conceive the translator would be understood to mean *Mountaine*, *Neyle*, *Barlow*, &c. predecessors of *Williams* in the see of *Lincoln*.

139. *You that of all the rest ought to defend,*
Do chiefly our authority offend,]

Our *authority*, i. e. (as I take it in the translator's sense) the government of the church by bishops.

Of *all the rest*, i. e. of all the rest of the pharisees or bishops.

But why ought *Williams* to defend the hierarchy more than *all the rest*? — Because he had tasted most of the royal favor, having been made lord chancellor, as well as bishop of *Lincoln*.

151. *Our parents were not by such means advanc'd.]*

By *parents*, I presume, the translator would be understood to mean, either the first primitive bishops after the apostles, or the first protestant bishops after the reformation:

156. *If wee had any of our fathers spirit —]*

By *fathers*, the persecuting popish bishops: And thus make *Laud* appear as a descendent of these, & *Williams* as a descendent of those above.

158. *This wicked fellow by a speedy death,*
Not threat'nings, had beene punished.]

June 14. 1637. *John Bastwick*, M. D. *Henry Burton*, B. D. & *William Prynne*, Barrister at Law, were censured for their libels against the hierarchy of the church. And June 30. Friday, the abovenamed three libellers lost their ears. *Abp. Laud's Diary*.

162. Gamaliel. [MALCHUS,] to put to death without desert.

This verse wanting a foot, I have supplied it by adding the name of the person Gamaliel speaks to.

201. Who does neglect the Fathers ancient Rules.]

The Fathers ancient Rules, i. e. the ceremonies of the church.

203. I le seeke the King's assistance against Ruine.]

i. e. Against the ruin of the church & hierarchy by the Puritans.

217. — And a great fault

In our degree is this:]

Here the translator would make *Williams* (a bishop, & afterwards an archbishop) rail against his own order. Which reminds me of a passage in archbishop *Laud's Diary*, viz. 'Anno 1626. Jan. 17. Wednesday, I shewed my reasons to the king, why the papers of the late bishop of Winchester, concerning bishops, that they are *jure divino*, should be printed; contrary to what the bishop of Lincoln had pitifully & to the great detriment of the church of England, signified to the king, as the king himself had before related to me.'

221. But, if against our customes ought they dare,

We practise to subvert them with our gold,

Or witnesses suborn'd, or cut them off

By secret poyson;]

Our customes, i. e. our ceremonies.

Here, I conceive, the translator would make *Williams* bring a threefold charge against *Laud* & his other fellow bishops, viz. First,

We practise to subvert them with our gold,

as if they bought off the most eminent puritans. Or, secondly, suborned witnesses against them. A fact (if we may believe *Laud*) more true of *Williams* himself than of any of the rest of them. For, saith he, —

'Anno 1637. July 11. Tuesday. Dr. *Williams* lord bishop of Lincoln was censured in the Star-Chamber, for tampering & corrupting of witnesses in the king's cause.' *Diary*. — Or thirdly,

cut them off

By secret poyson: —

Which

Which last charge reminds me of a famous pamphlet, written (as it is said) by Prynne, entitled, 'ROME's master-piece, or the grand conspiracy of the pope & his jesuited instruments, to extirpate the protestant religion, re-establish popery, subvert laws, liberties, peace, parliaments, by kindling a civil war in Scotland & all his majestie's realms, & to poison the king himself, in case he comply not with them in these their execrable designs. Revealed out of conscience to Andreas ab Habernfield, by an agent sent from Rome into England by Cardinal Barbarino, as an assistant to Con the pope's late Nuncio, to prosecute this execrable plot (in which he persisted a principal actor several years) who discovered it to Sir William Boswell, his majestie's agent at the Hague, 6. Sept. 1640. He, under an oath of secrecy to the archbishop of Canterbury (among whose papers it was casually found) [by Mr. Prynne, 31. May, 1643.] who communicated it to the king, as the greatest business that was ever put to him.' — And — 'It is ordered by the Committee of the House of Commons in parliament, this 1. day of Aug. 1643. that this book, intitled ROME's master-piece, be forthwith printed. JOHN WHITE.'

224. — filling HEROD's ears
With feigned utt'rance;]

Here, the translator would be thought to describe Laud & the rest of the bishops, as misrepresenting every body to the king.

239. Hee'l cry, the sworne Bands that attend the King
Do secretly conspire,]

' In March 1639. the king went to his army to York, in order to set forward against the Scots, but there was only an interview of each army, no fighting; for the Scots lords tampered with the English, & the English betrayed the king to their companions.' Whitelocke, p. 30. b.

Again. ' In August 1640. the King led another army against the Scots, but divers of the officers & soldiers declared, that they would not fight to maintain the pride & power of the bishops.' Whitelocke, p. 35. a. b.

Now both these armies no doubt had taken an oath to be true & faithful to the king, & therefore might be called *sworn bands*; but how many of them observed that oath Whitelocke shews.

Again. ' 5. Jan. 1641. the Commons declared that they could not sit in safety without a guard in whom they might confide.' Whitelocke, p. 53. a.

This

This guard also, as I take it, was sworn to be true to the king & parliament; but I doubt little troubled themselves to consider what truth they were thereby obliged to bear to the king. The translator knew well enough how true all these things were; but, it seems, would not have *Laud* tell the king of them, or the king himself believe him if he did.

240. ——— *Some wicked plot
Preparing they digest:]*

In 1639. the Scots covenanters sent new commissioners to the king. They had great resort to them, & many secret counsels were held with them by the discontented *English*, chiefly those who favored Presbytery & were no friends to bishops, or had suffered in the late censures in the *Star-Chamber, Exchequer, High Commission*, & other judicatories. Those who inclined to a Republick had much correspondence with them; & they courted all, fomented every discontent, & made large & religious promises of future happy times. The earls of *Essex, Bedford, Holland*, the lord *Say, Hambden, Pym*, & divers other lords & gentlemen of great interest & quality, were deep in with them. *Whitelocke*, p. 32. b.

243. ——— *[a counselor
As he is always weak of mind, but full
Of barb'rous cruelty.]*

Here, something being dropped by the carelessness of the transcriber, or compositor; I have added these lines to answer to the *Latin*.

247. *And this in Princes is a common fault,
Gently to hearken unto secret TELL-TALES;]*

Here, the translator would make *Williams* reproach the king for hearkening to secret *Tell-Tales*; &, for fear the intended reflection should not be well enough observed, the word *Tell-Tales* in the Original is put in *Italic*. The principal *Tell-Tale* here meant he would have to be *Laud*. This appears by what he saith above,

———— *But MALCHUS now is gone,
Unmindfull of all modesty, to Court; &c. l. 229.*

252. ——— *Where he that gives
Faithful advertisement is bolden dull,
Torpid & timorous.]*

Here the translator would suggest, that *Williams* was the only person who gave the king any good advice; but that it was all slighted.

Where, as here used, is an old way of speech (& very common with our antient poets) for *whereas*.

274. O what a night of darknesse doth possesse
The minds of mortalls !]

Originally from Ovid.

Prob superi, quantum mortalia pectora caecae

Noctis habent ! —

Metam. VI. 472.

283. The only Symbole of a modest life,]

A Symbole is a mark, token, device, or badge to know one by. So the apostles creed is called the *symbolum apostolicum*. And the angel, lion, bull, & eagle which SS. Matthew, Mark, Luke, & John are drawn with, the *symbola evangelica*.

298.

——— Piety & truth,

With shamefastnesse & faith are fled from thee !

Faith of the better age a common Guest,

Hath lastly left the vice-dishonor'd earth.]

As Faith is mentioned in the second line, I think, we should read *Justice* (as I have altered it in the poem) in the third line. The allusion is manifestly to that of Ovid, Metam. I. 150.

Ultima coelestium terras Astraea reliquit.

302. If there were any Artist that could set

(The forehead's clouds remov'd) our cares to fight]

Originally from Horace.

Deme supercilio nubem.

Epist. III. xviii. 94.

304. (The brest being made transparent) & disclose

Our minds dark inner parts ;]

Lucian makes Momus to find fault with Jupiter's workmanship when he made man, because there wanted windows or spie-holes thro' his breast to see his inmost thoughts. And Vitruvius relates, that Socrates wished he had a window in his breast, that every body might see the uprightness of his heart.

309. NILUS.] The most noted river of all Africa ; so called from the Hebrew Nabal, a river, or the river ; because it is reckoned the first of all rivers. Thus Juvenal, Sat. XV. puts the word *flumen* alone for Nilus. This river is famous for, 1. its seven (or, as others say, nine) heads. 2. Its annual flux. 3. Its reed ; whereof they make paper. Whence Ovid calls it *Nilum papyrifera*. 4. Its crocodiles. And 5. Its rats, generated (as said) of its slime.

ib. & GANGES] Ganges, one of the two principal rivers of Asia, (the Indus is the other) so called from Ganges K. of Ethiopia.

ib. — or

ib. ——— or all the births

That AFRICKE yeelds]

Africa or *Libya*, being extreme hot, is very fruitfull of monsters. *Lucan* mentions a dragon there which swallowed I know not how many *Roman* foldiers. This is that serpent which *Aulus Gellius* relates (from *Tu-bero*) that *Attilius Regulus*, the *Roman* consul, in the first *Punic* war, met with by the river *Bagrada*, & encountred with his whole army & engines of war; where he slew him, & sent thence his skin (120. feet long) to *Rome*, for a monument of his victory. *A. Gellius*, lib. VI. cap. iiii. *Shakespeare* had these fruitful monstrous births of *Africa* in his thoughts, when he makes *Tullus Aufidius*, general of the *Volsicians*, say to *Caius Marcius*,

———— We hate alike.

Not Africk owns a serpent I abhor

More than thy Fame, & envy. ———

Coriolanus, Vol. VI. p. 26.

310. ——— with furious portents,]

A *portent* is any monstrous strange thing which is thought to foretell good or bad luck. *Cicero* calls *Gabinus* & *Piso*, *duo Reipub. portenta ac pene funera*.

311. And those that hoary CAUCASUS affords

In his darke Dens.]

Hored, *Orig.* But the *Latin* *horrens* (which also occurs again, afterwards in the *Latin* copy) & the very etymology of the name *Caucasus*, shew it should be hoary. For *Caucasus*, in the *Scythian* tongue, signifies snow. And the mountain *Caucasus* is so called from its being always hoary, or covered with snow.

The things usually met with in such dark dens, as *Shakespeare* informs us, are

———— the black toad, & adder blue,

The gilded newt, & eyeless venom'd worm,

With all th' abhorred births below crisp heav'n.

Timon of Athens, Vol. V. p. 278, 279.

317. Nor the fell Basilisk, with poisoning breath;]

Basiliscus, *Regulus*, the king of serpents; the cockatrice; so called because some think he comes of a cock's egg. He is said to kill men, birds, beasts, & every living thing (the weasel excepted, which destroys him) with his breath only.

318. Or

318. Or stinging Aspe, that brings long-lasting sleepe;]

Shakespeare makes Cleopatra call it,

—— the pretty worm of Nile

That kills & pains not. ——— Vol. VI. p. 332. And

—— my baby at my breast

That sucks the nurse to sleep. ib. p. 334.

319. Or Scorpion, dreaded for his hooky tayle;]

The Scorpion, I think, is the only venomous creature which strikes & poisons with his tail.

MILTON had this description of the *basilisk*, the *aspe*, & the *scorpion* in his thoughts, & improved upon it; when he afterwards wrote that famous passage of the transformation of *Satan* & his companions into serpents.

——— dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters, head & taile;
SCORPION & ASP, & AMPHISBAENA dire,
CERASTES horn'd, HYDRUS, & ELLOPS drear,
And DIPSAS (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
Bedropt with blood of GORGON, or the isle
OPHIUSA) but still greatest bee the midst
Now DRAGON grown, larger than whom the sun
Ingender'd in the PYTHIAN vale on slime,
Huge PYTHON! ———

Paradise Lost. X. 521.

322. Or the PHARIAN Hyænae's false play.

The Pharian Hyæna, i. e. the Egyptian Hyæna. So Pharius tyrannus, i. e. Pharaoh, the common name of the kings of Egypt.

323. Counterfeit piety doth often cloak
Merciless Tyrants; & the guarded stole
Impious natures.]

Here the translator would be thought to glance with an evil eye on the king's piety, as if it was counterfeit; & after vesting *Eauid* with a guarded stole (a coat, or popish robe edged with some old rabbinical phylactery) surmise that he too is an atheist.

327. ——— nor sells her selfe
For haughty titles;]

Quaere, if the translator would not here be thought to point at a certain great earl, afterwards hunted down by the House of Commons?

328. ——— laughing as in scorn

At the mad tumults of our Justice-Courts,]

Here the translator would be understood to sneer at the Courts of *Star-Chamber*, *High Commission*, &c. & if I err not, at the *rout* they made there about the tryals of *Prynne*, *Burton*, & *Bastwicke*, &c.

332. ——— but doth passe away

The silent ages of her blessed life

In rural privacy; being unto none

Saving her selfe, or but few others, known.]

These lines are somewhat of a kind with those of *MILTON* in his *Comus*, line 378.

————— wisdom's selfe

Oft seekes to sweet retired solitude,

Where with her best nurse contemplation,

She plumes her feathers & lets grow her wings, &c.

And have also a look, I think, towards that of *Seneca*.

Illi mors gravis incubat,

Qui, notus nimis omnibus,

Ignotus sibi moritur.

Thyestes. 402.

Or rather towards those of *Politian*, in *Rustico*.

Foelix ille animi, divisque simillimus ipsis,

Quem non mordaci resplendens gloria fuco

Sollicitat, non fastosi mala gaudia luxus,

Sed tacitos finit ire dies, & paupere cultu

Exigit innocuae tranquillae silentia vitae.

339. ——— For, if that vulgar Preacher

Breathe but another yeare, bonds, prison, crosse,

In vain you then may threaten.]

By *vulgar preacher*, I conceive, the translator would be understood to mean either *Prynne* (who was a great preacher by his writings) or his colleague *Henry Burton*, or any other zealous puritan preacher or lecturer, or writer, or the whole knot of them in general.

This *Burton*, educated in *St. John's College*, *Cambridge*, was afterwards tutor to the sons of *Robert lord Carey of Lepington* (whose lady

was

' was governess to prince *Charles*, when a child) clerk of the closet to
 ' prince *Henry*, &, after his death, to prince *Charles*; but removed when
 ' that prince came to be king for pretending to demonstrate by a letter
 ' which he presented to the said king, 23. April 1625. how popishly af-
 ' fected Dr. *Neile* & Dr. *Laud* (his continual attendants) were. About
 ' which time being made minister of St. *Matthew's*, *Friday-Street*, his
 ' sermons favouring of nothing but schism & sedition, &, running alto-
 ' gether against his majestie's declaration, he was, for so doing, & for
 ' publishing two virulent pamphlets, not only brought before the Council-
 ' Board, but several times into the High-Commission Court, & afterwards
 ' imprisoned, fined, degraded, deprived of his benefice, pilloried with
 ' *Prynne* & *Bastwicke*, lost his ears, & condemned to perpetual imprison-
 ' ment.' *Fasti Oxon.* Vol. I. col. 192.

341. ——— Proudly now

His forces he surveyes.]

Almost all the city was now puritanically affected.

342. ——— Your person's Guard

His followers obscure.]

K. *Charles* I. (when he came first to the crown) had but a small guard.
 It is true he was guarded by his pensioners & followed by about two hun-
 dred of his courtiers, when he went to the House of Commons, 3. Jan.
 1641. to demand the five members (*Pym*, *Hambden*, *Hollis*, *Haselrig*, &
Strode) to be delivered up to him. But what a poor guard was this,
 compared to that wherewith *Prynne*, *Burton*, & *Bastwicke* made their en-
 trance into *London*, 3. Nov. 1640?

400. And, if I do not erre, [then] you shall hear

From him [himself] much more than fame hath publisht.]

I have added the words—then—himself—to complete the measure.

408. This upstart now will moderate your Scepter,

And you must rule according to his will.]

Presbytery hath four judicatories; viz. 1. the parochial session. 2. the
 presbytery. 3. the provincial synod. And 4. the general assembly. Which
 last is an independent sovereignty. For the king himself (tho' a member
 of it) is subject to it. And, if the king will not reform any thing which
 they judge to be amiss, the general assembly may. See *Presbytery dis-*
played, by Sir *Roger le Strange*. *London* 1681. 4^o.

413. Lest you raile at me, as you did before.]

Here it should seem the translator would be thought to allude to some

former quarrel between K. Charles I. & his Queen. Perhaps that when the King dismiss all the queen's French retinue & chaplains, & sent them home.

416.

— Now let me tell thee

There's nothing that may move thee, or that strange

Thou may'st conceive, if an offended woman,

Rich, noble, potent, finally a Queen,

Do entertain more anger then is meet.]

Here the translator would be taken as surmising that King Charles had some time or other expressed himself as ashamed of the Queen's temper. And, for fear the intended reflection should not be well enough minded, the words — *a Queen* — are, in the Original, put in *Italic*. And indeed if we consider the queen as an *offended woman*, she had certainly very great reason to be so. For, saith *Whitelocke*, 'About this time [the latter end of 1632.] Mr. Prynne published his book called, *Histrio-mastix*, by license of archbishop Abbot's chaplain; which being against plays, & having a reference in the table of the book to this effect — *Women actors, notorious whores* — relating to some women-actors in his book as he affirmeth: it happened that about six weeks after this, the Queen acted a part in a Pastoral at Somerset-house; & the next day after Laud & other prelates & their instruments (whom Prynne had angered by some books of his against Arminianism, & against the jurisdiction of bishops; & by some prohibitions which he had moved & got to the High-Commission Court) shewed Prynne's book against plays to the king, & particularly that place of it — *Women actors, notorious whores* — & informed the king & queen, that Prynne had purposely written this book against the queen & her pastoral. Yet the king & queen, tho' thus exasperated, did nothing against him, till Laud set Heylin (who bare a great malice to Prynne, for confuting some of his doctrines) to peruse Prynne's books, & to collect the scandalous points out of them. Which Heylin did, tho' (as Prynne affirms) not at all warranted by the text of his book. Laud went with these notes to attorney Noy, & charged him to prosecute Prynne; which Noy afterwards did, rigorously enough, in the Star-Chamber; & in the mean time, the bishops & lords in the Star-Chamber sent Prynne close prisoner to the Tower.' *Memorials*, p. 18. b.

427.

— In thy Orations,

Thou all the Orders openly revilst;]

Orations,

Orations, i. e. puritan sermons & pamphlets.

Orders, i. e. the hierarchy of the church.

' In 1637. Dr. *Bastwicke*, in his answer to the information against him
' in the *Star-Chamber*, had this passage. — That the prelates are in-
' vaders of the king's prerogative royal, contemners & despisers of the
' holy scriptures, advancers of popery, superstition, idolatry, & profane-
' ness: also they abuse the king's authority, to the oppression of his loy-
' alest subjects, & therein exercise great cruelty, tyranny, & injustice; &
' in execution of those impious performances, they shew neither wit, ho-
' nesty, nor temperance. Nor are they either servants of GOD, or of
' the King, but of the Devil; being enemies of GOD & the King, &
' of every living thing that is good. All which the said Dr. *Bastwicke* is
' ready to maintain. — None of the doctor's friends could persuade
' him to expunge this, & other the like passages, out of his answer.
Whitelocke. p. 26. a.

429. *The vulgar sort, in our old Laws unskill'd,
Thou cunningly deceiv'st,*

In our old Laws, i. e. in the scriptures.

430. — *the deadly venom
Of a new sect dispersing;*

Of a new sect, i. e. of the puritans:

431. — *& impair'st,
With speeches turbulent, our regal State
With the Republick peace;*

How effectually this was done by *Prynne*, *Burton*, *Bastwicke*, & an
infinite number of other scriblers, needs no proof.

433. — *prohibiting
Our men of War their Captain to obey,
The people, CAESAR;*

The *armies* which were sent against the *Scots* were corrupted by them,
& would neither fight, nor obey their general; & the *people*, for the same
reason, had just the same regard for the king himself.

435. — *while thou promisest
New Kingdoms to the vulgar,*

About this time *Brightman*, & several others began to preach up the
Millenium, & to maintain that the time was now at hand when the saints
should reign with CHRIST upon earth for a thousand years.

442. — *thou*

441. ——— *thou re-incit'st*

The Romans a new war 'gainst us to make.]

The Romans, i. e. the Scots.

444. *Seeing thou openly doth me upbraid*

With an unlawful marriage,]

Here the translator would surmise that it was *not very lawful* for King Charles to marry *Henrietta Maria*, a popish princess. But there was yet no act or law, that I know of, against any such marriage; unless we admit the inconvenience such a marriage might bring to the protestant religion, for that law. But that is admitting the equivalent, which I grant; for the thing itself, which I deny.

446. ——— *& attempt'st*

All that thou can'st, to make my brother raise

Unnat'rall War against mee.]

My brother, i. e. if we consider Herod, Herod Philip; if we consider Charles, the French king.

452. *Those holy rites attempting to abolish,*

Wherewith this kingdom hitherto hath stood.]

Those holy rites, i. e. the book of Common-Prayer.

466. ——— *[& my own blood*

Upon the ground seems let out.]

Here again, something being dropped by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor, I have added these words to answer to the *Latin*.

490. *If any of the people or the fathers*

Thinke I have utter'd any thing against him

In rig'rous manner, or ungently rayl'd;]

Here *John*, or (as I think the translator would be understood) *Prynne*, begins his defence in answer to the king's charge; & first attempts to screen the preaching & scribbling of the puritans against *Laud* & the bishops.

516. *How piously I prize the holy Rites*

And ancient institutions,]

The holy rites, i. e. the book of Common-Prayer.

The ancient institutions, i. e. the ceremonies of the church.

520. *Where feigned things be easily beleev'd*

He secretly may murmur.]

i. e. at Court.

576. *Just*

576. [*Ever just things in publick to profess,*]

Here again, something being dropped by the carelesness of the transcriber or compositor, I have added this line to answer to the *Latin*.

577. *Our anger to defer & bide our hate,
Till a fit season;*

How exactly this was the case of K. Charles I. in a very remarkable instance (never yet published) shall be here shewn from a curious letter of that prince's, written to his sister the queen of *Bohemia*, as transcribed from the Original, now (25. March 1739.) in the hands of *John Aubrey*, Esq; LL.D. chancellor of the church of *York*. Which take as follows.

My onlie dear Sister,
YOUR servant *Dinglie* returning to you, I could not omit this occasion without remembring my Love & Service to you, tho' at this time I have nothing of business to wryte to you, but, only what I forgot in my last, to give you an account concerning the King of *Poland*. In short, he is unworthy of eather of our thoughts, except it be to make him smart for his base dealing with us. For, in a letter to mee, he justifies his last ambassador's proposition concerning the change of my Neece's Religion. Of this I desyre you to take no notice; for it is fit for us to misknow it, untill we find a tyme to make him repent it at the rutes of his harte. In my next I hope to give you some account of my *Frenche* Treatie. And so I rest

Hampton-Court, the
20. of Dec. 1636.

Your Loving Brother to serve You,
Charles R.

Where note, — 1. *Elizabeth*, daughter of K. *James I.* married *Frederick V.* Elector Palatine, anno 1613. who was made king of *Bohemia*, anno 1619. — 2. *Henrietta Maria* (daughter of *Frederick & Elizabeth*, King & Queen of *Bohemia*) married *Sigismund Ragotsky*, prince of *Transylvania*. She died, without issue, anno 1651. And — 3. *Uladislaus IV.* is the King of *Poland* here meant. He died anno 1637. & was succeeded by his brother *John Casimir*.

587. [*Here is there any room at all for doubt?*]

Here again, something being dropped by the carelesness of the transcriber or compositor, I have added this line to answer to the *Latin*.

600. — And, if he scape
For this unpunish'd, his audacious will
There will not rest, but Scepters to his Laws
Then he will force to stoop! Then he will cast

*His Captives into chaynes! Then he will steke
To rule, & not be rul'd; give Laws to Kings,
And turne all upside down!]*

What a true picture is this of all those amazing things which were afterwards affected by those very men for whom the translator would here be thought to apologise!

*611. If, with the people's favour, I may gaine
Some satisfaction by this punishment.
To wyn their favour I will not neglect.]*

Here the translator would make K. Charles suggest, that, if the people will only indulge him the satisfaction to hang up Prynne, Burton, & Bastwicke, he will then do any thing in his power to oblige them.

*614. But, if perverse against me they persist,
[All must be slighted to preserve my Crown.]*

Here again, something being dropped by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor, I have added the second of those lines to answer to the Latin.

616. What MALCHUS of our Laws may freely bab[b]le

Bable. Orig. So again line 1287 below. Perhaps designedly in both places to bring it nearer to Babel, where the confusion of tongues. Verstegan urges this word as a proof that our old Saxon language is as ancient as the tower of Babel. *Restitution of decayed Antiquities*, p. 147.

*649. — our prophets by the sword
Perish;]*

Our prophets, i. e. the puritan preachers.

*650. — Our Tyrant enemies rejoice
In our laments;]*

Laments; the verb made a substantive: & very elegantly. MILTON uses the same word in the same manner. As,

*— Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal gates, & barricado'd strong?
But, long ere our approaching, heard within
Noise other than the sound of dance or song!
Torment, & loud lament, & furious rage.*

PARADISE LOST. VIII, 240.

And again.

*— EVE, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament*

Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

Id. XI. 265.

And so doth *Shakespeare*. As,

But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Titus Andronicus. Vol. V. p. 346.

Again.

In me more woes than words are now depending,

And my laments would be drawn out too long

To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Tarquin & Lucrece. Vol. X. p. 147.

And again.

— *Amidst these discontents,*

I have observ'd you laugh at my laments.

Paris to Helen. Vol. X. p. 259.

653. — *whilst they smart*

Whose worth deserves a Kingdome !]

They, i. e. *Prynne, Burton, & Bastwicke*.

654. — *Rise, O LORD,*

And helpe thy people ! [Rise, O parent best !

Both GOD & Parent !]

Here again, something being dropped by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor, I have added these words,

— *Rise, O parent best !*

to answer to the *Latin*. And these,

Both GOD & parent !

(a paraphrase of the former) to fill up the measure.

671. — *We covet honor, wealth,*

Dominion, Heritage, for us & ours :]

Here the translator would introduce the archbishop, in a soliloquy, considering himself, & the rest of the church clergy, as wholly devoted to the pursuit of *honor, wealth, dominion, heritage*, for themselves & successors.

673. *Which, having our desire, we often lose.]*

And suggesting, as it were prophetically, that still the greatest of them all (even the archbishop himself) may perhaps lose all :

674. *Bondage, imprisonment, & shamefull flight*

Unto our foes we wish ;]

Next, touching the imprisonment of *Prynne, Burton, & Bastwicke* :

1 F f f

675. — *which*

675.

— which oft beget
 Their greatest glory, to our bitter shame.

Who esteem it an honor to suffer for the cause :

677. And surely I have learn'd that this is true

(Not to goe fetch examples as farre off)

By mine own danger.]

For persecuting of whom the archbishop now thinks himself in danger. And well he might. For 11. May, 1640. the London apprentices beset Lambeth house. The 16. Decemb. (the same year) the archbishop was voted an incendiary by the Scots. And the 18. of the same month accused of High Treason. And 1. March following sent to the Tower.

679.

— For when this Baptizer,

Living remote from us on mountaine tops,

Bewitch'd & drew with him the ridic'lous rout ;

I onely (the rest idle) did defend

The Pharisee's Authority & worth.]

And owning, that, when the Puritans first appeared, he only stood up for the divine institution & order of bishops :

684. Nor did I cease al[l] wayes & means to try,

Untill this Adversarie's guilty hands

Were strongly bound, & in the common Goal

His insolence allay'd ; & the whole Court

His crimes had knowledge of by my report.]

And left no stone unturned 'till Prynne was closely shut up in Prison, & all his crimes laid open by his suggestions, prosecutions, & speech against him in the Court of Star-Chamber, 14. June, 1637.

693.

— they all bewaile

His dangerous condition, yeilding honor

Unto his eminent, unworthy deeds.]

All which notwithstanding, Prynne is pitied for his imprisonment & danger, & even honored for his unworthy actions :

696. But, wherefoere he can let MALCHUS go,

Their curse he cannot 'scape. At me they point,

On me they looke with a Malignant eye ;]

That, on the other hand, he (the archbishop) is cursed by the puritans wherever he goes.

700. Who hath bereft us of all differences

In our affairs & orders ;]

Prynne may be said to have done all this by writing, 1. *The unbishop-
ing of Timothy & Titus; proving them no diocesan bishops of Ephesus
& Crete; & that presbyters have a divine right, as well as bishops, to or-
dain ministers.* London, 1636. 4to. 2. *A looking-glass for all lordly pre-
lates.* London, 1636. 4to. 3. *News from Ipswich, discovering certain
late detestable practices of some domineering lordly prelates, to undermine the
established doctrine & discipline of the church.* Printed, as said (but false-
ly) at Ipswich, 1636. in one sheet, 4to. published (under the name of
Matthew White) three times that year. 4. He the said Prynne had also
a special hand in writing of a book entitled, *A divine tragedy lately acted;
or a collection of sundry memorable examples of God's judgments upon sabbath-
breakers, &c.* printed (by stealth) 1636. 4to. At the end is an appendix,
in another character, containing an account of the sufferings of Prynne for
writing his *Histriomastix*, & the miserable end (as there said) which befell
Will. Noy, the chief instrument of his sufferings. [who died on Saturday
9. Aug. 1634.] 5. *A catalogue of such testimonies in all ages, as plainly
evidence bishops & presbyters to be one, equal, & the same in jurisdiction,
office, &c. by divine law & institution.* London, 1637. 4to. Reprinted
1641. in columns, 4to. 6. *A quench coal; with an appendix, in answer
to a coal from the altar, & other pamphlets, touching altars & bowing to-
wards them.* 1637. 4to. 7. *The unlawfulness of pastimes on the Lord's-
day.* 1636. 4to. &c.

701. ——— keeping watch
Before the Prison.]

' On 27. July, 1637. Prynne (then a prisoner in the Tower) was re-
' moved from thence to the Fleet, & the same day began his journey with
' a guard towards the castle of Caernarvan; & on the road, was met,
' saluted, & exhibited to by the godly party in all the chief towns through
' which he passed. On 5. August, he arrived at Caernarvan. But such
' an haunt was there to the said castle when he was there, that, for the
' prevention of all intelligence & correspondence betwixt him & Burton
' (then a prisoner in Lancaster castle) or with the party, the state found
' it necessary soon after to remove him to the castle of Mount Orgueil in
' Jersey. So that by virtue of a warrant dated 27. Aug. he was conveyed
' thither (not without great danger) in January following.' *Ath. Oxon.*
Vol. II. col. 436.

714. ——— Tb' ungodly crew
Love that false-Prophet, & the Rabines murmure,]

1 F f f 2

Tb' ungodly

The ungodly crew, i. e. the puritans.

That false prophet, i. e. Prynne.

The Rabines, i. e. Williams & some other puritan bishops.

721. *Shall I put off my office, & forsake*

Our Order's dignity, with all our lawes

And sacred rites;]

Shall I put off my office—— that of an archbishop:

And forsake our Order's dignity—— renounce episcopacy:

With all our laws, i. e. canons:

& sacred rites, i. e. ceremonies.

746. *But, if I finde him towards me perverse,*

Ile set all engines, lest the people think

He perisht by my craft.]

The people, i. e. the puritans.

786. *As at this people, that themselves do boast*

To be GOD's heritage, yet raile at others

And cry them down as impious:]

As the Jews formerly, so now many English protestants (particularly those called puritans) in their prayers & sermons often stiled themselves *the true Israel of GOD*. And this boldness (the fault of the puritans) the translator would here fasten (not on them) but on the *Laudean* church-party. Whence it follows, if you admit the charge, you are vain in boasting & giving your selves that title; if you deny it, you make your selves not a part of *the true Israel of GOD*. And where are you then?

—— A fine dilemma!

788. —— *when no Nation*

On this globe seated, whersoere the sun

Surveys the earth, lives more licentious.]

But who are they who live thus licentious? Not the whole English nation sure! No; that, I presume, is not the translator's meaning. We must here again distinguish between the sober puritan & the roaring cavalier.

792. *Nor is this only the light vulgar's fault.]*

Having done with the *laity* of the church party, the translator now comes to the clergy.

793. *The Levite, in white vesture shining far,*

And the Law-writer, of his knowledge proud,

And you, so reverend for age mature,

By

By oblique error are drawn out o'th'away.]

The *Levite*, i. e. the *Deacon* :

The *Law-writer*, i. e. the *Priest* :

And you, so reverend for age mature : i. e. the *bishops* :

By oblique error, i. e. oblique, not direct, popery.

797. *Widdows & orphans* causes, where you judge,

Fall to the ground ;]

Where you judge, i. e. in the *High Commission*, *Star-Chamber*, *Exchequer*, &c.

801. *But you the Rabines, that in holy gifts*

And knowledge fain all others to excell ;

And you, the sacred dignity of Priests,

And the chief Prelates of the sacred Order,]

The *Rabines*, i. e. the *bishops* :

The *sacred dignity of priests*, i. e. *rectors & vicars* :

And the *chief prelates*, i. e. *deans, archdeacons, prebendaries, & other church dignitaries*. (The *Levite*, or *deacon*, is now out of the question, because he holds no living, & consequently takes no Tythe.)

807. — *But if you should read,*

Or teach the prophets oracles,]

Read, i. e. read prayers, & consequently the lessons : —

Teach, i. e. expound or preach.

811. *Then like dumb dogs that barke not here, you fret*

And fume about your sheep-coats ; but the Wolves

Which of you drive away ?]

The *Wolves*, i. e. the *popish priests*.

In Mr. *Prynne's* libel called *News from Ipswich*, 'he descants on the
' archbishop, with his arch-piety, & arch-charity, & calls him an arch-
' agent for the Devil ; & the other bishops, *Luciferian* lord bishops, exe-
' crable traytors, devouring wolves, with many other odious names.' *Ath.*
Oxon. Vol. II. col. 435. 436.

840. *To see (when I am able to reduce them*

Into the way) so many thousands perish,

It seems too bad.]

The puritans, when this translation came out, were wound up to such a pitch by their lecturers dispersed all over *England*, that they thought all flesh, but themselves, had corrupted its way ; & that none, but those teachers of theirs, could reform them.

867. *And*

867. [*And up & down amongst you daily walketh.*]

Here again, something being dropped by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor, I have added this line, to answer to the *Latin*.

880. *Neither wert thou the first that did attempt
Thus to beguile;*

These words may be applied either to *Theudas*, or *Judas of Galilee*, or any other false prophet. But here the translator, if I err not, would make the archbishop sneer at *John Wiclif*, *Lord Cobham*, & all the *Lollards* & puritan preachers & chiefs, who, any time after, succeeded them.

927. *But, O you Hypocrites, in shew severe!
Whom lawlesse gaine, with rugged brow, delights.*

Here, methinks, the translator would represent the archbishop, & all the rest of the church-clergy as a pack of *hypocrites*; & insinuate, that they are supported in their greatness by nothing else but the church-lands (which he calls *lawlesse gaine*) & their pretended gravity & virtue (which he calls *severe shew & rugged brow*).

931. *And though the foule sinke of your impious minds
Be closely hid, &c. to the end.*

Here the translator elegantly describes the dreadful uneasiness of a troubled conscience, (or of those, as *Juvenal* saith)

———— *quos diri conscia facti
Mens habet attonitos, & surdo verberare caedit,
Occulto quatiente animo tortore flagellum.*

Sat. XIII. 193.

but the application of it to the archbishop & the rest of the church clergy, if he proposed it, is cruel; &, on the other hand, the wonderful comfort & joy of a quiet conscience. (Happy for himself if he met with that satisfaction in his last hours!) So *Shakespeare*.

*What stronger breast-plate than an heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that bath his quarrel just;
And he but naked (though lock'd up in steel)
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.*

II. Part Henry VI. Vol. IV. p. 256.

MILTON has a fine picture of the like sort in his *COMUS*, line 384.

*He that has light within his own cleere brest,
May sit i'th' center, & enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a darke foule & foule thoughts,*

Benighted

Benighted walks under the mid-day sun :

Himself is his own dungeon. —

940. *There is no certain trusting to the King.]*

The scriblers of K. Charles I. time were ever insisting upon this charge against him ; & to make it the more generally observed, the translator would here be thought to bring it, like an oracle, out of the archbishop's mouth. *Rapin*, since, is full of remarks of this sort.

491. *His & the common cause he hath betray'd
Through foule ambition.]*

Here, I conceive, the translator would insinuate, that the king, through a wicked ambition to please the puritans, had betrayed both himself & the common cause, i. e. the introduction of popery, or at least a coalition of the church of *England* with the church of *Rome*.

949. *As if he saw they heavily would beare*

THE BAPTIST's death.]

THE BAPTIST's death, i. e. Prynne's.

Here, as I take it, the translator would surmise something of a design to make away with *Prynne* in the castle of *Mount Orgueil*, where he continued 'till the House of Commons made an order for his release 17. Nov. 1640. as also for the release of *Bastwicke* (then a prisoner at *S. Mary's* castle in *Scilly*) & *Burton* (then a prisoner in castle *Cornet* in the isle of *Guernsey*.) Upon which '*Prynne & Burton* met together on the road, & on the 28. of the same month, entred *London* in triumph ; being then accompanied by thousands, some on foot, others on horse-back, others in coaches, all with rosemary & bays in their hats, crying, welcome home, *God bless you, & God be thanked for your return.*' *Ath. Oxon. Vol. II. col. 436.*

977. *Now poison comes to poison ; flame to flame !*

Now comes the uttermost hazard !]

Here the translator would compare the meeting & agreement of the queen & the archbishop to prosecute *Prynne*, to poison & fire ; which destroy every thing they act upon.

1004. *Thou seest the people how they be inclinde.]*

Inclinde to puritanism.

1013. ——— Being freed,

What will he not attempt, whose fetters now

The people reverence ?]

Here

Here the translator would make the archbishop seem to dread the liberty & return of *Prynne*. And well indeed might he. — For when *Prynne* once got loose, to work he went with *Burton* & *Bastwicke*; & these three, with the *Brownists* & their adherents filled the press almost daily with ballads & libels full of all manner of scurrility, against the archbishop & his calling. *Ath. Oxon.* Vol. II. col. 59. And, in short, never rested, till they had fetched off his head, in requital (as they pretended) for *Prynne's* ears, *Id. ib.*

1021. *What you esteem a benefit, [he holds
An injury; & will more oft remember,
That you imprison'd him, then set him free.]*

Mr. *William Prynne*, born at *Swanswick* near *Bath* in 1600. was first a commoner of *Oriel College, Oxon.* in 1616. bachelor of arts in 1620. & went afterwards to *Lincoln's-Inn*; where, at his first coming, he became a great follower & admirer of that noted puritan Dr. *John Preston*, then lecturer there. Who, finding him to be of an enterprising nature, hot-spirited, & eager in the pursuit of any thing that was put to him; he & his party judged him as the fittest person to adventure upon such exploits, which a more sober & considerate man durst not have appeared in. Whereupon he was put into the road of writing (not without the helps & advice of *Preston* & the brethren) & having made or gotten a common-place-book, published several matters first against the looseness & debauchery of the times (as drinking of healths, wearing of long hair, acting of plays) & other things relating to church-discipline. *Ath. Oxon.* Vol. II. col. 434. And then went on as above.

1043. *By seeking, agitating, & providing,
(Not sitting still) great things are brought to passe.]*

Salust, in the *Bell. Catilin.* makes *Cato* say in his speech in the senate, — *non votis, neque suppliciis muliebribus, auxilia Deorum parantur; vigilando, agendo, bene consulendo prospere omnia cedunt: ubi socordiae tete atque ignaviae tradideris, nequicquam Deos implores; irati, infestique sunt.*

1045. *If seeking, agitating, & providing
Nought may availe, 'tis better to sit still,
[Do nought at all,] then to make work in vaine,
And be to others [made] a mocking stock,]*

Here again, something being dropped by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor, I have added the words inclosed to complete the measure & answer to the *Latin*.

By the way, the repetition of the words *seeking, agitating, & providing*, is remarkable; &, as the *Agitators* (two soldiers chosen out of each regiment of the Independent army to be agents for their respective regiments, to sit in a kind of military council) made a great noise in 1647. perhaps the first hint of setting up those busy men to act as they did, had its rise from hence. Be that as it will, their manner of acting is very well described here.

1064. ————— *incens'd*

By impious Furies,]

i. e. in the translator's sense, the queen & the archbishop.

1085. ————— *& th' impartial band*

Of the three Ladies both of life & death

Forbid'st us to be griev'd at!]

The three Ladies, i. e. the destinies or *Dominae Parcae*, so called by an *antiphrasis* (a figure where a word hath a contrary sense to its own natural meaning) *quia minime parcant*. Three, from the threefold order of time; as the thread on the spindle signifies the time past; that between the fingers, the time present; & that on the distaff, the time to come.

1097. ————— *& others 'twixt the teeth*

Mutter, as those that dare not speak the truth.]

These words are a sort of a miniature of that celebrated passage in *Shakespeare*,

*Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear.
And he that speaks doth gripe the bearer's wrist,
Whilst he that bears, makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.*

K. John. Vol. III. p. 227.

1131. ————— *now seeing these two Kings*

Do differ in command, give mee advice,

Whether I shall obey?]

This question may be elegantly answered in the words of *Seneca*.

Coelestis ira, quos premit, miseros facit:

Humana, nullos.

Hercules Oetaeus. 442.

1149. ————— *Will you then*

Being a parent, thus forsake your orphans?]

I G g g

The

The disciples of every prophet are often reckoned his *spiritual children*, whom (in the language of *S. Paul*) he hath begotten to the Lord. And, if I am not, the translator would here be understood to put *Prynne* on the footing of a prophet, that so he might lead all his admirers to pity & grieve for him, as one now ready to be sacrificed for the blessed cause.

1173. *What man is he, that, having once begun*

[To leave his prison, &] *a race to run,*

Desires not instantly the goale to gaine?]

Here again, something being dropped by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor, I have added the words inclosed, to answer to the *Latin*.

1191. *Ev'n as the flame its Globes doth upwards roll;*

Waters, perpetually downwards fall;

And all things do proceed to [their foment.]

Foment, from the *Latin fomes*, fuel, or any thing wherewith a fire is cherished or kept burning (which again from *foveo* or *fomento*, to cherish) doth not seem to be a very agreeable poetical word in *English*, yet *Milton* uses the verb: As,

— those soft fires

Not only enlighten, but with kindly beate

Of various influence foment & warme.

Paradise Lost. VI. 669.

Again.

— we his gather'd beams

Reflected may with matter sere foment. Ib. X. 1071.

And the participle. As,

— his omnipresence fills

Land, sea, & aire, & ev'ry kinde that lives

Fomented by his virtual pow'r & warm'd.

Ib. XI. 338.

1202. *To see so many Leaders, Prophets, Kings,*

And pious Judges, shall I not make way,

Though with a thousand deaths I be oppos'd?]

This passage, in the Original, is a manifest allusion to the speech of *Socrates* when he was condemned to die, & sent to drink the hemlock. *Magna me, inquit, spes tenet, judices, bene mihi evenire, quod mittar ad mortem. Necessesse enim sit alterum de duobus; ut aut sensus omnino mors omnes auferat, aut in alium quendam locum ex his locis morte migretur. Quamobrem, siue sensus extinguatur, morsque ei somno similis est, qui non-*
nunquam,

nunquam, etiam sine visis somniorum, placatissimam quietem affert: Dii boni! quid lucrum est emori? Aut quam multi dies reperiri possunt, qui tali nocti anteponantur, cui similis futura est perpetuitas omnis consequentis temporis? Quis me beatior? Sin vera sunt quae dicuntur, migrationem esse mortem, in eas oras, quas, qui e vita excefferunt, incolunt; id multo jam beatius est, te, cum ab iis, qui se judicum numero haberi volunt, evaseris, ad eos venire, qui vere iudices appellantur, Minos, Rhadamanthum, Aecum, Triptoleum, convenireque eos, qui iuste, & cum fide vixerint. Haec peregrinatio mediocris vobis videri potest? Ut vero colloqui cum Orpheo, Musaeo, Homero, Hesiodo liceat, quanti tandem aestimatis? Equidem saepe emori, si fieri posset, vellem, ut ea, quae dico, mihi liceret invenire. Quanta delectatione autem afficerer, cum Palamedem, cum Ajacem, cum alios, iudicio iniquorum circumventos, convenirem? Tentarem etiam summi regis, qui maximas copias duxit ad Trojam, & Ulixis, Sisyphique prudentiam. Nec ob eam rem, cum haec exquirerem, sicut hic faciebam, capite damnarer. Ne vos quidem, iudices, ii, qui me absolvistis mortem timueritis: nec enim cuiquam bono mali quidquam evenire potest nec vivo, nec mortuo: nec unquam ejus res a diis immortalibus negligentur; nec mihi ipsi hoc accidit fortuito. Nec vero ego iis, a quibus accusatus, aut a quibus condemnatus sum, habeo quod succenseam, nisi quod mihi nocere se crediderunt. Et haec quidem hoc modo; nihil autem melius aestimo. Sed tempus est, inquit, jam hinc abire me, ut moriar: vos, ut vitam agatis. Utrum autem sit melius, dii immortales sciunt: hominem quidem scire arbitror neminem. M. T. Cic. Tuscul. Disputat. Edit. Davis. Cantab. 1708. lib. I. sect. xli. p. 82.

So far this wonderful heathen. Hear now the Christian Father. Patriam nostram paradysum computamus: parentes patriarchos habere jam coepimus: quid non properamus & currimus, ut patriam nostram videre, ut parentes salutare, possimus. Magnus illic nos charorum numerus expectat; parentum, fratrum, filiorum, frequens nos turba desiderat, adhuc de nostra salute sollicita. Cyprian. de mortal. sec. 18.

1212. The Haven, where all grief & trouble cease.]

The author, or translator, or both, had here, I think, an eye to that of Seneca.

Portus aeterna placidus quiete.

Agamemnon. 582.

And again.

Mors sola portus.

Id. Herc. furens. 1021.

1022. 1214. [C]

1214. [O death! the bad man's fear, the good man's hope!]

Here again, something being dropped by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor, I have added this line to answer to the *Latin*.

1222. ——— Then, since thou hold'st
What's needfull to be done, to thee we wish
Eternall health & Farewell.]

Here, I fancy, the translator would have it thought that *Prynne* had made something of a declaration or vow, that he would rather die than recant, or submit to the queen & the archbishop.

1228. He that deserves to dye, if with vain threats
Death lightly greet him, with degen'rate feare
Growes pale & trembles.]

Partly from *Perfius*, III. 41.

*Anne magis Siculi gemuerunt aera iuveni:
Et magis auratis pendens laquearibus ensis
Purpureas subter cervices terruit, imus,
Imus praecipites, quam si sibi dicat; & intus
Palleat infelix quod proxima nesciat uxor.*

1230. ——— As the wicked wight
Shunnes death with heavy heart, &c.]

The Original alludes to a passage of *Virgil*; tho' that passage relates to a very different affair.

—— ante omnes furor est insignis equarum.
*Et mentem Venus ipsa dedit, quo tempore Glauci
Potriades malis membra absumpsere quadrigae.
Illas ducit amor trans Gargara, transque sonantem
Ascanium: superant montes, & flumina tranant:
Saxa per & scopulos & depressas convalles
Diffugiunt: &c.*

Georg. III. 266.

1242. ——— But the guilty Ghost,
By snake-hair'd Furies in a brimstone lake,
With greedy Cerberus his hungry jawes,
And Tantalus with plenty never fill'd,
Is evermore affrighted, gnawne, & whipt.]

Here *Buchanan*, as rendered & explained by the translator, draws a short description of hell, & makes the punishment of the wicked there to consist of, 1. their being affrighted with beholding the various punishments of

Tantalus,

Tantalus and other miserable objects. 2. gnawn by *Cerberus*. 3. whipt by black, snake-haired *Furies*. And all this 4. in a brimstone lake.

Origenes tradit, unicuique homini proprium esse ignem, sibi solum coevum (ex Esai l. 11.) a peccatis suis gradatim partum, & tandem quasi in violentam flammam accensum per accusantis conscientiae ministerium (ex Roman. ii. 15. 16.) Ignem vero hunc non aeternum esse, sed tantum propter purgationem (ex Jerem. xxv. 28. 29. & Mal. iii. 3.) — Princip. lib. II. cap. xi.

1260. Nor any one, mad with desire to rule,

Destruction to the people doth procure;

Nor *FELIX*, that alone with pleasant ease

He may himselfe besot, the poore & weake,

Orewhelme with bloody slaughter; neither he,

That for vaine Titles may exchange the lives

Of the rude Commons!]

Here, I guess, the translator would be thought to slur three great persons. One, mad with desire to rule: by whom, as I take it, he would mean the archbishop. A second, that alone with pleasant ease he may himselfe besot, the poore & weake orewhelming with bloody slaughter: by whom, I think, he would suppose the king. And a third, for vaine titles exchanging the lives of the rude Commons: by whom, I imagine, he would surmise the earl of *Strafford*; made Lord President of the North in 1632. Lieutenant of Ireland, Baron Raby, earl of *Strafford*, knight of the garter, & Lieutenant General of the army sent against Scotland in 1640. See *Dugd. Baron. Vol. II. p. 463. a. b. Rapin. Vol. X. 8vo. p. 399.* Which great Earl was impeached 11. Nov. 1640. & beheaded 12. May 1641. *Milton* describes him as 'a man whom all men looked upon as one of the boldest & most impetuous instruments that the king had to advance any violent design.'

Εικονοκλάστης. p. 451.

1266. ——— But, where simple vertue,

With faire prosperitie & tranquill rest

Possesseth all;]

Tranquil, a Latinism; & a very pretty poetical word. So *Shakespeare.*

————— O now, for ever

Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!

Othello. VII. p. 440.

1285. *The Rabine Malchus bath my hopes beguilde;]*

Here, I fancy, the translator would be thought to suggest, as if the queen had once some encouragement to hope, that the archbishop would turn

turn papist : And it is like that either she, or her agents, or both, had more than once tempted him to do so. For, it appears by his own Diary, that in 1633. he had the offer of a Cardinal's Cap, if he would help to restore the Roman religion. ' But (saith *Rupin*) for my part, I verily believe neither the king, nor the archbishop, nor the ministers (for the most part) ever formed such a design. At least, in all which hath been said upon this subject, I have not met with any proof which to me seemed, I will not say strong enough to convince me, but even to have the least probability.' *Hist. of England*. 8vo. Vol. X. p. 273.

1290. ——— *The King did promise her,
At his great banquet, that he would reward
Her dancing feates (which gave him high content)
With whatsoever shee of him should aske.]*

Here, under an account of the promise which *Herod* made to his daughter in law upon her fine dancing before him, the translator, I conceive, would be thought to surmise something of a promise of the like sort made to *Q. Henrietta Maria* by *K. Charles I.* when she complained to him of *Prynne's* supposed reflections upon her, at her acting in the Pastoral at *Somerset* house.

1294. *Now, unto mee the girle hath pass'd her word,
That shee would aske of him none other boone,
But in a dish to have THE BAPTIST's head.]*

As the two characters of *Herodias* & her daughter are (in the translator's sense) designed only as a picture of the one character of *Q. Henrietta Maria*, we must suppose here, by her daughter's promise to beg the head of *John*, her own resolution to get the King's promise to punish *Prynne*. And that the King thereupon, by his chief minister the archbishop, ordered attorney *Noy* to prosecute him. Which was done accordingly, more than once.

1299. *The peoples hatred, I conceive, on mee
Hee will divert, himselfe remaining free.]*

Here, I presume, the translator would make the queen suppose, that the king, to save himself, would throw all the odium of *Prynne's* prosecution & death (if it went so far) upon her :

1301. *And I will bear it, when the deed is done
With willing heart.]*

Which (let what will come) to gratifie her revenge she is resolved to bear.

1304. ——— *Heav'n*

1309. ——— *Heav'n speed all well !]*

Here again, something being dropped by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor, I have added these words to answer to the *Latin*.

1317. *Or ought else which thy mind esteems more dear.]*

And I have added this line also for the same reason.

1336. *Is therefore be an enemy, & worthy
Of a King's wrath ?]*

Here the last syllable of the word *worthy* is cut off by the vowel in the first word of the next line.

1361. ——— *Yet we finde*

Kings are securest in the Citie's faith.]

Here, I presume, the translator (who would always be understood as an author) would seem to throw these lines in, to curry the city of *London* in their disaffection to *K. Charles I.* For the author, he, I think, had *Seneca* in his thoughts.

Nero. Ferrum tuetur principem. Seneca. Melius fidem.

Octavia. 457.

1369. ——— *As yet, methinks,*

You do not know the duties of a King.]

Here the translator would be meant to draw *Q. Henrietta Maria* as tutoring & instilling false notions of government into her husband, & thereby render them both as contemptible as possible; him, for his indolence; her, for her insolence.

1388. ——— *Release us, of this feare ;*

Of shame, your scepter ; & of waste, your City ;

Of rapine, Armes ; & all, of civill warre.]

Here, as I take it, the translator would make the queen again declare her own dread of *Prynne*; & that, for want of his being severely punished, the king's government is despised; the city (that is, the king's friends there) in danger of being plundered, & the whole kingdom like to be involved in a civil war by the rebellion of his associates, the puritans.

1435. ——— *No Godly Zeale*

Perswades the Churchman to restraine his hands

From horrible deceits. The people now

Forsake THE LORD that all things did create,

And worship Idols for GOD ; stone & wood.]

Here I presume the translator would insinuate that popery was got into the church.

So *Whitelocke*, anno 1631. 'about this time the repair of *Paul's* was set on work, chiefly by the zeal of Bp. *Laud* & new images & ornaments other than formerly were set up, to the discontent of many persons.' *Memorials*. p. 17. b. But what images were these? I answer, the statues of three protestant princes (*R. Edward VI. James, & Charles I.*) set up over the new portico at the west end, erected by *Inigo Jones*. I know of no other put up there. Yea, but there were, saith the same author. For, 'in 1644. the candlesticks, crucifixes, & plate, in *Paul's* church were ordered to be sold.' p. 86. But what were these crucifixes? I answer, perhaps some of the old candlesticks or book-covers had a cross upon it. A mighty matter this to make such a rout about. Nay but soon after 'a new ordinance passed for abolishing all popish *reliques* fixed to tombs, or other places, & all organs, images, &c.' *Id.* p. 87. b. True! Tombs have their images, & some old ones have crosses upon them. Now indeed the charge is made good. — Nay more, 'in the King's chapel *LAUD* caused a popish crucifix to be hung up over the altar, upon every *Good Friday*, which had not been there before, since the reign of *Q. Mary*.' *Id.* p. 38. b. And the Commons ordered the taking away of 'all such pictures, images, & crucifixes in the King's chapel.' *Id. ib.* b. — They might have saved themselves that trouble, for by your own account the picture of the crucifixion hung there but one day in a year, & was then taken down again by them who put it up. And no body was so silly that I read of, as to worship it. For taking away the rest they had perhaps a stronger reason, *Auri sacra fames*. Aha! And for this reason, I presume, it was that they afterwards 'Ordered, as you relate, that the plate amongst the *Regalia* which had crucifixes or superstitious pictures upon it should be disposed of for the public service.' *Id.* p. 106. b. However this clamor of images, crucifixes, &c. I must own was of excellent service; & accordingly made use of. Thus, as you observe, 'in 1643. when the Lords & Commons, & *Scots* Commissioners, & assembly of divines went to dine with the city at *Merchant Taylors* hall — as they went thro' *Cheapside*, many popish pictures, crucifixes, & superstitious relicks were burnt before them on a scaffold.' p. 80. a. Again, 'in 1644. upon the day of thanksgiving [for the victory at *Newberry*] as the Lord Mayor came home from *S. Paul's*, in *Cheapside*, divers popish books, pictures, beads, & crucifixes, were burnt where the cross stood.' p. 110. a. Again, 'in 1645. on the day of thanksgiving for success at *Lampport*, divers crucifixes, popish

'popish pictures & books were burnt in Cheapside, where the cross formerly stood.' p. 162. And so on.

1445. ——— Ancient Rites are lost.]

Ancient Rites, i. e. primitive Christianity, i. e. puritanism.

1446. *The guiltlesse PROPHEET's blood brings thee perforce To the Tribunall of the greatest Judge.]*

Here again, I conceive, the translator would suggest that Prynne either was, or would be, unjustly made away with in prison, as John was. And that the city (for not opposing it) must expect some heavy judgment from GOD.

1452. *For hee, that throwes down insolence & pride*

(Being the Ruler of Heaven, Earth, & Seas)

Views from above th' oppressed peoples teares;

Their heavie prayers doth never forget;

And speedily with a revenging arme,

Will punish.]

Th' oppressed people, i. e. Prynne, Burton, & Bastwicke; or again, Pym, Hambden, Hollis, Haselrig, & Strode; or again, the puritans in general.

And, take it in this last sense, & how artfully doth the translator assure the puritans, that GOD will be with them!

1504. ——— If death be

To be bewailed, let them bewaile the dead,

Whose hopes do with their bodies lye interred;

Who doe not thinke, their short sleep being done

Their bones must rise again, & there remains

Another life. Let wretched men bewaile

Those that are dead, & only wretched liv'd.]

Ejus est mortem timere, qui ad Christum nolit ire. Ejus est ad Christum nolle ire, qui se non credat cum Christo incipere regnare. Cyprian de mortal. Sec. 2.

Quae caecitas animi, quaeve dementia est, amare pressuras & poenas & lachrymas mundi, & non festinare potius ad gaudium quod nunquam possit auferri. Id. ib. sec. 9.

Hoc tamen fit, quia fides deest; quia nemo credit vera esse quae promittit DEUS. Ib. sec. 4.

Mori timeat, sed qui ex aqua & spiritu non renatus, gehennae ignibus mancipatur. Mori timeat, qui non Christi cruce & passione censetur. Mori timeat, qui ad secundam mortem de hac morte transibit. Mori timeat,

i H h h

quem

quem de saeculo recedentem perennibus poenis aeterna flamma torquet. Mori timeat, cui hoc mora longiore confertur, ut cruciatus ejus & gemitus interim differantur. Ib. sec. 10.

Movet quosdam, quod sit nobis cum ceteris mors communis. Fateamur. Sed sine tamen differt. Nam CHRISTI hostibus mors pestis est, sed DEI servis salutaris excessus est. Ib. sec. 11.

Exercitia sunt nobis ista, non funera. Id. ib.

Fratres nostri non lugendi sunt, cum sciamus eos non amitti, sed praetermitti: recedentes praecedere, ut proficiscentes, ut navigantes solent. Non accipiendas hic esse atras vestras, quando illi ibi indumenta alba jam sumpturint. (Vide I. Thess. iv. 13, 14.) Ib. sec. 14.

1519. For HIM, that dyed Defender of the truth,

Both for Religion & his Countrey's Laws;

In all things pursuing, wee should pray

And wish to have like end or fun'rall day.]

The character of being a defender of the truth & of dying for Religion & the Laws of his country is a grand encomium, & intended, in the translator's view, if applied to Prynne, Burton, or Bastwick; or again to Pym, Hamden, Hollis, Haselrig, or Strode; or again, to any other puritan (as no doubt it would, if any one of them had been made away with) to make him appear as another John, or a second Cato.

1539. — but feare the fatall knife,

With deeper horror than a servile life.]

The reader will perhaps think knife to be but a low sort of a word for poetry. Yet Shakespeare calls the scythe of Time,

Confounding Age his cruel knife.

Injurious Time. Vol. X. p. 157.

THE
PARALLEL,

OR

Archbishop LAUD

AND

Cardinal WOLSEY,

COMPARED;

A VISION: By MILTON.

*Afflictus vitam in tenebris luctuque traheram,
Et casum insontis mecum indignabar amici.*
Aeneid. II. 92.

LONDON: Printed MDCC,XL.

1 H h h 2

PARALLEL.

Archbishop Laud

AND

Cardinal Wolsey

COMPARED

A VISION: BY MILTON

Illustration in tempera and gold leaf
by the artist in residence at the
British Museum, H. G.

LONDON: Printed and Sold by

H. G.

PREFACE.

1. **A**S I was lately turning over a parcel of old pamphlets which I have many years been collecting, I cast my eyes upon a small piece entitled *The archbishop of CANTERBURY's Dreame: In which the apparition of Cardinall Wolsey did present himsefe unto him on the fourte[n]th of May last past; it being the third night after my Lord of Strafford had taken his Fare-well to the world.* Printed [where, or by whom, is not said] in 1641. Which, on a serious perusal, I imagine was written by Mr. JOHN MILTON. And I conjecture so.

2. First, from the stile itself, which is very theatrical; as it is well known that of MILTON's prose, in many places is.

3. Secondly, because the general drift of it agrees so well with that of the *English BAPTISTES*, first printed in 1641. which, for divers reasons before mentioned, I take to be MILTON's. And

4. Thirdly, because the particular enmity it breathes against archbishop LAUD tallies so exactly with the malevolence expressed towards the same great prelate in the *Fable of the head & the wen*, first printed in 1641. Which I know to be MILTON's.

5. That fable is as follows. 'Upon a time the body summoned all the members to meet in the Gild for the common good. The head by right takes the first seat, & next to it a huge & monstrous wen, little less then the head it self, growing to it by a narrower excrescency. The members amaz'd began to ask one another, what he was who took place next their chief? none could resolve. Whereat the wen, tho' unwieldy, with much ado gets up, & bespeaks the assembly to this purpose: That as in place he was second to the head, so by due of merit: that he was to it an ornament & strength, & of special near relation; & that if the head should fail, none were fitter then himself to step into his place: therefore he thought it for the honor of the body, that such dignities & rich indowments should be decreed him, as did adorn & set out the noblest members. To this was answered, that it should be consulted. Then was a wise & learned philosopher sent for, that knew all the charters, laws, & tenures of the body. On him it was impos'd by all, as chief Committee, to examine & discuss the claim & petition of Right put in by the Wen; who, soon perceiving the matter, & wondring at the boldness of such a swoln tumor,

' Wilt

‘ Wilt thou, quoth he, that art but a bottle of vitious & harden’d excrements, contend with the lawful & freeborn members, whose certain number is set by antient & unrepalable statute? Head thou art none, though thou receive this huge substance from it. What office bearest thou? What good canst thou shew by thee done to the Commonwealth? The Wen not easily dash’d replies, that his office was his glory; for so oft as the soul would retire out of the head from over the steaming vapors of the lower parts to divine contemplation, with him she found the purest & quietest retreat, as being most remote from soil & disturbance. *London*, quoth the philosophy, thy folly is as great as thy filth; know, that all the faculties of the soul are confined of old to their several vessels & ventricles, from which they cannot part without dissolution of the whole body; & that thou containst no good thing in thee, but a heap of hard & loathsome uncleannes, & art to the head a foul disfigurement & burden: [as,] when I have cut thee off, & open’d thee (as by the help of these implements I will do) all men shall see.

6. I return now to the archbishop of *CANTERBURY’S Dream*, which (whether wrote by MILTON, or another) is certainly an invidious, but witty, parallel between LAUD & WOLSEY. And, had the author known, that LAUD was offered a CARDINAL’S CAP in 1633, undoubtedly he would have made a yet more bitter invective of it. But that circumstance was a secret to the public till 31. May, 1643, when PRYNNE seized all the archbishop’s papers in his pockets & chambers in the *Tower*, & with them his *Diary*: wherein these two Entries. — ‘ Sunday, 4. Aug. 1633. this morning, at *Greenwich*, there came one to me, seriously, & that avowed ability to perform it, & offered me to be a CARDINAL. I went presently to the King, & acquainted him both with the thing & the person.’ — And ‘ Saturday 17. Aug. [the same year:] I had a serious offer made me again to be a CARDINAL. I was then from Court, but so soon as I came thither (which was Wednesday 21. Aug.) I acquainted his majesty with it. But my answer again was, That somewhat dwelt within me which would not suffer that, till *Rome* was other than it is.’

7. I need not add here, that it is ungenerous to insult the unfortunate by writing such libels as this pretended *dream*, & that at a time when the archbishop was himself in prison, & had, but three days before, lost his dearest friend by the hands of the executioner. These are reflections which will naturally arise in every breast which hath any thing of humanity left in

it. I shall therefore rather go on to observe, that I cannot help thinking, but that many other pieces of MILTON's (if these be His; as I verily think they are) lye yet scattered among those vast heaps of pamphlets which were wrote between 1640. & 1660. Here then is room for the curious in researches of this sort to employ themselves. And, if they be very diligent, I will think it very strange if they be not also very successful. Sure I am (by those pamphlets which we know to be His) MILTON wrote much for the *Presbyterians*, & often boasts of the services which he did them; & he intended, I fancy, to continue his favors to them, till he found they would not humor him in the business of a divorce from his first wife. Then indeed he would have nothing farther to do with them, or the clergy of any sort, save only to express his bitterness against them (which he never failed to let fly upon every occasion that fell in his way) & in the end wrote, — *Considerations touching the likeliest way to remove hirelings out of the church:* — And so took his leave of them.

2. See his prose Works. Vol. I. p. 420.

THE

Richard. Orig.

4. I gave

T H E
P A R A L L E L.

ON the fourteenth of May, betwixt the houres of twelve & one, when the night was growing towards the morning, & darknesse did yet incompasse me, my unquiet thoughts did interrupt my sleep, & the terrour of the afflicting place wherein I lodg'd, did possesse my soule: (whether awake, or in a vision, I cannot say) but, me-thought, the reverend shadow of Cardinal WOLSEY did present himselfe unto my view, & with a gracefull & Majesticke gate, accoutered with those habiliments which did become his honours, he walked thrice by the side of my bed, & waving his left hand to me, he leaned himselfe at his third returne, upon his Crozier staffe, & with a soft voyce hee whispered thrice into my eare, ' My Lord, my Lord, my Lord!'

2. Though my faith in the great redeemer of the world, my Lord JESUS (to whose Name without superstition I shall ever bow) had prepared & confirmed mee to over-look all feares & dangers which fraile flesh doth stoop unto: I was amazed at the presence of the man, & by his proud deportment being not able well to distinguish whether it was the Cardinal WOLSEY (who had Kings to his favourites) or whether it was the Cardinall of RICH-
LIEU¹ (who had BALZAC to his servant) my disputing thoughts made up to my first presumption, that it was indeed Cardinall WOLSEY; & the rather, because the honesty of philosophy doth instruct mee, that no sublunary creature can make an intuitive dispatch, but, being bound by the jurisdiction of Nature, to obey her terms of place, cannot move at once in two severall places; though oftentimes the abused fancy presents unto it selfe the counterfet & phantasticke bodies of absent friends or foes: the fancie being overcome by the dominiering passions of love or hatred. But the Cardinall, to cut off all doubtings, began thus to speake unto me.

3. ' My Lord, the newes of your greatnesse, & the noyse of the falling
' Episcopacie, hath rouz'd me, from the sloath of death, to understand
' what new ambition could prompt againe the Miter to aspire unto a parity
' with the Crowne? what policies could support so bold an enterprize? what
' spirit give warmth unto so dangerous a worke?'

1. *Richelieu. Orig.*

4. I gave

4. I gave no answer at all. Whereat, either in indignation of heart, or² assuming unto himselfe by my silence a greater liberty of language, he thus proceeded:

5. ' My Lord, I had thought, after my fate, that no man would againe adventure to preferre the pomp of this vaine world to the service of AL-
' MIGHTY GOD, & the cares by him enjoined to his charge. My Lord,
' you might have read in the example of the most³ reverend Father in God
' THOMAS BECKET, sometime Archbishop of CANTERBURY, & in my
' sad *legend*⁴, how dangerous it is for prelates to nourish ambitious thoughts;
' & that the highest glory of the church is the humility & the harmony of
' the priests. But (because that men, blowne up by Fortune, will swell
' themselves into any designe, be it never so impossible) what flattering con-
' ceit did tempt you, in your pride of heart, to magnifie YOUR Grace with
' MINE, in a time when the ENGLISH Clergie lived not in that pompe &
' flourish as, in my dayes, they did? when their best revenewes lye impro-
' priated to certaine Lay persons? & when it is almost impossible to obtaine,
' or to hope for, a recovery?'⁵

6. I had a great mind to give him that answer which his cause deserved; but (having quite abandoned this world, & anchored my faith on JESUS CHRIST) I lay silent, while he thus proceeded.

7. ' My Lord, never dreame to make such parallels perfect. I must
' confesse my parentage was as low as yours. My education in the Univer-
' sity was in MAGDALEN Colledge of OXFORD, as yours of SAINT JOHN'S.
' Indeed my growing honours received not that priviledge to bee President
' of MAGDALEN Colledge, as you were of the other. My nobler wing
' did soare to a brave[r] height. And, though the Chronicler (who, for all
' his name, makes more haste then good) SPEED, delivers me to be a
' Schoolmaster⁵; I was, in OXFORD, Tutor to my Lord of DORSET'S
' sonnes⁶: a charge that calleth for the indowments of an honest & an
' able man. ALEXANDER was more obliged to ARISTOTLE for his edu-
' cation, then unto PHILIP for his kingdomes. As it is a greater honor to
' be a Christian then to be a man, GOD elected me to be an Embassadour to
' his people; & HENRY the *eighth*⁷ to be an Embassadour to a most royall
' Prince⁸. Besides the *honours*⁹ of the Cardinall's cap & the broad seale of

2. or in. Orig.

3. right. Orig.

4. A poem, by Thomas Churchyard. F. P.

5. He was school-master of the school belong-
ing to Magdalen College. Fiddes p. 5.

6. Tutor to three of the Marquess of Dorset's

sons. id. ib.

7. seventh. Orig.

8. Sent ambassador to the Emperor Maximilian. Fiddes. p. 12. 13.

9. honour. Orig.

‘ ENGLAND, I sat at once in seven Episcopall seas ¹⁰; & the Primat of
 ‘ [all] ENGLAND (which is the greatest dignity that ever you arrived at)
 ‘ was content to have his Crosses & his traine to follow the Metropolitan’s
 ‘ of YORK ¹¹. I lived as gracious in the eye of my Sovereigne as your self;
 ‘ though it was your happinesse to meete with a Prince of a more excellent
 ‘ & a more constant temper. Earles have been proud, upon their knees, to
 ‘ take the assay of my wine. It is true indeed that you have countenanced
 ‘ learning & the MUSES, & have beautified & improved their habitations;
 ‘ but not in my magnificent way. The hatred of the Commons hath beene
 ‘ unto us alike; & some great men, in both our times, have grievously
 ‘ accused us. I was condemned as the causer of all heavy impositions.
 ‘ And, my Lord, how you can purge your selfe from that accusation, you
 ‘ best can speake. What though Sir AMIAS PAULET was, by my meanes,
 ‘ for the space of six yeares, retained a prisoner in the MID[D]LE TEMPLE ¹²?
 ‘ I doubt not but you have made more then *one* man suffer, & have put
 ‘ them to a harder, if not a longer, durance. The ruine of us both was
 ‘ indeed, in both our times, the joy & the voice of the people. And, for
 ‘ the many barrels of gold & silver which I extorted from the Commons to
 ‘ release the captive Pope; I doubt not but you have found new waies to
 ‘ raise as great sums: & for what ends, my Lord, your selfe best know.
 ‘ My Lord, let not your selfe, or succeeding ages, make you my parallel.
 ‘ For, though you equall me in my errors, I surmount you in my honours
 ‘ & magnificence. — Much more I have to say, but this is the third
 ‘ summons of the Cock; & to fill the number up, I must returne unto
 ‘ the children of night ¹³.’

8. I was preparing to make my answer to him, but immediately he vanished from my sight. But, with a louder voice then before, as he turned his backe, I heard him to utter these, or the like, words:

9. ‘ My Lord, though I depart, I must leave you behinde me. Wherein
 ‘ your fate hath prevented the condition of many of your late State delinquents,

10. *Tournay, Lincoln, York, Durham, Winchester, Bath & Wells.*

11. *Wolsey* had a mace & the purse, as Lord Chancellor; a cross & a crozier, as archbishop of York; & a triple cross, a pillar, a pole-ax, & his red hat or cap, always carried before him, as a Cardinal. And, for the more state, the tallest persons he could procure, to bear them.

12. When *Wolsey* was a young man, & rector of *Lymington* in *Somersetshire*, Sir *Amias Paulet*, then one of the justices of the peace there, caused him to be set in the stocks, for being drunk (it is said) at a fair in the neighbourhood of that place. See *Fiddes*. p. 7.

13. *Discedam: explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.* Virg. *Aeneid*. VI. 545.

‘ Who make a common custom, as they say,
‘ First to offend, & then to run away ¹⁴.’

14. Archbishop LAUD & Cardinal WOLSEY may be compared upon another account, which perhaps the reader will not be displeased to find here.

‘ *Laud* was very plain in apparel, & sharply
‘ checkt such clergymen whom he saw to goe
‘ in rich or gaudy cloaths, commonly calling
‘ them of the *Church-Triumphant*. Thus, as
‘ Cardinal WOLSEY is reported the first prelate
‘ who made filks & satens fashionable amongst
‘ clergymen; so this archbishop first retrenched

‘ the usual wearing thereof. Once at a visitation
‘ in *Essex*, one in orders (of good estate & ex-
‘ traction) appeared before him very gallant in
‘ habit, whom *Laud* (then bishop of *London*)
‘ publickly reprov’d, shewing to him the plain-
‘ ness of his own apparel. *My Lord*, said the
‘ minister, *you have better cloaths at home, & I*
‘ *have worse*. Whereat the bishop rested very
‘ well contented.’ Fuller’s *Church-Hist.* Lib.
XI. p. 218.

Who make a common custom, as they say,
First to offend, & then to run away.

the usual wearing thereof. On a great visitation
in 1548, one of the orders (of good effect & ex-
ecution) appeared before him very diligent in
habit, whom I saw (then bishop of London)
publicly reproved, directing to him the plain-
ness of his own apparel. The said said the
minister, you have done better than at home, & I
will wear it. Whereupon the bishop asked very
well contented. I think I have done well.

XL. 1. 1. 1.

14. Archbishop Laud & Cardinal Worsley
may be compared upon another account, which
perhaps the reader will not be displeased to find
here.
Laud was very plain in apparel, & highly
esteemed with the people, whom he led to good
in his own apparel. The said said the
minister, you have done better than at home, & I
will wear it. Whereupon the bishop asked very
well contented. I think I have done well.

DAPTISTES



OFFICE



To the Hon. Secy of War
Washington D.C.
The enclosed contains a list of names
of the soldiers of the 1st Regt of
the 1st Div of the 1st Corps of the Army of the Potomac
who were killed in the battle of Antietam
Sept. 17, 1862.

Very respectfully,
J. M. Smith



ARE ARG. AVRO

E
MARMORE
IN ECCLESIA
SANCTI PETRI
APUD WESTMONASTERIUM
ERECTORE
GULIELMO BENSONO ARM
ANNO SALUTIS HUMANA
M DCC XXXVII
RYSBRACHIUS
SCULPSIT.

Τὸν περὶ Μῆσο' ἐφίλησε, δίδε δ' αγαθὸν τε καχὸν τε,
'Οφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμεγρε, δίδε δ' ἠδ' εἶαν Ἀοιδῆν.
^{Odys. θ.}
Viro ornatissimo GULIELMO BENSONO Arm. MILTONI sui Tabulam
hanc merito votivam D. D. D. Francus Peck, A. M.

J. Hulett del. et Sculp

Contents of the following Preface

BAPTISTES:

A SACRED DRAMATIC

POEM,

In DEFENCE of

LIBERTY:

A S,

Written in *Latin*, by Mr. GEORGE BUCHANAN:

Translated into *English*, by Mr. JOHN MILTON: And

First published in 1641. BY ORDER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

————— Upon such Sacrifices

The Gods themselves throw Incense. —

Shakespeare's *K. Lear*. Vol. V. p. 207.

LONDON: Printed MDCC,XL.

* I K k

BAPTISTS:

A SACRED DEDICATION

POPE M

A PETITION

LIBERTY:

Written in Latin by Mr. George Buchanan:

Translated into English by Mr. John Milton: And

First published in 1644. By Order of the House of Commons.

Upon each day

The God of the Church

Shakespeare's A. L. L. Vol. V. p. 107.

LONDON: Printed MDCCLX.

* 1 K *

Contents of the following Preface.

1. **O**F Mr. MILTON'S BAPTISTES.
2. 3. That poem long in print, & yet unknown.
4. How discovered.
5. The reasons which induced the Editor to pitch upon MILTON for the author, viz.
6. (i.) the peculiar way of *spelling*.
7. (ii.) the whole manner & turn of the *STILE* it self in general.
8. (iii.) the *similar* passages.
9. (iv.) the imitations of *Homer*.
10. (v.) the imitations of *Shakespeare*.
11. (vi.) the choice of the heroes, & (under them) of the persons reflected upon: (Where the Key.)
12. (vii.) the utter aversion for the clergy of all sorts discovered in it.
13. 14. A digression: (where an enquiry into MILTON'S Religion.)
15. (viii.) the great spirit of LIBERTY which runs thro' it.
16. (ix.) the SAMSON AGONISTES being wrote exactly on the same plan.
17. (x.) the argument of the BAPTISTES lately found in MILTON'S Common-place book.
18. What first put MILTON on writing this his supposed BAPTISTES?
19. When he began?
20. When he finished it?
21. A brief review of the foregoing matters.
22. MILTON not the author; but BUCHANAN.
23. Some account of the author BUCHANAN.
24. MILTON the translator.
25. 26. An enquiry when & how MILTON presented his BAPTISTES to the king.
27. A second digression (where an account of *Inigo Jones*, & of his first introducing of moving scenes on the stage.)
28. (i.) Who put MILTON on presenting his BAPTISTES to the king, before he went to travel in 1638. & why? And (admitting he did so) how it was then received?
29. A third digression: (where an account of plays acted on the Lord's day before *Q. Elizabeth*, & of the church being made the play-house for her majestie's use.)
30. (ii.) Supposing some friend presented it to the king (when MILTON was gone to travel in 1638.) how that friend presented, & how it was then received?
31. (iii.) Supposing Mr. MILTON did not present it to the king 'till his own return in 1640. how he presented, & how it was then received?
32. (iv.) Supposing he only presented it to the king from the press, in 1641. who put him on doing so, & why?
33. A review

CONTENTS

33. A review of these four last enquiries, by a learned friend.
34. A crafty trick of the Translator discovered.
35. 36. 37. Who instructed MILTON in 1641. to alter his work from a tragedy in verse, seemingly to an history in prose, & why?
38. How he then altered it?
39. When first published?
40. The public state of affairs at that time.
41. Why so little regarded then.
42. Why he did not reprint & own it in CROMWELL's time?

43. Why he did not reprint & own it after the Restoration?
44. Two objections that it is not his, answered.
45. A fourth digression: (some account of his friend Mr. *White's* book;
46. And of Mr. *White* himself.)
47. How it is now published.
48. Of the text.
49. Of the notes.
50. 51. 52. 53. Why the editor (before it was published) always called it A POEM WRITTEN IN DEFENCE OF LIBERTY.

PREFACE

HEROD

LEGEND

THE

GREAT:

A

POEM.

*Pœna autem vehemens, ac multo saevior illis
Quas & CAEDITIUS gravis invenit aut RHADAMANTHUS,
Nocte, dieque suum gestare in pectore testem.*

Juv. Sat. XIII. 197.



LONDON: Printed M, DCC, XL.

H. E. R. O. D.

G. R. E. A. T.

P. O. P. O. E. M.

For the author's portrait, see motto for the title
of the book, and the name of the author.
The book is published in the year 1877.
J. H. S. XII. 1877.



L O N D O N : Printed M. D. C. C. X I.

THE
LEGEND
OF
Sir NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON, Kt.

Chief Butler of *England* & Chamberlain of the Exchequer;
who died of Poison, A. D. 1570. an Historical Poem:

By (his Nephew) Sir *Thomas Throckmorton* of *Littleton* in *Com. Warw.* Kt.

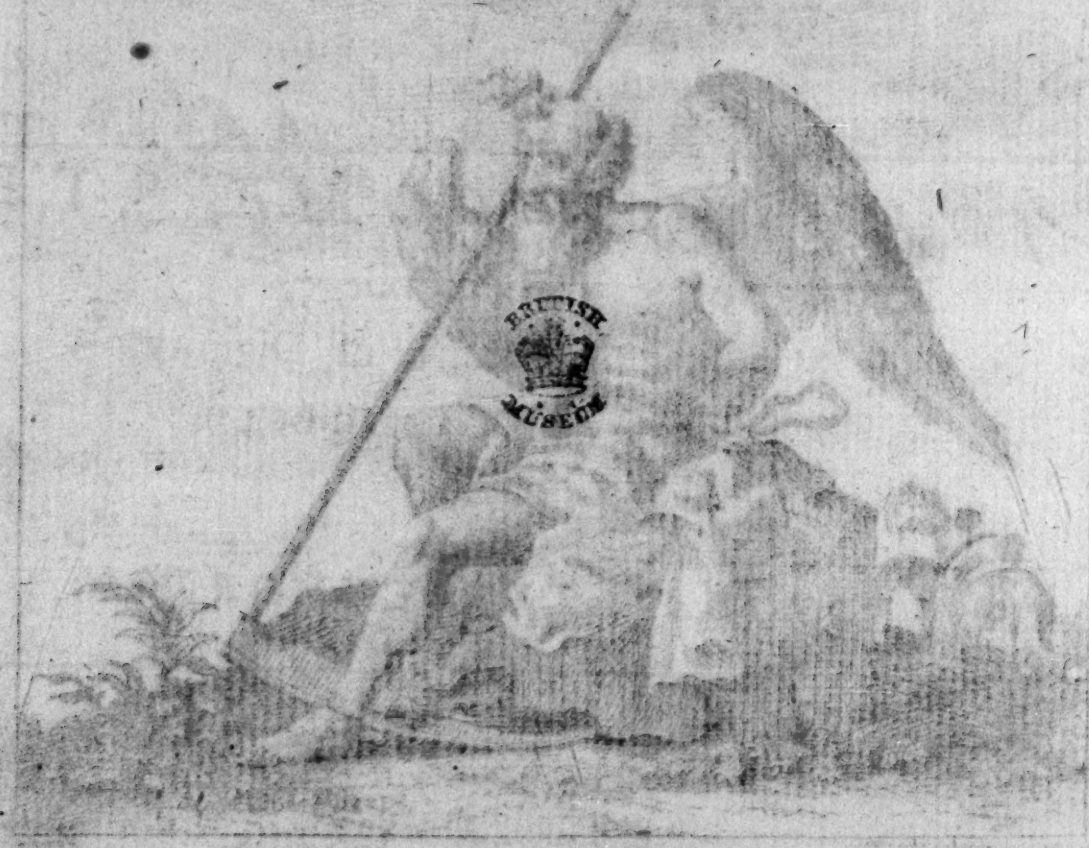
*In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages long ago betide;
And, e'er thou bid good night, to quit their grief
Tell thou the lamentable end of me,
And send the bearers weeping to their beds.*

Shakespeare's *K. Richard II.* Vol. III. p. 324.

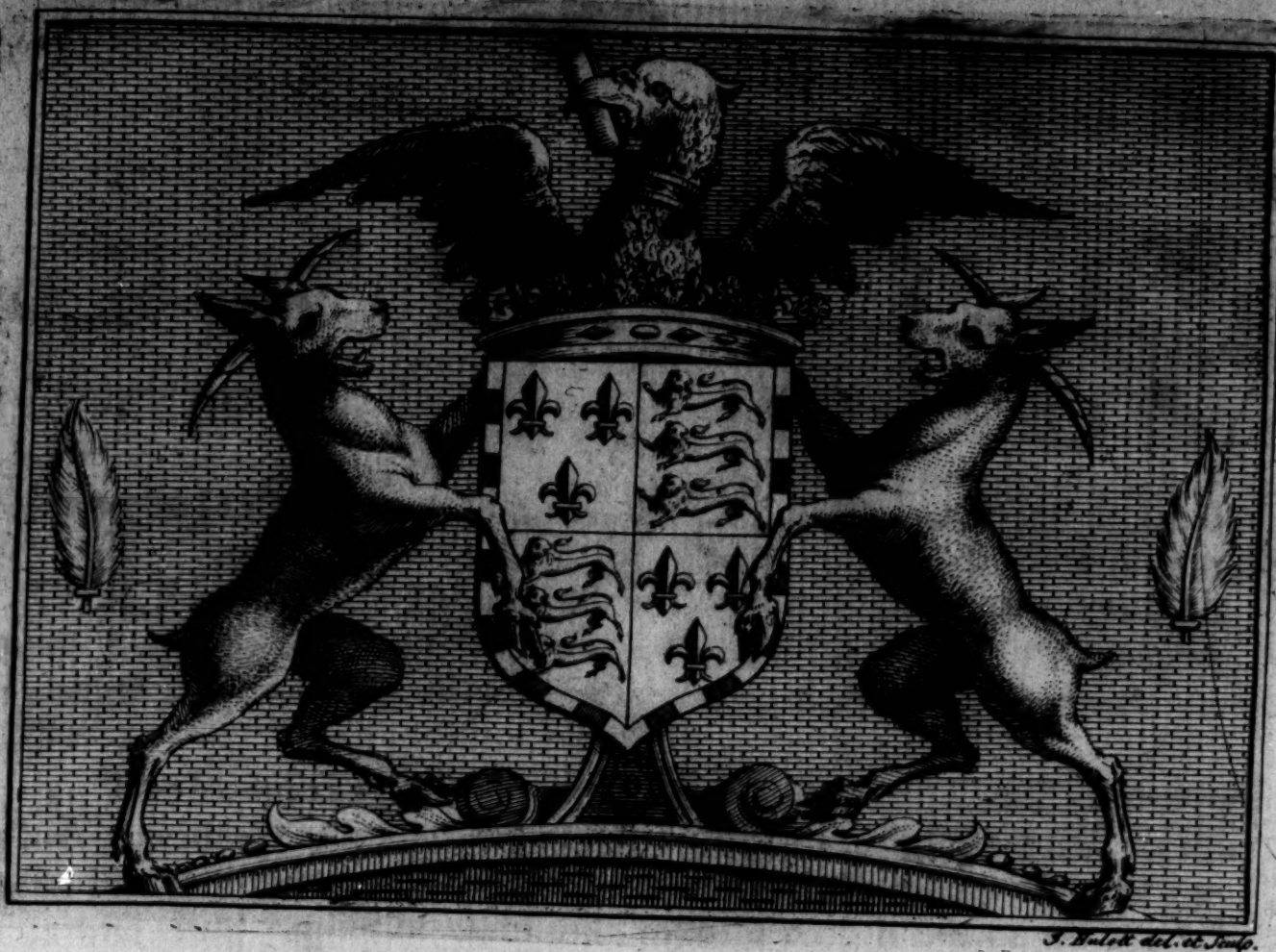


LONDON: Printed, M,DCC,XL.

THE
 LIFE OF
 SIR NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON, Kt.
 Chief Justice of England & Chancellor of the Exchequer:
 who died of Palsy, A. D. 1570. and His Honour's Poem:
 By (his Nephew) Sir Thomas Throckmorton of Littleton in Com. Warwick, Kt.
 In answer to a tedious notice by the late Mr. ...
 With good old folks, and for young folks too.
 Of which age long ago the world was full.
 And the old folks were the best of all.
 And the young folks were the worst of all.
 And the old folks were the best of all.
 And the young folks were the worst of all.
 Shakspeare's K. Richard III. Vol. III. p. 384.



LONDON: Printed, M.DCC.XI.



To the very Reverend & Learned
DR. *JOHN NEWCOME*, S. T. P.

Master of St. JOHN's College,
& Lady MARGARET's Professor of Divinity
in the University of CAMBRIDGE ;

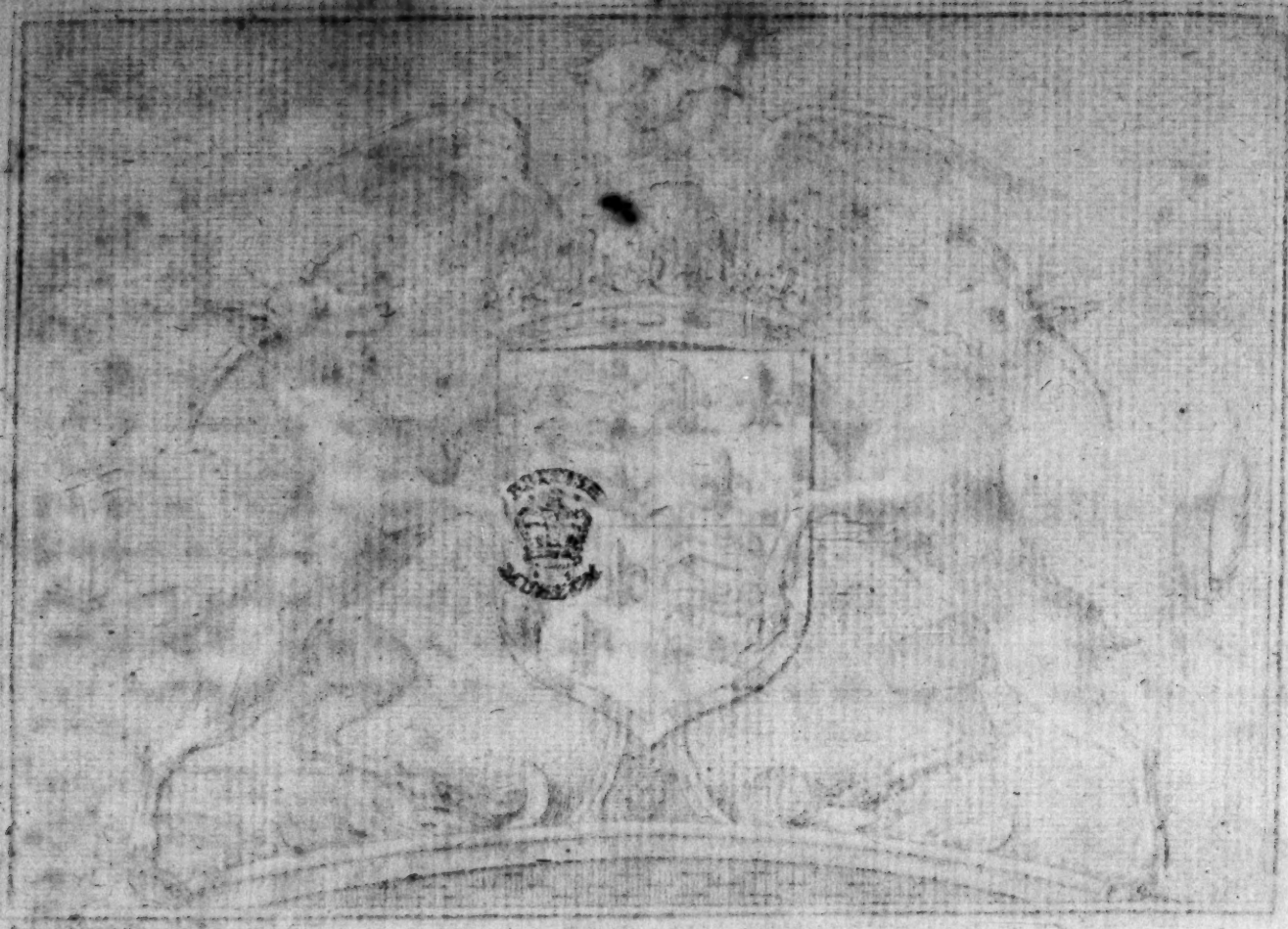
These two POEMS,
the ONE,
of Sir *NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON*,
the OTHER,
of *HEROD THE GREAT* :

as an acknowledgment of his Favors,
are gratefully inscribed

By his most obliged

humble Servant,

Francis Peck.



To the very Reverend & Learned
DR. JOHN W. NEWMAN, S.T.P.
Master of St. John's College,
& Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity
in the University of Cambridge;
These two Bibles,
the One
of ST. NICHOLAS, & THROCKMORTON,
the Other
of HEROD THE GREAT:
as an acknowledgment of his Favors,
are gratefully inscribed
by his most obliged
humble servant,
Francis Peck.

P R E F A C E.

1. **T**HE following Historical Poem was communicated to me by Edward Parteriche of Ely, Esq; at the Request of the reverend Dr. Samuel Knight, Archdeacon of Berks. Mr. Parteriche, being himself a great, great, great grandson of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, found it, laid up, as a Family Relique, among his Father's Papers.

2. The Manuscript itself (being, wrote with very bad ink, in many places now almost worn out and obliterated; and transcribed at first, as appears by the frequent mistakes in it, from a very faulty copy by two persons who could neither of them well make it out) is one of the blindest things I ever undertook to set to rights; yet, by considering the sense and measure as I went along, I hope I have pretty well retrieved it, & thereby, if I err not, preserved a great curiosity.

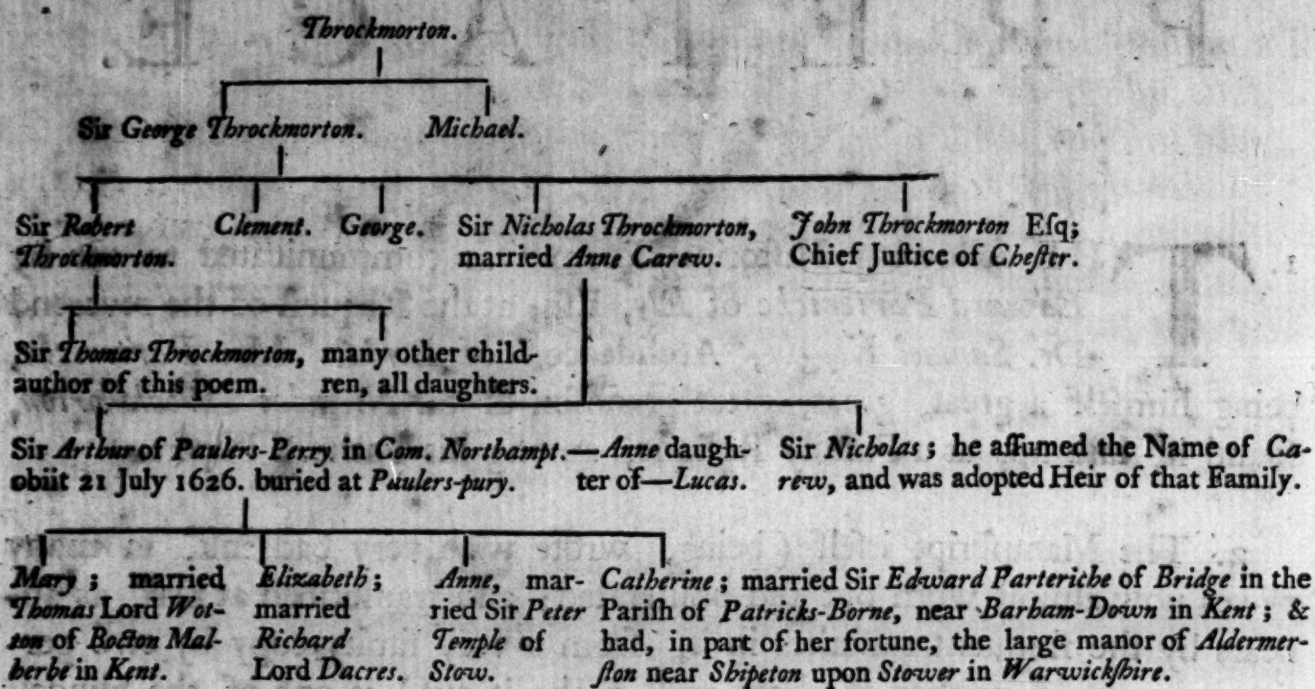
3. My design at first was to have given this Poem *verbatim* as it stands in the Manuscript; but, upon running it over, I perceived that, if I did so, the text would have been almost nothing but mere nonsense. Besides, every line almost would have required a note to shew the alterations I have been forced to make in it, to bring it to sense & measure. Matters therefore standing thus, I resolved to take a little more liberty with it, & to publish it, as I have now done, as perfect as I could make it by conjecture.

4. The life of this Gentleman is a true picture of what *Shakespeare* calls

————— *the art o'th' court,*
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling; or, so slipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling.---

Cymbeline. Works, Vol. VI. p. 396.

I shall add here a short Pedigree of the *Throckmorton* Family, so far as is necessary to the better understanding of this Poem; drawn up from the best Readings and Informations I could procure.



5. For the rest I am only to warn the reader, that Sir *Nicholas Throckmorton* always engaging, 'till the very last year of his Life, with the Earl of *Leicester* against Secretary *Cecil*, it is no wonder if Mr. Secretary in turn did him all the ill offices he could, &, (tho' it cost him much pains to do so) kept him from ever rising any higher than Chief Butler of *England* and Chamberlain of the Exchequer. Which usage of his *Uncle* is much resented by our *Author* in the following Poem: tho' without any great reason perhaps, as some may think. For tho' *par pari referre* be no Christian Doctrine, yet I doubt it too often holds good among Statesmen & Courtiers.

*Scribendam, Prid.
Idus Aug. 1736.*

Francis Peck.

The ARGUMENT: By the Editor.

The author, lying in bed, & meditating how to raise himself in the world, falls asleep, & sees the ghost of his uncle Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who tells him, all his musings are to no purpose; yet, finding him resolute, relates the story of his own life, that, warned by his example, he may thereby see how to avoid those dangers which he is like to meet with in such a pursuit; setting before him, How that, being the youngest but one of five brothers, he served the duke of Richmond in France, and learned French there. The divorce between K. Henry VIII. & Q. Katherin of Spain managed at Rome by his uncle Michael Throckmorton, & obstructed by Cardinal Pole. The suppression of monasteries, & execution of Courtney E. of Devon & Pole E. of Lincoln. The great cruelty of Henry VIII. Throckmorton's uncle Michael flies & is attainted. His father (Sir George Throckmorton) sent to the Tower. His own, his brothers, sisters, and mother's hard case. His mother sends him to her brother the lord Parr who maintains him during this distress of the family. Q. Katherine Howard beheaded. K. Henry VIII. marries Katherine Parr; who, at her aunt Throckmorton's request, procures her uncle's release out of the Tower. Clement, George & Nicholas Throckmorton (three brothers) appear at Court. Clement is made the queen's cupbearer; Nicholas, the king's sewer; and George, hath a pension. The siege of Boloigne. Clement, George, John, & Nicholas Throckmorton (four brothers) there. The town being taken, George stays with the English garrison, & soon after making an excursion, is taken prisoner by the French. Boloigne restored to the French, & George Throckmorton ransomed by the king, but at a very high price, the French calling him the king's kinsman; the king also calls him cosen, & gives him & the rest of them lands. Their high prosperity. K. Henry dies. Q. Katherine Parr (his widow) marries the lord Seymour, lord high admiral of England, & Throckmorton waits on her at the admiral's. Character of the young princess Elizabeth at this time. Q. Katherine dies in childbed. Throckmorton goes to Muffleborough Field. Sent back express, by the lord protector Somerset, to carry the news of the victory to K. Edward, who thereupon makes him one of the gentlemen of his privy chamber, by means of the admiral; who is soon after beheaded. Reflections

on his & the protector's hard case. Throckmorton in great favour with K. Edward, who knights him as he lies hid behind a chest. He brings his lady to court, but, designedly, in mean cloaths. The king observes it. He pleads poverty. The king gives him the manor of Pauler's-Pury. He goes to see his father, who buff's him for his daintiness & for being knighted before his elder brother. He returns to court, gets his elder brother knighted, & his brother John sworn into the king's service. His father dies, having first seen his five sons (Robert, Clement, George, Nicholas, & John) all members of parliament. Sir Nicholas misses him not at first, by reason of his present great prosperity: But often wants him afterwards. Dudley, duke of Northumberland, afraid of him. K. Edward dies. Throckmorton dejected, yet (not being for Lady Jane) sends Q. Mary word of her brother's death, who mistrusts him. He joins with Sir Thomas Wyatt to keep out the Spaniard; is apprehended, & sent to the Tower. Going to his trial at Guildhall he sees his wife, mother, & brothers, but is not permitted to speak to them; which moves him exceedingly. He is acquitted by his jury. A design to try him again; but waved. Afraid of being burnt for an heretic, he flies into France. His brother Sir Robert procures his pardon. He returns. Q. Mary's character. She aids her husband against France. Throckmorton at the taking of S. Quintins. He falls sick there, & returns for the benefit of his native air. Retires. Visits the princess Elizabeth privately at Bishop's Hatfield; who secretly charges him, in case of Q. Mary's death, to bring her such a ring from off her finger, & makes him high promises. Q. Mary dies. Throckmorton & his brothers carry her ring to Q. Elizabeth. Upon his arrival, a certain great man being jealous of him, moves the queen to send him away under a pretence of searching cardinal Pole's study (then also just dead) for treasure and intelligence; & before his return, all the chief places about the queen are disposed of only the titular employ of Chief Butler of England is reserved for Throckmorton; which vexes him. Yet he is forced to submit, & waiting awhile, is afterwards made Chamberlain of the Exchequer; & his brother John, Chief Justice of Chester. Soon after he is sent, out of the way again, ambassador into France; where a quarrel happening about precedence between him & the Portugal ambassador, is decided in his favor by the king. Going afterwards to speak with the king at Orleans with a guard of sixteen hundred Parisians, the Admiral Coligny sets upon them, kills most of them, and takes Throckmorton prisoner, but protects him. He writes to the king, to procure his liberty. The duke of Guise retakes him, & is for hanging

THE ARGUMENT.

v

hanging of him for fomenting the Hugonot War; but, that action being contrary to the law of nations, forbears. Throckmorton returns home. Many of his former underlings in this his last absence he now finds got above him; who move to have him sent out of the way again. Whereupon he is again sent ambassador to France. He confers with the admiral; is betrayed to his old enemy the duke of Guise, who puts him in irons, but, finding him still an ambassador, very unwillingly dismisses him. He returns again: and is again sent out of the way, into Scotland. Returns thence. In great favor: and as greatly hated. The queen promises to make him Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He goes into the country to settle his affairs in order thereto, & mean while, Cecil begs that place for Sir Ralph Sadler. Reasons why he rose no higher. Charged with counseling the duke of Norfolk to marry the queen of Scots. Committed to the Tower. Examined six times before the council. He proves his innocence. His true fault. Remitted to prison. He there contemplates his own condition, the queen's kindness, & the many artifices of his foes. What brought him to court. The great vanity of ambition & all court-hopes: To which he bids a long farewell. He falls sick in prison; makes a poetical will, & appoints Care (his old acquaintance) his executor. His particular legacies to that fabulous person; to the unfortunate; to his foes; to the ladies; & to his friends. His banner of allegorical armory. Whilst he thus lies sick & despairing of any release, his wife & other friends (against his consent) apply to Cecil for his discharge, & unexpectedly succeed. Cecil & he are reconciled. Cecil promises high matters, but performs them not. Throckmorton falls suddenly sick again. The queen sends her own physicians to assist him; but all to no purpose. His death. Moral application and conclusion.

THE

THE
L E G E N D
O F
Sir *NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON.*

i.

IN Bed I lay, forecasting how to live,
Devising means by credit to arise;
Then haughtie heart 'gainst base estate did strive,
And I suppos'd the meaner sort unwise;
Sith ev'ry man doth frame his proper lot:
The poorest soul is still the simplest sot.

Obiit
12. Feb.
1507.
13. Eliz.

5.

ii.

Dislodging thoughts & taking to my rest,
MORPHEÜS scarf had muffled up mine eyes;
But in a dream a man his steps addrest
Anerst my bed: whom when I did espie,
Wann were my looks, appall'd with sudden fear;
Yet, as he spake, I laid a listning ear,

10.

iii.

And heard him say, ' who knows not, warning need,
' Young years are prone in slipp'ry ways to slide?
' Attend my words, and let them stand in stead
' Of beaten path young hair-brain'd heads to guide.
' Thou hop'st by hap some favour for to find;
' But all in vain: Thou fail'st against the wind.

15.

iv.

' I see for thee it is not to attempt
' Those luckie chances others do atchieve;
' For Fortune long ago hath quite exempt
' Thee from the rest she meant for to relieve,
' And roll'd thee in a register with those
' Whose chiefest joys consist in deepest woes.

20.

10. Anerst my bed:] *Anerst*, for *anent*, i. e. against.

v.

- ' In deepest woes thy dreery doleful days
 ' Shall droop away, tho' life do still endure;
 ' Whole wished end thy froward fate delays
 ' Because it were the salve of all thy cure.
 ' But fith the heav'ns ordain so from on high,
 ' Thou then shalt live when fain thou wouldest di^c.

25.

30.

vi.

- Aghast I star'd, my hair did stand upright,
 For all the space he held me by the arm;
 The sentence hard, but stranger seem'd the light,
 Till by his words I knew he meant no harm.
 ' Abandon dread, quoth he, for good I came.
 ' Assure thy self, since I THY UNCLE am.

35.

vii.

- ' Who's past the streights, best knows the thorough-fares;
 ' Who wades the fords can better strangers teach;
 ' The fencer best to break a thrust declares;
 ' Who saw the thief can best of all impeach.
 ' Then blameless I who bear the CIRCE's cup,
 ' Whose poison sweet first made me thereof sup.

40.

viii.

- ' The monster, kept in labyrinth, slew all,
 ' Save only him who had the clue of thrid.
 ' Thou can'st not pass on yet without a fall,
 ' Unless thou tak'st that council which I bid.
 ' A warning thee may shew to set thy feet,
 ' That in the end thou need'st not them to fleet.

45.

ix.

- ' Attentive ear lend unto me a space;
 ' The marking mind the profit bears away.
 ' Forbear thy sleep to hear discourse, a race
 ' Of him who ran; altho' he ran astray.

50.

27. delays] denies. MS.

36. Since I THY UNCLE am.] Our author's raising his uncle's ghost as it were from the dead, and making him tell his own story, is a fine Prosopopeia, and very poetical.

41. Then blameless I who bear thee CIRCE's cup.]

Sir Nicholas Throckmorton being a great courtier, his example at first much inclined our author to betake himself to that course of life. (See stanza 1. *supra*.) But he afterwards thought better of it.

44. Who had the clue of thrid.] Theseus:

' And

' And all the world my life & facts who knew,
' Shall witness bear, how my report is true.'

A brother fourth & far from hope of land, 55.
By parents heast; I served as a page
The RICHMOND duke, & waited, still at hand,
For fear of blows which happen'd in his rage,
In FRANCE with him I liv'd most carelessly,
And learn'd the tongue, tho' nothing readily. 60.

xi.
But let me shew what crooked chance befell
For me to taste amidst my childest years.
Attainders came, a woful tale to tell!
And needs must I rehearse the same with tears,
How break-neck wolfe, who once suckt sweet of prey, 65.
Could never leave until his dying day.

xiii.
For, after that resolved stood the king
To take a new, and leave his wedded, wife;
My uncle was a mean to work the thing
By REGINALD POLE, who bury'd all the strife, 70.
And then at ROME did work the contrary:
Which drew the king at home to tyranny.

xiii.
He, marking how that POLE & others more
Did hinder him from getting a divorce,
Of ROMISH church then made an overthrow, 75.
And had, of such, a small or no remorse.
Straight by his laws he banisht out the pope,
And prelate wore for tippet TYBURN rope.

When

60. *And learn'd the tongue, tho' nothing readily.]*

' Sir Nicholas Throckmorton always disdained
' the French, &, tho' he now learned their
' language, yet, being afterwards twice am-
' bassador there, would never speak any thing
' but English.' MS. Parteriche.

71. *And then at ROME did work the con-
trary:]*

' Pole maintained in a book he published
' shortly after, that it was more meritorious
' to fight against K. Henry, than against the
' Turk.' Rapin. Vol. VIII. p. 59.

78. *And prelate wore for tippet TYBURN
rope.]*

' On the 14. Nov. 1539. Hugh Farrington,
' lord abbot of Reading, was hanged, drawn,
' & quartered at Reading, for opposing the
' surrender

xiv.

When **EXETER** and **POLE** had lost their heads,
Who thought it much that change should spring of lust; 80.
Then ladys scorn'd to lye on downed beds,
And people fain'd so far as well they durst.

' surrender of his abbey, & refusing to attest
' the king's supremacy. Two of his monks
' named *Rugg & Onion* suffered with him.
Hist. Abbies by Browne Willis, Esq; Vol. I. p.
161. ' And on the next day of the same
' month & year *Richard Whyting*, lord abbot
' of *Glastonbury*, was also hanged, drawn,
' & quartered on the *Torr hill* at *Glastonbury*,
' for withstanding the reformation, & refusing
' to surrender his abbey into the hands of the
' king's visitors, under colour of pretended fe-
' lony for keeping some of the abbey jewels.
' His head was set upon the abbey gate, & his
' quarters disposed of to *Wells, Bath, Ilchester,*
' & *Bridgewater.* *Roger Jacob & John Thorne,*
' two of his monks, likewise suffered with
' him.' *Id. p. 107.*

79. When **EXETER** & **POLE** had lost their
heads,]

Henry Courtney, earl of *Exeter & Devon*;
Edmund de la Pole, earl of *Lincoln*; *Henry de*
la Pole, lord *Montagu*; & *Sir Nicholas Carew*
of *Baddington* in *Surrey*, were all attainted &
executed in 1538, under a pretence of being
privy with cardinal *Pole* to a design of bring-
ing in foreign power, on the pope's behalf, to
invade the realm. Soon after which the king
wrote to all the chief gentry of *England* to
furnish him with a certain number of soldiers,
fit for sea-service, to oppose the farther attempts
of the pope & his adherents. One of these
letters, stamped with the king's stamp, & sealed
with his sign manual, for the curiosity of the
thing, shall be here set down at large, from
the original in my hands.

Henry. HS.

By the King.

' Trusty and welbeloved, we grete you
well.

' And, forasmuch as we be informed, that
' the moost pestilent idol, ennemye of all
' trueth and usurpatoz of princes, the bishopp
' of *Rome*, perceiving his moost detestable do-
' ings to begynne nowe to appere to all our
' good subjects, is fully mynded, in his rage,
' to seke, all the ways to hym possible, to robbe

' and spoyle this our realme, as heretofore he
' hath accustomed; and to invert the good reli-
' gion of the same, with the torment and dishe-
' rison of all our said subjects;

' We latt you wpyt, that
' Entending to put the same our realme,
' booth by see and land, in such a redynes as
' shalbe necessarie to withstand his malicious
' purposes, which, by all meanes, he laboreth
' to cloke and coloz; pretending, only in wordes,
' the adbauncement of true religion, without
' any the disturbance of our people, to thintent
' he mape blynde their simple and honest eyes,
' and soo the more easely compasse his moost
' cruell and develysh enterprise:

' We have, among other our loving subjects,
' appointed you to furnyshe unto us, to doo us
' service upon the see, the number of six hable
' persones.

' And therfore we woll and desire you, that,
' immediatly upon the sight hereof ye woll fur-
' nyshe unto us the said nombre, wherof as
' many of them to be archers and gonners as
' ye canne make well arraped, to doo unto us
' service, as afore.

' And the same to be in a redynes, with ha-
' biliments mete for them, uppon an houres
' warning, whersoever our right trusty and right
' welbeloved cousin and counsaillor therle of
' *Southampton*, our admirall, shall, by his let-
' ters, geve unto you admonition or call for
' the same.

' And, in the mean tyme, with all diligence,
' to make unto hym certificate of the same
' your nombre, wherby ye shall deserve our
' hartie thanks.

' Given under our signet, at our manoz of
' *GRENEWICH*, the vij. of *April*.

' To our trusty and welbeloved *Frauncis Mak-*
worthe, Esquier.'

The year is not set down in the date of this
writ. But *Anno 1537.* was a rebellion in *Lin-*
colnshire & another in *Yorkshire*, on account of
the then intended suppression of monasteries.
At what time *Mr. Mackworth*, I presume, had
set out some men for the king's service, allud-
ed to, as I take it, in the words—*as afore.*
And in 1538. was the suppression it self. So
that I conclude this order passed the sign ma-
nual 7. Apr. [1539. 30. H. VIII.]

2 B

But

But when the prince doth reign by cruelty,
Then subjects fain & fall to flattery.

xv.

Thus were great peers brought to the chopping feast, 85.
With divers more, whose blood would make a stream.
Yet, not content, he sent to have the rest;
To execute his bloody stratagem.
But wiser they, who, with their friends sped ill,
Thought better sure themselves to save than spill. 90.

xvi.

Yet for contempt they all did penance pay,
Amongst which crew my uncle MICHAEL one;
Who lost his lands & all for making stay:
But by good hap he was not all alone.
And there he found that friendly company 95.
Is greatest help to men in misery.

xvii.

My father's foes clapt him by cankred hate
In TOWER fast, & gap'd to stynte his neck.
They were in hope for to obtain a mate,
Who heretofore had labor'd for a check. 100.
Yea GREVILL's griev'd him ill without a cause,
Who hurt not them, nor yet the prince's laws.

xviii.

Then flatterers, who fawn'd for to be fed,
Eftsoons appear'd, as dolphins in a showre,
Who lye unknown with close dissembling head, 105.
Till Fortune hide her merry looks & lowre;
Adversity shews gold exchang'd for dross,
And makes them see that love is laid to losse.

xix.

Our friends were crusht, our foes were in their ruffe;
Fear to offend made many seem so coy; 110.
When prince displeas'd had tane a thing in snuff,
There were who ran the wounded to destroy.
Yet manly mind the sinking held by chin,
Tho' currish crews fought means to keep them in.

VI. Sir NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON. 11

xx.

Thus ev'ry thing did run against the hair ;
 Our name disgrac'd, & we, but witless boys,
 Did deem it hard such losses then to beare,
 Our minds more fit to deal with childish toys,
 But troubles are of perfect wit the schools ;
 And life at will feeds men as fat as fools. 115.
 120.

xxi.

Then CARE & I were linkt in youthful prime,
 My streams of joys were stopp'd with the damm
 Of prince's wrath. I fatherless a time,
 And friends but few, & masterless became.
 This later loss was cause that old griefs grew,
 As scars, scant heal'd, by ev'ry wrench renew. 125.

xxii.

Our sun eclips'd a long time did not shine,
 No joys approach'd near unto LOUGHTON-HOUSE
 My sisters they did nothing else but whine,
 My mother look'd much like a drowned mouse.
 No butter then would stick upon our bread :
 We all did fear the loss of father's head. 130.

xxiii.

While flocking foes to work our bane were bent,
 While thunder-claps of angry Jove did last ;
 Then to lord PARR my mother saw me sent :
 So with her brother I was safely plac'd.
 Of alms he kept me in extremitie ;
 Who did misdoubt a worse calamitie. 135.

xxiv.

Quite void of hope & drowned in despair,
 We saw no cause which once might make us glad ;
 But signs enough that we should still impair,
 And want no loss whereby to make us sad.
 Yet, when we thought our state would never mend,
 Unlooked for our sorrows had an end. 140.

128. LOUGHTON-HOUSE,] or LOUGHTON-HALL, in Cem. Warw.

xxv.

If patients, when that they are brought most low, 145.

Find present death a present remedie ;

If ebbing streams begin again to flow :

Then so it is with man in miserie.

The stormy hail, which patters thick on tile,

Doth seldom last the going of a mile. 150.

xxvi.

For when the king's fifth wife had lost her head ;

Yet he mislik'd his life to live alone,

And, once resolved the sixth time for to wed,

He fought outright to make his choice of one :

That choice was chance right happy for us all, 155.

It wrought our blifs & ridd us quite from thrall.

xxvii.

O lucky looks which faun'd on KATH'RINE PARR,

A woman rare, her like but seldom seen ;

To BOROUGH first, next unto LATIMER

She widow was ; & then became a queen. 160.

My mother pray'd her Niece, with wat'ry eyes,

' To ridd both her & hers from endless cries.'

xxviii.

She, willing of herself to do us good,

Sought out the means her uncle's life to save ;

And, when the king was in his pleasant mood, 165.

She humbly then her suit began to crave.

With wooing times denials disagree ;

She spake, and sped : my father was set free.

xxix.

And, as the ship, that striketh fast in ground,

Doth rise with th'flood, & floateth out apace ; 170.

So we, who once in deepest dumps were drown'd,

In court began to shew a chearful face.

159. To BOROUGH first, next unto LATIMER,

She widow was ; & then became a queen.]

Katherine, daughter of Sir Thomas Parr,

married, first, Edward Borough. Secondly, John Nevil, lord Latimer. Thirdly, K. Henry VIII. And, fourthly, Thomas lord Seamor of Sudley.

Sir **NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON.**

13

This was the spring of all our budding joys,
Which laugh'd to scorn the winter of annoys.

xxx.

The frost did thaw which nipt our growth with cold, 175.
The heat of sun did make us bud again,
The wind and waves, our course which did with-hold,
Did drive us to the wished port amain.

The prince's wrath was pacifi'd again;
His favor grew : which caus'd us spring amain. 180.

xxxi.

Lo then my brethren, CLEMENT, GEORGE, & I
Did seek, as youth doth still, in court to be.
Each other state as base we did defie,
Compar'd with court, the nurse of dignity.
'Tis truly said, No fishing to the sea's; 185.
No serving to a king's, if you can please.

xxxii.

If vintners use at first to sell good wine;
If nothing sweep so clean as newest broom;
If naughty cloth at first seems smooth and fine :
Then so it is with ev'ry new-come groom, 190.
Whose pains at first by double forwardness,
Doth hide the blot of faulty slothfulness.

xxxiii.

Those samples taught us, at our entrance in,
That doing well should be our chief defence.
And so we thought some favor for to win 195.
By meek demeanor & by diligence.
We wish'd to please, we feared to offend,
We saw the prince's wrath brought heavie end.

xxxiv.

We took great pains, when kindled hope did flame
From youthful breasts, swoln by ambition. 200.
We labor'd much for to advance our name,
And daily gap'd to get promotion.
We serv'd in hope, and hoped not in vain;
The king's good-will for guerdon we did gain,

xxxv. Whose

xxxv.

Whose wrath is worse than death, by man's account. 205.

For whom the prince mislikes, them most men hate;

And whom he fancies he doth make to mount:

And none alive shall have so happy state.

Thrice happy she who made us happy then!

For we did rise as well as other men. 210.

xxxvi.

First in the court my brother CLEMENT serv'd;

A fee he had, the queen her cup to bring.

And some suppos'd that I right well deserv'd,

When few'r they saw me chose unto the king.

My brother GEORGE in youth, by valour rare, 215.

A pension had, & gallant halbert bare.

xxxvii.

Now, when our joys were newly set abroad,

The king did loath to live so lazily:

Wherefore he was thus bold as to encroach

The borders of his proved enemy. 200.

He knew *Frenchmen* us'd leagues of amitie

As cloaks, to hide some coyned treacherie.

xxxviii.

Their truces daily made but never kept,

Were proofs & patterns of dishonestie.

By mocking of the king, his wrath they heapt, 225.

Who never meant to put up injurie:

Ill angring of a waspe or waspish king,

For ill abyee where they bestow their sting.

xxxix.

And sure for this the foolish *French* did pay

A just reward of fained flattery. 230.

How oft were they to *English-Men* a prey,

Still loosing goods & towns by infamy!

But I will only tell how that our liege,

In royal person, BULLOIGN did besiege.

234. In royal person, BULLOIGN did be-
[siege.] men, passed the seas, from Dover unto Ca-

On the 14. July, 1544. (36. H. VIII.) 'lais; & on the 26. of the same month,
' K. Henry, accompanied with divers noble-
' encamped before Bulloigne.' Stow. p. 587. b.

xl. With

VI. Sir **NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON.** 15

xl.

With whom there marcht a troop of *English* traine, 235.

Whose forward minds, not bridled with distrust,

But, pricking forth, for honour or for gain,

Headlong themselves to thousand perils thrust.

There *three* of us did serve in royal band,

The *fourth* did wait upon **NORTHUMBERLAND.** 240.

xli.

And, when our camp to pitch their tents were bent,

The rattling shot did fly about our ears.

The bullets thick, as messengers, were sent

To plant within our hearts some flying fears.

They ply'd it hard, For why? the *French* blood rose 245.

That in despite we lodg'd so near their nose.

xlii.

Our armie, first, were forced to defend

The painful pioneers who trenches made.

Which once dispatcht, a double gain did lend;

A shield from foes, & from the sun a shade. 250.

Next after that a mount was rais'd in hast,

Where all the greatest ordinance were plac'd.

xliii.

Lo then the battery began with speed!

On either side was sending still of shot.

No sparing one another's blood to sheed, 255.

While war doth last or skirmishes be hot.

Few *French-Men* peep'd to look us in the face,

But felt our shafts let flying strait apace.

xliv.

Our culverins such knocking peals addrest,

Our bombards from the mount did never cease, 260.

Our fakers, double canons, & the rest

Break down their walls; and we did still increase.

240. *The fourth did wait upon NORTHUMBERLAND.*]

Henry Percy, earl of *Northumberland*, died 29. June, 1537. (29. H. VIII.) without issue, & the title slept till *Q. Mary* revived it to

Thomas Percy his nephew. See *Dugd. Baronage*, Vol. I. p. 283. a. But the person here meant I presume is *John Dudley*, viscount *Lisle*, afterwards earl of *Warwick* & duke of *Northumberland*, temp. *Edw. VI.*

As

As fish for water, so they gasp'd for aid;
But all relief by force of foes was staid.

xliv.

When that a month we had besieg'd the town;
When victuals, men, & powder waxed scant;
When all their forts were well nigh beaten down;
When no supply came to relieve their want:
Then all agreed, them & their town to yield;
For they do hate to fight a pitched field,

270.

xlvi.

They call'd a parley; whereof this was the end,
That they with bag & baggage might depart.
But, when the king did thereat condescend,
It griev'd the greedy soldiers to the heart.
Yet so the king obtain'd the victorie;
Renowned of his foes for clemency,

275.

xlvi.

He safe return'd, & left a garrison
To fence the town, with batt'ry weakened.
Amongst that crew my brother GEORGE was one,
Who all the siege two hundred soldiers ledd,
His warlike heart desired there to stay,
'Till *Frenchmen* caught his body for a prey,

280.

xlvi.

Our countreymen, now flesht, did leap for joy;
Perforce they held the town which they had won,
Maugre the *French*, who sought them to annoy,
But all in vain, for little harm was done.
The DOLPHIN, REINGRAVE, & the lord of BREIZE,
Did oft assail, & commonly did leese.

285.

xlix.

Naught maketh man so bold as good success.
GEORGE, who 'scap'd in siege, did venture far;
He pricked forth his praunser to the press
Of *Frenchmen's* camp, whereas he took a scarr,
And when he saw himself among his foes,
It was no boot to bid him lay on blows,

290.

i.

Two more with him were tane in self-same plight,
Who thought, belike, for to subdue an host:
But such as venture rashly for to fight,
Come all too soon, as they did, to their cost.
Their courage now was cool'd; their haste made waste:
As pris'ners they in dungeon dark were cast.

li.

Then *leisure* & *occasion* bid them write
Some mournful verse to wail their evil hap.
And *Englishmen*, their damage to requite,
In skirmishing, the next day, at a clap
Took sev'n'score captives of the *French* away:
Such usury their luck was then to pay.

lii.

Entreaties came which did conclude a peace,
When *BULLOIGN* had spoke *English* for a year.
Eight hundred thousand crowns was her release;
And captives thought their ransom very dear.
If in eight years their fine they did not bring,
Their town should rest as subject to our king.

liii.

A thousand pounds our brother *GEORGE* redeem'd:
Yet then an hundred pounds & he were wide.
With golden weights they priz'd him, as it seem'd,
For that he was unto the king ally'd.
They knew he captain was; they learnt his name:
Yea all, & more than all, was known by flying fame.

liv.

The king deliver'd *Frenchmen* two or three,
By such exchange our brother to discharge.
He found in prison, pain; but once set free
Did much commend the life that lives at large.
Home he return'd, & many welcomes had;
Safely to see him here his friends were glad.

lv.

When first in presence chamber he was come,
The king said, 'welcome *GEORGE*, unto our grace;

' I know thou lov'st th' alarum of a drum ;

' I see the marks of manhood in thy face.'

He humbly kneeling thank't his majestie;

' That he had got him set at libertie.'

330.

lvi.

And often after that the king would jest,

And call him COSEN, in his merry mood,

Because therefore the *Frenchmen* had affeſs'd

His fine ſo high : which turned him to good.

His foes did ſay in ſerving he was free,

335.

And for reward the prince gave land in fee.

lvii.

Then none of us did unrewarded goe ;

I had a gift, yearly worth fifty pounds.

Which I recite, becauſe thou ſhouldeſt know,

I hate received benefits to drown.

340.

Befides I had a ſtipend for my life,

Who ſhortly left the court, & took a wife.

lviii.

And now, becauſe the king & queen did uſe

By friendly ſignes their liking to diſplay ;

What men our company would then reſuſe ?

345.

Our betters then with us did ſeek to ſtay.

For lo ! it is a path to dignitie,

With CAESAR's friends to be in amitie.

lix.

Then PEMBROKE & his wife (who ſiſter was

Unto the queen) their kins-folks friended much ;

350.

And PARR (their brother) did them both ſurpaſs :

Who for to pleaſure us did never grutch.

Now, when theſe call'd us COSEN at each word,

The other peers would friendly ſpeech afford.

lx.

In many ſuits their help did us avail ;

355.

Few things or none that time with us ſped ill.

Our ſhip new calk'd began to bear a fail ;

And we had wind and weather at our will.

All

VI Sir NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON. 19

All men gave us fair words of courtesie :
An hound that dry foot hunts prosperitie. 360.

lxi.

This was the time that we acquaintance got
Throughout the realm of such as bore the sway.
The beams of shining sun were very hot,
Whose warmth began at setting to decay.
Which setting sudden was ; death doth surprife 365.
Our king, gone then when most we look'd to rise.

lxii.

This warlike king born sure to victorie,
Did never dangerous battle undertake,
But he did triumph on hisemie ;
Whose name once known did make his foes to quake. 370.
The king, in *French* ; the queen, in *Scotish* field,
Wan both at once ; *Frenchmen & Scots* did yield.

lxiii.

When cruel ATROPOS had stop'd his breath ;
When he interred lay in WINDSOR town :
Then was our edge abated by his death. 375.
We anchor cast : our fails were pulled down :
We fear'd a storm, which vanish'd in the air ;
The clouds consum'd, the sky prov'd very fair.

lxiv.

King EDWARD, crowned in his infancie,
All popish rites & laws did straight withstand. 380.
Those days did rule the mighty TRES-VIRI,
PROTECTOR, PEMBERKE, & NORTHUMBERLAND.
But, sith I dare not touch the commonweale,
Yet with myself I may be bold to deale.

lxv.

My sov'reign lost, the queen I did attend 385.
The time that mourning widow she did rest ;

371. *The king, in French ; the queen, in what time Sir John Dudley, lord viscount
Scotish field, Lisle, high admiral of England, the earl of
Wan both at once : Frenchmen & Scots did Shrewsbury, & the earl of Hertford plundered
yield.] Laith & burnt Edendrough : Our author gives*

As Q. Katherine Parr was a relation of Sir his favorite queen the compliment of those suc-
Nicholas Throckmorton's, & staid at home while cesses which were gained by those lords.
her husband (K. Henry) was in France ; at

And, while she married was, unto her end,

I willingly obey'd her highness' heft.

Who me esteem'd, & thought my service good :

Whereas in truth to small effect it stood,

390.

lxvi.

Her husband fourth was uncle to the king,

Lord SEYMOUR, high by office admiral.

In praise of whom loud peals I ought to ring,

For he was hardy, wise, & liberal :

His climbing high, disdain'd by his peers,

395.

Was thought the cause he liv'd not out his years.

lxvii.

Her house was term'd a second court of right,

Because there flocked still nobility.

He spar'd no cost his lady to delight,

Or to maintain her princely royalty.

400.

ELIZABETH, there sojourning a time,

Gave fruitful hope, thro' blossom's bloom in prime.

lxviii.

For as this lady was a princess born,

So she in princely virtues did excel.

Humble she was, & no degrees would scorn ;

405.

To talk with poorest souls she liked well.

The sweetest violets bud near't the ground :

The greatest 'states in lowliness abound.

lxix.

If some of us who waited near the queen

Did ought for her, she pass'd in thankfulness.

410.

I wondred at her answers which have been

So fitly plac'd with speedy readiness.

She was dispos'd to mirth in company ;

Yet still regarding civil modestie.

lxx.

Virtue from her ran swiftly, like a stream ;

415.

To all her friends great joy the same did bring.

Her *Latin* poesie, SEMPER EADEM :

In *English* thus : A WOMAN, YET NO CHANGELING.

Into

3

Sir *NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON.* 21

Into a needless praise, why do I rush?

The proverb saith, *Good wine craves not a bush.* 420.

lxxi.

Virtue, go vaunt thyself, and grant me leave

To shew thee now, the queen past middle age

(Who barren was before) did then conceive

And bare a child, but laid her life to gage.

I wish my friends in time they would foresee, 425-

Left, all too late, themselves examples be.

lxxii.

But, when my queen lay buried in her grave,

To *MUSSEBOROUGH field* I mourning went.

The gladsome victorie to us *GOD* gave.

Home with those tidings I, *post haste*, was sent. 430.

The joyful message now dispatcht & done,

Beyond desert a recompense I wonn.

lxxiii.

For *SOMERSET* protector did vouchsafe

My service small by writing to commend.

That I employed was my foes did chafe:

435-

It griev'd them to the guts that he should send

Me to the king, whose grace did straight agree

That I in privy chamber one should be.

lxxiv.

Then some like angry steeds, at mouth did foam

To miss the cushion when I got reward.

440-

The admiral (my spokesman) was at home,

Who stay'd, his nephew's safety to regard.

He was, at all assays, my perfect friend

And patron too, unto his dying end.

424. *And bare a child, but laid her life to gage.*]

Q. *Katherine Parr* died in child-bed, being first delivered of a daughter, in September, 1548. (1. *Edw. VI.*) but not without suspicion of poison. *Dugd. Baronage. Vol. II. p. 368. b.*

428, *To MUSSEBOROUGH field I mourning went.*]

The battle of *Musleborough field* was fought 10. Sept. 1547. (1. *Edw. VI.*) So that here is a small anachronism between this and the former passage; which I pretend not to reconcile.

lxxv. When

When men furmis'd that he would mount on high, 445.

And seek the second time aloft to match;

Ambitious hearts did shear him too to high;

Off went his head: They made a quick dispatch.

But ever since I thought him sure a beast,

Who causless labour'd to defile his nest. 450.

Thus guiltless he, thro' malice, went to pot;

Not answering for himself, nor knowing cause.

'Twas CROMWELL's hap, & sure his proper lot,

To make & suffer by his proper laws.

He fram'd PERILLUS's bull therein to fry; 455.

A whip he made which caus'd himself to cry,

lxxvii.

That he deserv'd to drink as he did brew.

Thus DRACO's statute, yet by cruelty,

Faultless condemned him; whose want I rue,

Because he shielded me from injurie. 460.

446. *And seek the second time aloft to match;*]
After the death of Q. Katherine Parr (his late wife) this Thomas Seymour, (lord Seymour of Sudley, lord high admiral of England) revived his former design of marrying the princess Elizabeth. But, this project being discovered, he was publickly beheaded, 14. March, 1549. (3. Edw. VI.) Dugd. Bar. Vol. II. p. 368. b.

452. *Not answer'ing for himself, nor knowing cause.*]

'The act of parliament expresses the causes of his attainder to be, the attempting to get the person of the king into his custody; making much provision of men & victual; endeavouring to marry the king's sister; & persuading the king in his tender age to take upon himself the rule and order of himself.'

—But he was never called to answer.—*Id. ib.* p. 363. b.

457. *That he deserv'd to drink as he did brew.*]

'Sir Edward Coke, in his jurisdiction of courts, fol. 37. saith, That Sir Thomas Gaudy, a grave judge of the king's bench, told him, that the famous Cromwell, (E. of Es-

sex in Henry VIII. time) was commanded to attend the then chief justices, to know, whether a man that was forth-coming (as being in prison) might be attainted of high treason by parliament, & not called to answer? The judges answered, It was a dangerous question, & that they thought a parliament would never do it. But, the question being made by express commandment of the king, & those judges pressed to answer directly by Cromwell, they said, that if he was attainted by parliament, it could not be questioned, whether the party was called to answer, or not.—But the party against whom this was intended (saith judge Gaudy) was never questioned; and the first man that suffered by that proceeding was the said Cromwell himself.' *Id. ib.* p. 374. a.

458. *Thus Draco's statute, yet by cruelty, Faultless condemned him;*]

Draco was an antient law-maker among the Athenians, whose laws were so cruel that they often punished the most trivial offences with death, or some other excessive torment; whence those laws are often said to be written with blood, & not with ink.

Well

Sir NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON. 23

Well in their service while that I did stay
I sped, I wonn, I wore my life away.

lxxviii.

Oft time I thought that nature well did frame,
That he, who laughs his neighbour's house on fire,
Shall sigh to see his own consume with flame:

465.

A just reward for so unjustful ire.
Herein now let me warn, & thou shalt see
A wonder of the world, if ought may be.

lxxix.

How SOMERSET, who then by equitie
Protector was, & uncle to the king,
Of treason quit, yet died for felony:

470.

Who thought not this a lamentable thing?

A pattern rare of singularity,

A matchless! left to all posterity.

lxxx.

How many rascals for more vile offence,

475.

Yea foolish thieves, *their clergy* do not crave,

And pardon see of course, before and since!

I think the wits of ENGLAND then did rave!

What right of law alloweth life to save,

The duke & all his friends forgot to have.

480.

lxxxi.

Ye lawyers, whom in office he had plac'd

Or did support, were surely then to blame;

As guilty of his death, you, all disgrac'd,

May now of right go shrowd your heads with shame.

Too far unlike the men of later time,

485.

Whose cunning glofs can shadow ev'ry crime.

479. *What right of law alloweth life to save,
The duke of all his friends forgot to have.*

The duke of Somerset (after having first
set his hand to the warrant for execution
of his brother, the above-mentioned lord
Seymour of Sudley, lord high admiral of Eng-
land) was brought to a trial himself; ac-
quitted of treason, but found guilty of felo-
ny: Whereupon he had judgment to be
hanged. Which he might have avoided (as

most of our historians say) had he required
the benefit of his clergy. — But, upon better
enquiry, it will be found, that he was thus
condemned by virtue of a statute then in
force, which made the conspiring the death
of a privy counsellor felony, *without the be-
nefit of clergy.* — He was beheaded 24. Jan.
1552. (6. Edw. VI.) *Dugd. Vol. II. p.*
367. a.

lxxxii. That

That country, friends, by ignorance of right;
 That lawyers, blinded by oblivion;
 That such as knew, should it conceal of spight,
 Or stayned be by vile corruption;
 That advantage giv'n he must forgo,
 The case was hard, & yet the truth was so.

lxxxiii.

But learn & mark the cause. This duke did bring
 His only brother to destruction.
 Wherefore our GOD, who hated much that thing,
 Did justly fend on him confusion.
 And, that no lets might rise thro' policy,
 He turn'd man's wit to mere simplicity.

lxxxiv.

Left in a lab'rinth I lash unawares,
 I leave to run astray, & sound retreat.
 Hark in the court with me how each thing fares,
 Who now about the king became so great,
 That I above the rest wan special grace,
 Whereby 'twas hop'd I should advance our race.

lxxxv.

For lo! the king's affection was such,
 As he would jest with me most merrily.
 And, tho' thereat my betters still did grutch,
 Yet nathless he would use my company.
 He, wearied much with lords & others' moe,
 Alone with me into some place would go.

lxxxvi.

Let SYDNEY, NEVIL, & the rest who were
 In privy-chamber then, but tell a troth,
 If he had seen his liking any where,
 Such as to me, who never felt his wroth.
 I liv'd in so great favor that my could
 Was well-nigh joined then with what I would.

lxxxvii.

And on a time, when knighted I should be,
 The king said, 'Kneel.' Yet then I went my way.

But

Sir *NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON.*

25

But straight himself came forth & spied me,
Behind a chest, in lobby where I lay.

520.

And there against my will he dubb'd me knight:

Which was an eye-fore unto some men's fight.

lxxxviii.

When to the king my wife was shew'd, new brought

To court (& for the nonce was meanly clad)

He told her, ' That I was an husband naught.'

525.

Because he saw her courtly robes so bad.

But she excus'd the fault with poverty,

Which me enforc'd to keep her beggarly.

lxxxix.

And I repli'd, for her, ' it was no way

' To bear the merchant's stock upon her back;

530.

' Unless I knew some means it to repay,

' And us to save from ruin and from wrack.'

He answer'd, ' Dost thou want, & blush to crave?

' Of right the tongue-tied man should nothing have.

xc.

' But we are well contented for to give

535.

' Something of profit, which thou shalt espy.

' Whereby thou shalt be able for to live;

' If not before some farther help we die.

' Lightly to us thou never shalt complain,

' Of travel ill rewarded for its pain.'

540.

xc.

My friends bad me take time, while time there was;

And when the iron was hot to strike the stroke.

The bargeman must not let the tide o'erpass;

To proffer'd pig each man doth ope his poke.

They said, ' While *may* doth last make choice of *may*;

545.

' Lest when thou would'st she womanly say, *nay*.'

xcii.

Lessons late learn'd are freshest in the mind:

I put in ure 'gainst dearth to get some store.

I fear'd, lest Fortune should be bald behind;

Wherefore I caught her by the lock before.

550.

For

For PAULERS-PURY I did speak, & speed:

'Twas granted me, for to relieve my need.

xciii.

Now, something gain'd, I, licens'd to absent

Myself a space, a progress rode

Unto my friends; with me my wife there went:

And with my father we awhile abode.

To me he shew'd good count'nance openly:

But yet alone he checkt me bitterly.

xciv.

He thumpt me on the breast, & thus began;

' Sir knight! Sir knave! --- A foolish boy you are:

' And yet thou think'st thyself a goodly man!

' Why should thou scorn thy father's daily fare?

' Or send me word when I should see thee here?

' As who should say, I should provide good cheer.

xcv.

' Too base for thee thou thought'st thy father's food.

' But say, 'tis so; I tell thee in good sooth,

' My carter's meat I think is far too good

' For such an one who brings so dainty tooth.

' I see thou grow'st into disdain of me,

' Wherefore, know this, I careless am of thee.

xcvi.

These taunting terms did trouble much my mind.

But I did sound the cause of all this grief.

The fore once seen, a plaister I did find:

And after that my stay was very brief.

He thought to him some injury was done,

That I was knight before his eldest son.

551. For Paulers-Pury I did speak & speed:
['Twas granted me for to relieve my need.]

' For Paulers-Pury, i. e. for the lordship
' of Paulers-Pury in Com. Northampt. in the
' church of which town is a fine monument
' for Sir Arthur Throckmorton, in the epitaph
' whereon he is stiled—*magni Nicolai Throck-*
' *mortonii filius & paternarum virtutum inge-*
' *nuus haeres.* The bells at Paulers-Pury were
' brought thither, as 'tis said, from the priory

' of Luffield, (where you drew the side of the
' tower, the only remains of it.) For anno
' 5 Edw. VI. Sir Nicholas Throckmorton had
' a grant of the priory of Luffield in Com.
' Northampt. & Bucks, with the manor of
' Thornborough, & an alternate presentation to
' the rectory of Beckampton (the church of
' which you also drew for me.) From a let-
' ter of Browne Willis, Esq; written to the pub-
lisher, 20. July, 1738.

xcvii. To

xcvii.

To court my eldest brother then & I
 Did come, yet would I no man should disdain,
 That by my means he knighted home did hie;
 Whereby my father pleased was again : 580.
 My brother JOHN too; let it no man scorn,
 By furth'rance mine, king EDWARD's man was sworn.

xcviii.

When all of us at years; when two made knights;
 When five of us had been of parli'ment;
 All forward in the world: when all these fights 585.
 Our father saw. --- Then summon'd hence he went.
 No boot to strive, when death lifts hence to call;
 Who is no sparing judge, but visits all.

xcix.

His want, tho' somewhat I bewail'd with tears;
 The miss of him yet did I not discern : 590.
 My loss I could not see, thro' youthful years,
 But, all too late, at length this I did learn,
 ' That he, who seeth his father laid in grave,
 ' May leave to look so sure a staff to have.'

c.

I could not mourn aright. My joys did flow : 595.
 The king me fancied daily more & more.
 For as his years so did my favor grow:
 Which caus'd me look far farther than of yore.
 We see the friendly count'nance of a king
 To *foolish paradise* doth many bring. 600.

ci.

I careless waxt of the inferior sort,
 Nobility I now did much esteem.
 For why? Myself began to bear a port.
 And I (as thou) mere madness did it deem,
 To leave the head & sue unto the foot, 605.
 Because that proof doth shew 'tis little boot.

cii.

I drew no water but at fountain top;
 There fought I liking only to attain;

To bear me up I crav'd no other prop :

Whom to withstand my foes did work in vain. 610.

For my defence I had so sure a shield,

That malice, rais'd in rage, with shame did yield.

ciii.

When some with false reports did me accuse,

And yet could not inforce his majestie

His settled fancy thereby to refuse ;

615.

In childish cradle of security

I rock'd myself asleep ; devoid of Care :

For why ? I was the king's familiar.

civ.

In scornful guise I spat in Fortune's face ;

A banner of defiance I display'd ;

620.

And underfoot I trod her royal mace,

As one who then should never need her aid.

I bad her take revenge by cancred spight,

For I contemned her & all her might.

cv.

And sure I judg'd Fortune was far unable

625.

To fall with me a trip who stood so fast :

Methought I sat too safe within my saddle,

Either by foe or plunging to be cast.

Some by authority might me reprove,

And seek for to unhorse ; but not remove.

630.

cvi.

When on NORTHUMBERLAND the king 'gan frown,

For the protector's death, & he it view'd ;

Straightways he sought at once to pull me down ;

He thought I was the man his bane who brew'd.

Of all alive he most misdoubted me,

635.

For that the king & I did still agree.

cvi.

He much mislik'd our secret conference ;

The privy whisp'rings which the king did use ;

631. When on NORTHUMBERLAND the earl of Warwick, & afterwards duke of Northumberland.

John Dudley, at first viscount Lisle, then

He

VI Sir *NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON*. 29

He thought they little made for his defence,
 And that, alone, the king I did abuse 640.
 With tales. But sure of me he did misdeem,
 Who thought I drew not yoaked in his team.

cvi.

When such fought me to hurt but could not harm;
 When as my self was plac'd in pillory
 Of pleasure, not too cold, nor yet too warm; 645.
 When, entred on the greice of dignity,
 Hope tickled me to sit in honor's chair:
 When I did build me towers in the air.

cix.

When on the top of all prosperity,
 I solace took in arbor of delight; 650.
 Then lo! my mirth was chang'd to misery,
 And I a pattern made of Fortune's spight.
 My king, my joys! at once death took away:
 And I enforc'd queen MARY's dump to play.

cx.

This king to others was a lamp of light, 655.
 Whose fame of right must want an ending day!
 A foe to none! a friend to ev'ry wight!
 The sky did gape to catch his soul for prey.
 For age he might deserve a riper end:
 Death calls the best, & leaves the worst to mend. 660.

cx.

Mourning from GREENWICH I did straight depart
 To LONDON, to an house which bore our name.
 My brethren guessed, by my heavie heart,
 The king was dead; & I confess'd the same.
 The hushing of his death I did unfold: 665.
 Their meaning to proclaim queen JANE I told.

cxii.

And, tho' I lik'd not the religion
 Which all her life queen MARY had profest;

646. *Griee*]
Griee, grise, greefe, gradus; a stair, step,
 or degree.

653. *My king, my joys! at once death took
 away:]*
 K. Edward VI. died 28. Jan. 1546. (7.
 Edw. VI.)

Yet

Yet in my mind that wicked motion,
 Right heirs for to displace, I did detest. 670.
 Causeless to offer any injury
 I meant not, but fought still for remedy.

cxiii.

Wherefore from four of us the news was sent,
 How that her brother he was dead & gone.
 In post her goldsmith then from LONDON went, 675.
 By whom the message was dispatch'd anon.
 She asked, 'If we knew it certainly?'
 Who said, 'Sir NICHOLAS saw it verily.'

cxiv.

The author bred the errands great mistrust:
 She fear'd a train to lead her to a trap. 680.
 She said, 'If ROBERT had been there, she durst
 'Have gam'd her life, & hazarded the hap.'
 Her letters made, she knew not what to do;
 She sent them out: but not subscrib'd thereto.

cxv.

When first the queen was crown'd, I lived well. 685.
 But *Spaniards* came, & *WIAT* quickly rose;
 Who only meant outlandish force to quell:
 To aim thereat men did me like suppose.
 When he had play'd his woful tragedy;
 Then next ensu'd my bitter comedy. 690.

cxvi.

Who tastes no sweet cannot discern the sour:
 The bond-child can but little say for ease.
 Who sees but frowns, knows not if Fortune lowre;
 Who knows no earth, cannot dispraise the seas.
 But he, whose rest exchanged is with war, 695.
 May boldly say, That peace exceedeth far.

cxvii.

Then, woe to me! whose happiness was past!
 With whom the world was turned upside down.
 My calm was gone, on rocks my ship was cast:
 For favor late, all things on me did frown. 700.

VI Sir **NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON.** 31

A *metamorphosis* which seemed strange,
My pleasure with such perils to exchange.

cxviii.

So so fond fancies, erst which pleas'd my will,
Were swallow'd & consum'd in seas of care.

I plumb'd on ground of grief: I gorg'd my fill
Of homely food, & yet my daily fare.

Who, for a moment of felicity,

What man was e'er so plung'd in misery!

cxix.

Instead of court, with comfort lately bred,

A close restraint bridled my liberty;

And I, examin'd, was to TOWER led;

A pris'ner there I wanted company.

I miss'd my courtly mates, & all alone

I was mur'd up in dampish walls of stone.

cxx.

Thence, traitor-like, I'm brought thro' ev'ry street,

With bills conducted to the *common hall*.

In passing, friends I with & foes did meet;

The one did fear, the other hop'd my fall:

(Ill-luck!) & all did hate, or pity, me.

But mark what doleful fight I chanc'd to see!

cxxi.

My wife, my mother, & my brethren there

Were come to see me then with watry eyes:

Mistrustful love the worst doth always fear.

Whom when I saw so passionate in cries,

Their plaints & mourning strife I more did rue

Than loss of life, which might on me ensue.

cxxii.

Because *the chronicle* doth shew at large

My accusation & acquital both

I mean

711. And I, examin'd, was to TOWER
led;]

Sir Nicholas Throckmorton was sent prisoner
to the Tower, on the 20. Febr. 1553. (1. Q.
Mary.) *Ath. Oxon.* Vol. I. col. 90.

716. With bills conducted to the COMMON
HALL.]

[The common Hall, i. e. the Gildhall, Lon-
don.

727. — The chronicle doth shew at large
My

I mean thereby to ease me of that charge,
 Lest that my being tedious thou do loath. 730.
 Yet read it when thou hast convenient leifure :
 Perhaps my passed pain shall bring thee pleasure.

cxxiii.

There shalt thou view a president not rife,
 How I arraign'd of treason was set free
 By *jurors verdict*, not to lose my life ; 735.
 The only *a per se* of my degree,
 I mean that was but of gentilitie ;
 Yet fine escaped of nobilitie,

cxxiv.

The plunge once passed ; then was I back again
 To TOWER led ; & there remain'd a year ; 740.
 And heard, that me once more they would arraign :
 Which sure, I thought, would touch me near.
 But, sith that passed laws of equity,
 Amongst the rest I went at liberty.

cxxv.

When this course had my stomach overlaid, 745.
 I guessed straight what should the second be :
 The fagot I did fear : and therefore staid
 No long time here : to FRANCE I hyed me,
 And there I found what 'tis to be a guest
 Abroad, & what to live at home in rest. 750.

cxxvi.

When I, who first exil'd myself for fear,
 Had so continu'd full two years & more,
 And knew with patience crosses for to bear ;
 When I wax'd pliant unto Fortune's lore ;
 When with all evils I contented grew ; 755.
 Then Fortune did begin to smile anew.

My accusation and acquital both ;]

Sir Nicholas Throckmorton (being concerned
 in the affair of Sir Thomas Wiat) was tried for
 high treason, in the Gild-Hall, London, on
 17. April, 1554. (1. Q. Mary.) Which trial
 may be seen at large in *Holingshed's Chronicle*,

Vol. II. (1. edit.) p. 1737, &c. — The trials
 of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton & John Lilburn,
 are (for the prisoners excellent defence of them-
 selves) the two most remarkable, I think, of any
 we have yet extant.

cxxvii. Then

Then hope did comfort me that things would mend.

For after night there dawneth gladsome day.

Long is the course which never findeth end:

Ill fortune falls, if th'hawk still miss the prey. 760.

Base music 'tis which changeth not its note:

Poor wretch is he who always wears one coat!

cxxviii.

Thus hope, when cares did kill, did promise make,

That sorrows mine, as all things else, should cease;

That from my legs those fetters I should shake, 765.

And that my glory should thereby increase.

We see the sun doth never shew so clear,

As after storms & clouds he doth appear.

cxxix.

For lo! the man who lent me law of late

To save my life & put himself in danger, 770.

Did then advancement get to mend his state;

And next did seek t'appease the prince's anger;

Whose heavy wrath he knew was bent on me:

But yet at length from that he set me free.

cxxx.

In time himself shall stand as much in need

To have some help, & then shall wish for me. 775.

But sure his case I rue, my heart doth bleed

To think of that which thou thy self shalt see,

How he by wrongful means for doing right,

Shall justice have devoid of mercy quite. 780.

cxv.

Yet then for my avail (who hid my face

From prince's fight) my brother did not let

To sue, 'till she receiv'd me to her grace

And said, all former faults she did forget,

780. Shall justice have, devoid of mercy others; but cannot tell on which to fix.

quite.]

782. — my brother did not let

I know not whom our author means in

To sue.]

these two last stanza's. Sometimes I think of

His elder brother, Sir Robert Throckmorton.

Parry; sometimes of Babington; sometimes of

See stanza cxiv. *supra*.

Essex; sometimes of Raleigh; sometimes of

And eke forgive. So I return'd again : 785.
I mercy crav'd : I mercy did obtain.

cxxxii.

I thus acknowledge that beyond my reach
I intermeddled with the prince's state.
My betters I did go about to teach.
To *Spaniards* I did bear a mortal hate ; 790.
My mind was bent to let their coming in ;
I tell a troth : diffembling is a sin.

cxxxiii.

But herein I deserved most the blame :
The liking of a queen I much withstood,
Her fancy to my mind I sought to frame : 795.
I thought the cruel *Spaniard* meant no good :
But such as think to cast beyond the moon,
Like fools, are still deceiv'd ; & none so soon.

cxxxiv.

I warpt the web of woe within my loom,
Whereof when I had made confession, 800.
I did submit me to her highness doom,
And straight received absolution.
Her clemency enforc'd me her to count
My friend, whose pity did my faults furmount.

cxxxv.

And sure queen MARY was most merciful, 805.
Tho' nurfed up in superstition.
There ne'er was *English* prince so bountiful
To subjects : mark her restitution
Not of their blood alone, but of their lands,
Which then remained in her princely hands. 810.

cxxxvi.

When I had had a breathing time of rest,
The queen, unwilling with her husband's foe
To keep her peace, an army straight addrest
To *France* ; amongst which crew I needs would go. 815.
I better thought't to do some service small
Abroad, than here at home do none at all.

cxxxvii. Virtue

cxxxvii.

Virtue I thought was exercis'd in war,
Peace nurseth vice, a mother of rebellion,
Yea idle peace the manly mind doth mar
With civil sects which breed confusion. 820.
This caus'd the man who succour sought by flight,
To *Frenchman's* realm, against them now to fight.

cxxxviii.

When we with *Spaniards* wan SAINT *QUINTIN's* town,
And did enjoy the same to *Frenchmen's* foil;
There sickness me with others did cast down. 825.
But I, whose health agreed not with their foil,
Unto my native land return'd with speed;
And there myself chear'd up: which was but need.

cxxxix.

Then I, who was misliked at the time,
Obscurely fought to live, scant seen at all. 830.
So far I was from seeking up to climb,
As that I thought it well t'escape a fall.
ELIZABETH I visited by stealth,
As one who wish'd her quietness with health,

cxl.

Repairing oft to *HATFIELD* where she lay, 835.
My duty not to slack which I did owe;
The queen fell very sick, as we heard say,
The troth whereof her sister fought to know.
That her none might of malice undermine,
A secret means herself did quickly find. 840.

cxli.

She said, 'Sith naught exceedeth woman's fears,
'Who still do dread some bait of subtlety;
'Sir *NICH'LAS* know, a ring my sister wears,
'Enamel'd black, a pledge of loyalty,
'The which the king of *Spain* in 'spousals gave; 845.
'If ought fall out amiss, 'tis this I crave.

835. Repairing oft to *HATFIELD* where she lay.]
Bishops Hatfield. Stow. p. 634.

2 E 2

cxlii. 'But

cxlii.

' But hark ! ope not your lips to any one,
 ' In hope it to obtain of courtesie,
 ' Unless you know my sister first be gone:
 ' For grutching minds will soon join treachery. 850.
 ' So shall thyself be safe & I be sure.
 ' Who takes no hurt shall need no care of cure.

cxliii.

' Her dying day shall thee such credit get,
 ' That all will forward be to pleasure thee,
 ' And none at all shall seek thy suit to let. 855.
 ' But go, & come, & look here to find me.
 Thence to the court I galloped in post,
 Where, when I came, the queen gave up the ghost.

cxliv.

The ring receiv'd, my brethren then who lay
 In LONDON town, with me to HATFIELD went. 860.
 And, as we rode, there met us on the way
 An old acquaintance, *hope of advancement*,
 A fugar'd bait, who brought us to our bane;
 But chiefly me, who therewithal was tane.

cxlv.

I egg'd them on, with promise of reward; 865.
 I thought, if neither credit nor some gain
 Fell to their share, the world went very hard:
 Yet reckon'd I without my host in vain.
 Who chickens count before the hen doth hatch,
 Of all their brood have oft no better catch. 870.

cxlvi.

When to the court I & my brethren came,
 My news was stale, but yet she knew it true.
 But see how crossly things began to frame !
 The card'nal died ! Whose death my friends may rue.

858. *Where, when I came, the queen gave up the ghost.]* view her sister's corpse ; & that she might
 ' Upon a rumor of Q. Mary's death, the ' be sure of her death, ordered him to bring
 ' princess Elizabeth sent for Sir Nicholas ' the black enamelled ring from off her sister's
 ' Throckmorton to come to her at Hatfield, & ' finger, which her husband the infant of Spain
 ' would not stir thence till he did so. After ' gave her on the day he married her.' MS.
 ' some conference with him, she sent him to Parteriche.

For

Sir *NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON.* 37

For then lord GREY & I were sent in hope
To find some writings to, or from, the pope. 875.

cxlvii.

We found a note how many men were burn'd ;
Small treasure there for ought that we could see.
When we, from search of written scrolls, return'd,
Chief butlership reserved was for me. 880.
Excepting that, all offices were gone ;
The fruits were pull'd, & all the birds were flown.

cxlviii.

Now when I saw my latter reck'ning fall
So short of that I made accompt before,
It troubled, & did greatly me appall, 885.
It sham'd me with my friends, it griev'd me sore.
But time, I thought, this blemish would outwear,
And where there was default the same repair.

cxlix.

As flowing floods recourse unto the seas,
So prince's gifts each day return again. 890.
And I, who knew my prince's mind to please,
O'th'chequer then was made a *chamberlain*.
And when the *judge of* CHESTER town was gone,
There placed was with fee my brother JOHN.

cl.

With trifles then I pleased my friends ; 895.
For things of value were bestow'd at first.

876. *To find some writings to, or from, the pope.]*

' When Sir *Nicholas Throckmorton* brought the ring, some cunning courtier, who (as I take it) was jealous of, & had a mind to put a trick upon him, wished the queen to send him to search cardinal *Pole's* study at *Lambeth*, (who died 17. Nov. 1558. the same day as *Q. Mary* did) under a pretence of finding some treasure, as also of discovering some great state secrets, by seising his papers; but more truly, I believe, to get *Throckmorton* out of the way, 'till all the good places at court were disposed of.' *MS. Parteriche.* — This courtier, I fancy, was

Cecil. For we are told, that ' Sir *Nicholas Throckmorton* was [afterwards] a zealous antagonist to secretary *Cecil* in favor of the earl of *Leicester*.' *Life of Robert E. of Leicester*, 8^o Lond. 1727. p. 79.—This sending him away at this time was perhaps the first cause then why *Throckmorton* could not endure *Cecil*, & therefore so early attached himself to *Leicester*.

878. *Small treasure there for ought that we could see.]*

' He was also sent to search cardinal *Wolsey's* study at *Chebunt* house.' *MS. Parteriche.*—This, if fact, was another idle errand of the like friendly sort with the former.

Wherefore

Wherefore they made contentment of odd ends :
 Small beer doth serve their turn who are a thirst.
 For me then hapt a far unlucky chance,
 Who straight was sent ambassador to *France*. 900.

cli.

And, on Saint *Michael's* feast, while I did stay
 The *French* king kept a princely royalty ;
 And to his court all liegers there that day
 Were brought, & feasted with solemnity.
 First placed was the pope's ambassador ; 905.
 And next, the lieger of the emperor,

clii.

There lieger *Portugal* with me did jar ;
 He stepped in to take the upper place
 Of me ; but that was like our feast to marr :
 For I in fury struck him on the face. 910.
 I pull'd him down, & told him, ' Verily
 ' My queen should never lose her dignity.

cliii.

' And, fith that place my princess' was of right,
 ' Nor he, nor yet his king, should it embrace ;'
 In whose behalf I challeng'd him to fight ; 915.
 My stomach could not suffer such disgrace.
 But by the king that quarrel was appeas'd ;
 I had the place, & so my mind was pleas'd.

900. *Who straight was sent ambassador to France.*]

' Q. *Elizabeth* (after her coming to the crown) used often to confer with Sir *Nicholas Throckmorton*, who (observing that she often likewise consulted with some great persons who had been of her sister's council; whom he liked not) frankly told her, how inconvenient & dangerous, he thought it would, in the end, be, for her to advise with & be directed by any such persons; who, he said, if they should once get her into their council & confidence, would either gain her to their religion, or (if they found

' they could not carry that point) endeavor (as indeed they afterwards did) to make her away by poison. Whereupon the queen, enraged at his freedom, replied, 'God's death! Villain, I will have thy head!' To which he steadily answered, 'You will do well to consider first, *Madam*, how long you shall be then able to keep your own on your shoulders.' Which said he departed. Afterwards, upon cooler thoughts, the queen sent for him again, & they were reconciled; and not long after she sent him her ambassador to *France*.' MS. *Parteriche*.

cliv. And

cliv.

And when the time of my return drew near,

The number of the protestants grew great; 920.

But their increase the king began to fear,

And them with grievous punishments did threat.

Then rigor rul'd & banisht was remorse,

'Till they in arms did save themselves *per* force.

clv.

And so the king lay then in ORLEANCE;

925.

Of whom I sought some audience to have;

For I had weighty things of importance;

Wherefore of him safe conduct I did crave:

Sith all his realm in hurly-burly was,

I thought alone I might not safely pass.

930.

clvi.

I had a day assigned me to come

With sixteen hundred men of PARIS town;

Who march'd, like may-game soldiers, with a drum;

Bravely set out, like men of high renown.

Their purse was full; they had receiv'd their pay:

935.

But they & theirs were to their foes a prey.

clvii.

For lo! the admiral had notice got

How many men, what time, and eke which way

We came. That thing once known, he feared not,

But hast'ned on, our journey for to stay,

940.

With horsemen, well appointed for the war;

And scarce eight hundred, he our sport did marr.

clviii.

A bloody cruel massacre he made,

Scant one of sixteen hundred 'scap'd alive.

The spoil was great; whereof his men were glad.

945.

These blades were priests the simple nuns to thrive.

And, first of all, towards me the foreman ran,

Who chang'd my place into a serving man.

920. The number of the protestants grew great;] ' France he had a main hand in raising & encouraging of the hugonot war there.' MS.

' While Sir Nicholas Throckmorton was in Parteriche.

clix. But

clix.

But see! beyond my hope my lucky hap!
 They came to keep, who I suppos'd would kill; 950.
 And I, who fear'd myself tane in a trap,
 Was safe: For me or mine no man might spill.
 The Admiral to me did safeguard send,
 Because my queen in truth their chiefest friend.

clx.

Whilst I was staid with him I made such shift, 955.
 That I unknown wrote letters to the king,
 And safely sent them forth by secret drift;
 My pris'ner state in piteous words wailing,
 ' I crav'd that he would seek my liberty;
 ' Or to my queen he offer'd injury. 960.

clxi.

And, after that a second skirmish fell,
 Wherein the protestants the better got.
 The Admiral pursu'd the chase so well,
 That still the spiteful papist went to pot.
 Yea then the prince of CONDE, who was loth 965.
 Idle to rest, from footmens safeguard go'th.

clxii.

When he was gone (who would not lose the spoil)
 In came the duke of GUISE for rescue then.
 When he perceiv'd his friends were put to foil,
 Unto the camp came he with all his men. 970.
 He ranfackt all, &, into ev'ry rent,
 A searching for some hidden foes he went.

clxiii.

There, writing my mishap unto the queen,
 At length he found me, captive-like (for all
 My train were weaponless, as pris'ners been) 975.
 And thus with bitter words on me did call.
 ' Thou, girded gown-man, with thy pen in hand,
 ' Dost best deserve to die of all the land!

clxiv.

' Beyond the policy of MACHIAVIL,
 ' Thou didst the counselors of France outreach; 980.
 ' Their

' Their doings thou didst undermine with wile,

' And, what thou knew'st, to rebels didst appeach.

' Thou notice gav'st, thou led'st us with a train,

' To their good hap ; and to thy endless pain.

clxv.

The soldiers cried, never changing note, 985.

' 'Tis shame to let the *English* devil live !

With greedy haste they ran to gore my throat,

I look'd that me of breath they would deprive.

But then the duke, who knew the law of arms,

Did shield both me & mine from present harms. 990.

clxvi.

No certain proof, but bare presumption,

Could me as guilty of that fact accuse.

Some, causeless, thought I sought effusion

Of blood ; & that the king I did abuse.

Who to my queen wrote great complaints of me : 995.

Which all untruths I proved plain to be.

clxvii.

And, when I thence return'd without reward,

At home my foes their nest had feather'd soft ;

(For foreign service men gain small regard)

And then my underlings were cast aloft. 1000.

They, who in absence mine did profit get,

Suppos'd my presence surely would them let.

clxviii.

Wherefore they write, that I might be employ'd

Abroad in dwelling-place of daily dangers.

And by that means I little rest enjoy'd, 1005.

And lesser safety found with trustless strangers.

To serve my prince yet I was well content,

How oft or wheresoever I was sent.

clxix.

When open war 'twixt us & *France* began,

CHATILLON th'Admiral with us did joyn. 1010.

NEWHAVEN town when worthy WARWICK wan,

Then was I sent for to transport some coin,

2 F And,

And, as ambassador, to treat of peace,
That deadly hate & bloody wars might cease.

clxx.

First I conferred with the Admiral, 1015.
Who presently the battel made at DREUX.

But, when I saw his side was like to fall,
I meant not to be tane if I could chuse.
Unto a lady's lodge, where I did lye
The night before, for succor did I fly. 1020.

clxxi.

But to the duke of GUISE she me betray'd :
Who kept me pris'ner close within a town.
There I from 'scaping was with fetters stay'd :
'Till he knew I an embassy was on.
He then for anger at the mouth did foam, 1025.
Yet safely suffer'd me to retire home.

clxxii.

Moreover I was sent to Scotland twice.
No causeless war ensu'd my going first.

'Twas

1014. That deadly hate & bloody wars might
cease.]

Sir Nicholas Throckmorton arrived at New-
baven, 12. Feb. 1562. (5. Eliz.) *Stow*. p.
652. b. And Feb. 26. failed to Caen. *Id.* ib.

1027. Moreover I was sent to Scotland
twice.]

'The first time Sir Nicholas Throckmorton
went into Scotland, Q. Elizabeth sent him
to Mary Q. of Scots (then just going to be
married to lord Darnley) to remind her,
that she ought long to deliberate upon what
she could once only be resolved on; that
repentance was sure to attend upon an hasty
marriage; & that a match with her aunt's
son was forbidden by the canon law. And
farther, she gave him instructions to recom-
mend the earl of Leicester to her choice. But
this embassy proved of no effect.' *Hist. of*
Rob. E. of Leicester. Lond. 1727. 8^o p. 25.
This was in 1565. *Rapin* saith, 'Q. Eliza-
beth sent Sir Nicholas Throckmorton to the
queen of Scots, to make her sensible of the
hazard she ran of losing her expectation of
mounting the throne of England, by a mar-

riage so disagreeable to the English. Mary's
answer was, that the affair was too far ad-
vanced for her to desist with honour. Throck-
morton then signified to the E. of Lenox &
Lord Darnley, that, their time being ex-
pired, they were to hasten back to England,
or their estates [there] would be forfeited.
But this menace was incapable to command
their obedience in such a conjuncture.' *Vol.*
VIII. p. 318. 319.

The second time Sir Nicholas Throckmorton
was in Scotland was in 1567. when Q. Mary
resigned the crown of Scotland to her son.
Camden saith, in order to oblige her to this,
she was threatned to be brought to a pub-
lic trial for the murder of the king her hus-
band, for incontinency, & for having vio-
lated her promise on account of religion.
And *Melvil* affirms, the earl of *Lindsay* had
orders to threaten her, if he thought it ne-
cessary. She was strangely surpris'd at this
proposition; but, rightly judging it was not
in her power to deny what was demanded,
& that an obstinate refusal might draw up-
on her worse troubles, she gave her consent.
'She

'Twas time & just occasion bad us rise
In arms ; but soldiers who for war do thirst, 1030.

When I should come again did nothing grieve :
They said, ' I carried war within my sleeve.'
clxxiii.

They did me all the honor might be had ;
Aloof they greeted me with ordinance.
When to the gates I came, the soldiers glad 1035.
Did smile on me with chearful countenance.

Some inkling they had heard before of war,
But when I came they thought it was not far.
clxxiv.

(And shortly after DRURY prov'd it true.
He EDENBOROUGH castle & the town 1040.
With force did take. He made his foes to rue
Their bragging boasts, who still were beaten down.)
When peace did spring, & cruel war was past
Then I obtain'd more quiet rest at last.
clxxv.

And living in the court the queen would use 1045.
In weightiest matters my advice to crave.
And I to tell my mind durst not refuse,
But look ! What course I thought was best I gave.
If so it fell that I did disagree
With th' lords of council, they would chafe at me. 1050.
clxxvi.

Yea, afterward, if any great demand
Or suit was made whereto the queen said, *no* ;
If once a thing dislik'd she did command,
Into a common byword it did grow,
' That weasel, false THROCKMORTON, had been there.' 1055.
So I, tho' guiltless, all the blame did bear.

' She did it the more readily, as some of the
' confederate lords & Throckmorton the *English*
' ambassador caused her to be told in private,
' that whatever she signed in prison would
' not be binding, but she might revoke it
' when again at liberty.' *Id.* p. 363.
1040. *He Edenborough castle & the town*
With force did take.]

' Sir *William Drury*, marshal of *Berwick*,
' marched into *Scotland* with 1500 men & a
' train of artillery, & assisted at the siege of
' *Edenborough* castle, which was surrendered
' at discretion.' *Rapin*, Vol. VIII. p. 486.
But this was not till 1573. Sir *Nicholas Throck-*
morton having been then for some time dead.

cbxxvii.

And, when the chancellor o'th' Duchy land
Was dead, the queen did promise me that place.
Wherefore, my things to order out of hand,
I rode from court, & tarried too long space. 1060.

When I return'd, I knew the office gone;
To prefence-chamber I repair'd anon.

clxxviii.

And, sure the queen I may not rightly blame;
But I am bound to thank the gentleman,
Who in my absence needs would beg the same; 1065.
By whom I lodge on palet, as his man.

His overthrow, for feigned flattery,
Shall wished be of my posterity.

clxxix.

And tho' he stand as doth the mighty oak,
Whose branches coverts are whole herds to keep; 1070.
An arbor he, for heat; for storms, a cloke;
Yet it may be he shall not shroud a sheep.
The branches spreading broad, men soonest lap;
On hills most often hits the thunder clap.

clxxx.

Hereafter one of mine shall hope his harm, 1075.
And speak too soon the thing his heart would wish.
But wit too dearly bought his tongue shall charm;
Whose fault shall oft be layed in his dish.
And he shall know that cold & malice take
More suddenly, than any they forsake. 1080.

1057. *And when the chancellor o'th' Duchy land*

Was dead.]

The person here meant, I conceive, was
Sir John Fortescue. Fuller calls him, 'Sir
'John Fortescue, that wise privy counselor,
'overseer of Q. Elizabeth her liberal studies,
'& chancellor of the exchequer & duchy of
'Lancaster.' Worthies, in Devon. p. 256.

1061. *When I return'd, I know the office*
gone;]

Sir Ralph Sadler, as I take it, was the next
chancellor of the duchy. 'He was first a
'servant of the famous lord Cromwell. After-

'wards a knight bannaret; knighted at the
'battle of Muffleborough field.' Q. Elizabeth
made him chancellor of the duchy. He died
in 1580. Fuller, in *Middlesex*. p. 183.

1065. *Who in my absence needs would beg the*
same]

Secretary Cecil.

1079. *And he shall know that cold and malice*
take

More suddenly than any they forsake.]

The person he means here, as I conceive,
was his nephew Francis Throckmorton, Esq; af-
terwards executed for high treason in 1584.
—However quære?

clxxxi. Now

clxxxi.

Now to myself, of whom thou wondrest so,
That I, who was a courtier all my days,
And whom the queen had known so long ago,
And whom she ready found at all essays,
Was never yet advanc'd in dignity,
Nor much enriched by prosperity!

1085.

clxxxii.

Yet there have many courtiers been of late,
Who, for small service, & in lesser time,
Have rose to wealth & mended so their 'state,
As to the top of honor they could climb.
But Fortune was resolv'd on me to frown;
She set me up; she best might set me down.

1090.

clxxxiii.

Her means was this. A bar lay on my back
Which held me low, & cloy'd my wings with lead.
False friends, as well as foes, brought me to wrack;
Or else I never could have hung the head.
My deeds were scann'd with spiteful eyes each note,
In hopes to 'spy some hole within my coat.

1095.

clxxxiv.

When last in arms the northern rebels rose,
When *Norfolk* duke committed was to Tow'r,
Then lo! was warpt the web of all my woes,
And then approached fast my luckless hour.
In prison put, not thinking of the same;
Where none might visit me who bare my name.

1100.

clxxxv.

Six times the council did examine me,
As one consenting to the practices
Of rebels. But I clear'd myself most free
From all their treasons & their villanies.

1105.

1100. *When Norfolk duke committed was to Tow'r,* designing to marry *Mary* queen of Scots; to which he had been solicited by Sir *Nicholas Throckmorton*. Dugd. Bar. Vol. II. p. 276. from Godwin's *Hist.* Eliz. p. 289.
Thomas Howard, duke of *Norfolk*, was committed to the *Tower*, on 11. Oct. 1569. (11. Eliz.) Stow. p. 662. b. His crime was

I prov'd

I prov'd the council knew as much as I;
For otherwife I had been sure to die.

1110.

clxxxvi.

My fault (if that I made a fault) was this:

I knew, with PEN, one wound a 'PRISON'D QUEEN.

To beat a dog small cause sufficient is;

A staff is ea'sly found to wreck our teen.

He 'peaching 'scap'd, & counsel bare no blame:

1115.

'Twas I (who neither was) had all the shame.

clxxxvii.

Return'd I was to prison back again;

Where, that I might not loath to live alone,

Both penfive thoughts & hurtful sighs did reign;

Afflitting still my broken heart to moan:

1120.

Not for because I wanted liberty;

To me hard prisons were no novelty.

clxxxviii.

To have my foe my judge was cause of grief;

For fester'd hate with envious eye doth look.

This something was: but yet th'occasion chief,

1125.

Why troubles these with ease I could not brook,

That men should deem me of their wicked train,

Who traytors were unto my sovereign.

clxxxix.

What canker'd hap had I? Who, from my youth

Had been esteemed of her majestie?

1130.

Who long had known, & oft had try'd my troth,

Which ne'er was stained by dishonesty.

I made no compt of life to do her good,

But in great danger to her standard stood.

cxc.

For most assured service, wanting rest:

1135.

For faith, for loyalty, for duty done;

For honest heart, obedient to her hest;

For each desert; is this requital won?

1129. *What canker'd hap had I?*]

The author of this poem aims at *Spenser* &
Chaucer's style & manner; tho' but faintly.

However, from this clxxxix. stanza to the
end of stanza ccxv. he gives us many beauti-
ful touches, & rises as it were above himself.

To

Sir *NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON*.

47

To be imprison'd causeless in the end?

To justest minds such thanks how can'st thou fend?

1140.

cxci.

But what can I suppose then doing is

My queen, who favor'd me beyond desert?

Of her my mind hath never thought amiss

No, no! my foes have wrought the same by art.

And thou, my lot, was fram'd by destiny!

1145.

Yet *hope* hereto brought me by flattery!

cxcii.

With gazing eyes she brought me to the view

Of honor, credit, & excessive gain;

Of courtly dames, with sweet & heav'nly hue;

Of haughty looks of pomp, which bears a train

1150.

Of rich attire emboss'd with beaten gold;

Of rare delights, of pleasures manifold.

cxciii.

These hidden hooks were they which did the feat;

These pleasant snares did egg me to the court;

These 'ticing baits did I most wish to eat;

1155.

These me with hope of prey un'wares did hurt.

These open signs foretell the contrary:

The garland stands but for a mockery.

cxniv.

The court *MEDUSA* is for face most fair;

Whose head the glitt'ring tinsel doth attire;

1160.

Yet thence spring poison'd snakes instead of hair;

Her fairy ground unsure as is the mire.

There did I find that shadows do beguile,

Led in by flatt'ring hope her subtle wile.

cxcv.

Desire-to-rise corrupteth youth in prime;

1165.

She harbors swelling pride in all men's hearts;

She's envy's nest, & mother to all crime;

Religion's foe; the mould of all my smarts;

She hatcheth in the brain such phantasies;

As daily turn to wicked practices.

1170.

cxcvi. Thou,

Thou curfed hope ! with fawning did'ft allure
 Me ftill to feed on things of little trust !
 Vain are thy fhews ! thy fequels are unfure,
 And like the winds, which ne'er continue juft !
 But vainer they who feem to credit thee, 1175.
 Who art the ground of all uncertainty.

Were it not thou, pretending better ftill,
 We could content ourfelves to live in thrall,
 And take as well in wrath our wonted ill,
 As they their four, who taftle no fweet at all. 1180.
 But, while by thee we gape for to be ferv'd,
 We hazard fooneft to be hunger-ftarv'd.

Ah wretched *hope* ! Thou mother of mishap !
 Who ever turn'ft the beft unto the worft !
 Thy branches neither yield leaves, fruit, or fap, 1185.
 But barren bark ; & therefore ftill accurft !
 Whofe fmiling air is mix'd with moft deceit,
 Wherewith the fond are drawn unto the bait.

Thou, *hope* ! doft feem to ravifh with delight !
 And yet thy drifts are nothing but delays ! 1190.
 Each due defert & each apparent right,
 Thou holdeft back with dilatory plea's !
 Therefore bewitched moft of all are they,
 Who with thy promifes are led away.

The harmlefs bird who 'lighteth on the lime, 1195.
 In hope of life doth wrefl above her force ;
 Whereby at length, before her fixed time,
 She yieldeth up her filly fainting coarfe !
 But, were't not hope thus fed her thoughts in vain,
 She would not feek to haften fo her pain ! 1200.

The fearful hare doth gird before the hound
 Amain, in hope to 'fcape the bloody chafe !

The

The nimble doe, thro' thick & thin, doth bound
 To save her life, yet quaileth in her race!
 Thus trustless *hope* procureth things to strive
 Above their reach, half dead & half alive! 1205.

ccii.

What boots the fowl within the falcon's claws
 To struggle much? He may not once resist.
 Who hopes the prey within the lion's paws?
 I wish to live, or hope to be dismiss'd? 1210.
 No help! For nought avails their hope, I say,
 Whose contraries do cut the same away.

cciii.

For, as the hives, which honey never hold;
 Or as the fire, which warmeth ne'er a whit;
 Or else as cloaths which do keep off no cold;
 Is *Hope*: Which oft doth rather hurt, than hit. 1215.
 Then, fith I see the same so fruitless is,
 Fie, fie, on *Hope*! Farewell both he & his!

cciv.

Adieu! beguileful *Hope*! Come on *Despair*
 Of world by wealth! Thee I must entertain! 1220.
 In ev'ry sphere appears the cloudy air.
 The clouds above gave bent themselves to rain.
 Of right I must acquaint myself with *CARE*;
 My lodge! my friend! my servant! & my fare!

ccv.

Sith I am thought a traitor unto her, 1225.
 Who me, belike, condemneth to the same;
 (How could she else have kept me prisoner,
 Unless she thought I did deserve some blame?)
 And fith 'tis so, O *Death* fling out thy dart!
 This corrosive consumes me to the heart! 1230.

ccvi.

If thou with quick dispatch wilt not make haste,
 By fatal blow to rid my wretched life;
 Yet restless thoughts my body so shall waste,
 That soaking sighs shall shortly end the strife.

And I the port of rest shall gain at last, 1235.
 There safe to sit in spite of Fortune's blast.

ccvii.

In prison I had not continu'd long,
 But I might see my happy hour draw near;
 An hour to end at once both grief & wrong.
 And when I knew my short abiding here, 1240.
 That sorrow me remediless would kill;
 With fainting hand I wrote my woful WILE.

ccviii.

' And first of CARE, my old & fastest friend,
 ' This one & last request I needs would crave,
 ' Whereto no nay but he must condescend, 1245.
 ' To undertake this charge that I him gave:
 ' I would he should perform my obsequies,
 ' And then begin to dole my miseries.

ccix.

' To CARE I first bequeath my worldly happs;
 ' My solitary, melancholy moods; 1250.
 ' My doleful thoughts which reaved quiet napps:
 ' These are the chiefest parcel of my goods.
 ' My heavie head, which was a shop of wares,
 ' Fraught still with quaint conceits & daily cares;

ccx.

' My throbbing heart, which scalding sighs have worn; 1255.
 ' My frowning looks, procur'd by inward grief;
 ' My carcass lean, with pensiveness forlorn;
 ' My flesh, consuming clean without relief;
 ' These, bound in conscience, I to thee restore
 ' Of whom the same I did receive before. 1260.

ccxi.

' My hollow eyes, my pale & shrivel'd skin,
 ' My grey-grown hairs amidst my youthful prime,
 ' My aching bones, & all that is therein;
 ' Give them whom grief makes old before their time.
 ' My ill luck, lo! I do bequeath it whole 1265.
 ' Unto my foes, for whom's too good a dole.

ccxii.

- ' My honest heart, from villainy most free ;
 ' All my good parts of body or of mind ;
 ' I do command to be entomb'd with me ;
 ' For which the world hath little use behind. 1270.
 ' My tongue, which closely sorrow did conceal,
 ' I wish them who in vain their woe reveal.

ccxiii.

- ' My lightness I return to women-kind
 ' (The workers of our woe) from whence it came ;
 ' Wherewith all manly virtues from our mind 1275.
 ' Are quite exil'd or blemish'd with the same.
 ' And, where all mourners weeds of black have been ;
 ' My friends, instead of black, mourn you in green !

ccxiv.

- ' Then CARE alone shall bring me to my grave,
 ' And, sith my parentage it is not base, 1280.
 ' Prepare one banner of my arms to have
 ' Pertaining to my most unlucky race.
 ' What armory it is that I may bear,
 ' Behold a perfect *trick* unfurleth here.

ccxv.

- ' A glitt'ring *field* of rich alluring gold, 1285.
 ' Where Fortune blind doth vaunt her whirling wheel.
 ' On base point *sable* she a wretch doth hold,
 ' And in contempt she spurns him with her heel.
 ' Whose naked limbs portend a naked troth,
 ' Altho' his place shews misery a wroth. 1290.

ccxvi.

And so, when this unlookt for prisonment,
 A cooling card in 'midst of jollity,

1273. My lightness I return to women-kind
 (The workers of our woe) from whence it came ;]
 In the old MS. copy the first of these lines
 stands thus.

Rightly I them return to women-kind.
 Them? What? Supposing this to be the true
 reading, there must here be a whole stanza or
 more dropped. But the relative *it* in the se-
 cond line, as well as the sense & measure, all

shew there is nothing wanting but the proper
 antecedent substantive (*lightness*) as I have re-
 stored it in the first.

1284. Behold a perfect *trick* unfurleth here.]
Trick or *tricking* is a term of art, signify-
 ing the drawing of any coat of arms with a
 pen & ink only ; as opposed to blazoning,
 which is painting of the field & other bear-
 ings of that coat in their proper colors.

Had quenched all hope of high preferment,
 With running floods of sudden misery :
 When CARE, who lik'd his foil, had tane such root, 1295.
 That him to move it was but little boot.
 ccxvii.

When I had made my WILL, resolv'd to die ;
 Then lo ! my wife so earnestly did sue,
 That I at length was set at liberty,
 With help of MIDDLEMORE & KILLIGREW ; 1300.
 Who both were of the privy-chamber then,
 Yet heretofore had been my waiting men.
 ccxviii.

Sore then infrin'g'd all duteous obeysance,
 My wife abas'd me to mine enemy,
 Humbly intreating my deliverance ; 1305.
 Yet I commanded her the contrarie.
 I would not yield, altho' I was too weak :
 The sturdiest oak doth never bend, but break.
 ccxix.

But thus he proudly answer'd then my wife,
 ' Altho' your husband, Madam, be the man, 1310.
 ' Who, by my help, would nought in all his life
 ' Vouchsafe to take ; yet do he what he can,
 ' He shall be now beholden unto me,
 ' And by my means his freedom you shall see !'
 ccxx.

That he should be a means me free to set, 1315.
 Affure thy self my grief it was not small.
 With feigned chearful face yet did I jett,
 And look'd as one who was not griev'd at all.
 When death of breath depriv'd lord treasurer,
 Then I with him was joyned a mourner. 1320.

1319. *When death of breath depriv'd lord treasurer,* 'buried in the church there.' *Dudg. Baron.*
treasurer,] Vol. II. p. 376. b.
 'William Paulet, marquess of Winton, lord 1320. *Then I with him was joyned a*
 treasurer, died 10. March 1571. (14. Eliz.) *mourner.]*
 'at his manor of Basing in Hants, & was *With him, i. e. Sir William Cecil.*

ccxxi.

Where, as to PAUL's we waited on the herse,
Instead of mourning talk to mourning gown,
Each did begin old grudges to rehearse;
Both weary of the other's holding down.
Our hearts thro' private conference did rent, 1325.
To bury wrongs 'forepafs'd both were content.

ccxxii.

When 'twas perceiv'd that we began t'agree,
Then, so both lords & many others fought,
That we would change our hate to amitie:
Whereto we yielded both. Yet this I thought, 1330.
' Whofo believes a foe late reconcil'd,
' Is for the most part spitefully beguil'd.'

ccxxiii.

Now this atonement was but newly made,
When cruel cat with captive mouse 'gan play:
A certain rule that joys began to fade, 1335.
And that the filly mouse should be a prey.

1321. *Where, as to Paul's we waited on the herse,*

It is not unlike (tho' I no where read of any such thing) that there was an exequy, or solemn funeral service (as was usual in those days) performed in honor of the late lord treasurer, the marquess of Winton, at St. Paul's, on the same day he was buried at Basing. Be that as it will, after that manner an exequy was afterwards celebrated for Cecil himself at Westminster-Abbey, on the 29. Aug. 1598. being the same day he was buried at Stanford. See *Desiderata Curiosa*. Vol. I. Lib. I. p. 56. note 1.

1331. ' *Whofo believes a foe late reconcil'd, Is for the most part spitefully beguil'd.*'

' In the beginning of the year 1569. there was a plot laid to ruin secretary Cecil. The duke of Norfolk, the marquess of Winton, the earls of Northumberland, Westmoreland, Arundel, Pembroke, Leicester, & others, entered into this conspiracy. They accused him of being the cause of the queen's detaining certain sums of money belonging to the king of Spain, which fell into her hands; & by that means of running a manifest

' risque of a war, which could not but be very prejudicial to trade.' *Rapin*, Vol. VIII. p. 401. ' To this they added a complaint against him, concerning that other money which had been sent to the succor of the French protestants.' *Dudg. Bar.* Vol. II. p. 406. a. ' They flattered themselves that upon this [double] charge, the queen would send the secretary to prison, & then they made no question but they should find ways enough to affect his ruin.' *Rapin, ubi supra.* ' Sir Nicholas Throckmorton advised, first to clap him up in prison, saying, that, if he were once shut up, men would open their mouths to speak freely against him.' *Fuller's Holy State*. p. 257. Sir Nicholas Throckmorton therefore of all men had the least reason to look for any favor, much less friendship, from Cecil. And for the same reason (as our author observes) no man ought ever to trust a reconciled enemy; much less sacrifice an old friend (tho' never so faulty in other respects) to such an idol. By his doing thus we shall find Sir Nicholas Throckmorton lose first his old friend the earl of Leicester's favor, & then his own life.

For

For Fortune dandled me within her lap,
Whom most she sought to speed with fatal hap.

CCXXIV.

She gave out friendly speech, that I should be
Of privy council & vice-chamberlain;
But what she meant by th' sequel you may see,
That all her shews were cyphers set in vain.
Her ireful hate, which me with force suppress'd,
Was then dispos'd in scornful guise to jest.

1340.

CCXXV.

And she with cross mishaps so settled CARE,
Who daily wasted both my lungs and heart;
That flesh was fall'n & bones were almost bare,
With promise made with speed to end my smart.
And when 'twas known that long I could not live,
No fort would spare sweet friendly words to give.

1350.

CCXXVI.

Was ever man so bound to sovereign
As I to mine, who in extremity
Did send her doctors for to ease my pain,
To comfort & to cure my corosie!

But physic came in vain, when I was kill'd!
Too late to keel when all the milk is spill'd!

1355.

CCXXVII.

So did I yield to happy death his fee;
Who in my life did seem to bear some sway;
But never could from worldly cares be free,
Till bur'd in a quiet grave I lay.

1360.

The

1360. *Till bur'd in a quiet grave I lay.]*

Sir Nicholas Throckmorton died suddenly in
Leicester house, in the parish of S. Clement
Danes, without Temple-Bar, London, on
monday the 12. Febr. 1570. Whereupon
his body was carried to his own house in the
parish of [S. Catherine] Cree-Church, near
Aldgate; where resting till the 21. of the
said month, it was then buried in the parish
church there. *Fasti Oxon.* Vol. I. col. 100.

Mr. John Stow, in his Survey of London,
Fol. 1633. p. 149. gives this account of Sir

Nicholas Throckmorton's monument, & of the
inscription thereon.

In the south side of the chancel [of the
church of S. Catherine Cree-Church] Sir
Nicholas Throckmorton hath a fair alabaster
tomb, his figure lying thereon in armor,
with this inscription.

Here lyeth the body of Sir Nicholas Throck-
morton, knight; the fourth son of Sir
George Throckmorton, knight. The
which Sir Nicholas was chief butler of
England, one of the chamberlains of the
exchequer.

Sir *NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON*.

55

The swelling barnes are not so full of corns,
As great estates are set with pricking thorns.

ccxxviii.

Wherefore, sith burned child may will his friend
Beware, lest he be scorcht in flaming fire;
I wish thou should'st thine errors late amend,
And from those dang'rous thoughts thy self retire.
DIOGENES liv'd surely in his cell,
And thou in LITTLETON may'st safely dwell.

1365.

ccxxix.

Recount my life by years, my months by morrows;
Seek out each dram & scruple of true joy;
Say, sweets laid-out unfold my bitter sorrows,
And piece each good with ounces of annoy.
In this accompt I have thee now alone,
My stint is past & I must needs be gone.

1370.

*exchequer, & ambassador lieger of the
queen's majestie, Q. Elizabeth, in France.
And, after his return into England, he
was sent ambassador again into France,
and twice into Scotland. He married
Anne Carew, daughter to Sir Nicholas
Carew, & begat of her ten sonnes &
three daughters. He dyed the 12. day
of February, Anno Dom. 1570. Aged
57. years.*

But if Sir Nicholas Throckmorton died (as this inscription says) 12. Feb. 1570. how then could he assist as a principal mourner at the lord treasurer Paulet's funeral, (as our author saith he did) when that lord died not (as Sir William Dugdale relates) till 10. March, 1571? — This anachronism utterly destroys then our author's account of what passed between Throckmorton & Cecil in S. Paul's, at the marriage of Winton's funeral, & all that is built upon it. — To this I answer, instead of lord treasurer, our author should have said lord

steward of her majestie's household. And then all these difficulties are reconciled. For the funeral which Sir Nicholas Throckmorton & Sir William Cecil assisted at, I am persuaded, was that of William Herbert earl of Pembroke, lord steward of her majestie's household. *William Herbert earl of Pembroke, (saith Stow, p. 664. b.) knight of the garter, one of the privy council, & lord steward of the queen's majestie's household, deceased at Hampton-Court on the 16. [17. Dugd.] March 1569. He gave great gifts to the queen, to the earl of Leicester, to the household, & divers others; & was buried in S. Paul's church at London, 18. April [1570.] The blacks given at his burial came to the value of 2000 l. & a sumptuous monument was raised for him on the north side of the quire.*

1368. *And thou in Littleton may'st safely dwell.*

Littleton, not far from Biddeford in Warwickshire; near Evesham in Worcestershire.

POST-

P O S T S C R I P T.

OUR author, it may be observed, mentions nothing of his uncle Sir *Nicholas Throckmorton's* being poisoned by *Robert Dudley* earl of *Leicester*. It is like he thought it might be dangerous to himself to do so. But that defect is very amply supplied by another writer, (supposed to be Father *Robert Parsons* the Jesuit) who (in his *Secret Memoirs* of that Earl, 8°. Lond. 1708. p. 35.) hath these words. ' I was recounting to you others
' made away by my Lord of *Leicester* with like art. And the next in
' order I think was Sir *Nicholas Throckmorton*, a man whom my Lord of
' *Leicester* used a great while (as all the world knoweth) to overthwart
' & cross the doings of my lord treasurer, (then Sir *William Cecil*) a man
' specially always disliked of *Leicester*, who understanding, after a certain
' time, that these two knights were secretly made friends, & that Sir *Ni-*
' *cholas Throckmorton* was like to detect his doings (as he imagined) which
' might be some prejudice & let to his purposes; having conceived also a
' secret grudge & grief against him, for that he had written to her ma-
' jesty, at his being ambassador in *France*, that he heard it reported at the
' duke of *Montmorenci's* table, that the queen of *England* had a meaning
' to marry her horse-keeper [the earl of *Leicester* being then her master of
' the horse:] invited the said Sir *Nicholas* to a supper at his house in *Lon-*
' *don*, & at supper-time departed to the court, being called for, as he
' said, on the sudden by her majesty, & so per force would needs have
' Sir *Nicholas* to sit & occupy his lordship's place, & therein to be served
' as he was, & soon after by a surfeit there taken, he died of a strange
' incurable vomit. But the day before his death he declared to a dear
' friend of his, all the circumstances & cause of his death, which he af-
' firmed plainly to be poison given him in a sallet at supper, inveighing
' most earnestly against the earl's cruelty & bloody disposition; affirming
' him to be the wickedest, most perilous, & perfidious man under heaven!
' But what availed this, when he had received the bait?'

After Sir *Nicholas Throckmorton's* death my Lord of *Leicester* outwardly made a great shew of lamentation over him, & in a letter to Sir *Francis Walsingham*, the queen's ambassador then in *France*, he thus expresses himself upon that occasion. ' We have lost on monday our good friend Sir
' *Nicholas Throckmorton*, who died in my house, being there taken sud-
' denly in great extremity on the tuesday before. His lungs were perish-
' ed; but a sudden cold he had taken was the cause of his speedy death.
' God hath his soul, & we his friends great loss of his body.' Sir *Dud-*
ley Diggs complete Ambassador, p. 47. I have

I have been informed that, when Sir *Nicholas Throckmorton* was poisoned as aforesaid, & lay upon his death-bed at *Leicester-House*, he called one of his own gentlemen privately to him, & charged him, ‘ When I am dead & gone, said he, tell that rogue *Leicester* that I say, he hath poisoned me ; but that I hope my daughter, *Betty Raleigh*, will outlive him, & (when he is also dead & gone) lift up her vardingal & piss upon his grave. And tell her from me, that I charge her, if possible, to do so.’ But whether his said daughter (first a maid of honor to queen *Elizabeth*, & afterwards married to the famous Sir *Walter Raleigh*) had ever any opportunity to comply with this odd injunction of her father I cannot tell. Sure I am that the said Sir *Nicholas Throckmorton* having a very numerous issue, & from them a much more numerous train of descendants, one of these latter, a gentleman of some figure (who highly honored the memory of this his great ancestor, & who also took this order of his to his daughter *Raleigh*, singular as it was, as no other than a like command to him, & all the descendants of the said Sir *Nicholas Throckmorton*) being, a great many years after, at *Warwick*, & seeing the above-mentioned earl of *Leicester*’s magnificent tomb in the middle of the great church there, addressing himself to certain friends & acquaintance of his then in company with him, ‘ That villain ! who lieth so richly entombed here (said he) poisoned my great grandfather the famous Sir *Nicholas Throckmorton*. It is like you never heard what an odd sort of a charge Sir *Nicholas* gave his daughter *Raleigh*, when he was dying at *Leicester-House*. I know not indeed whether she had any opportunity to comply with it. But, whether she had or no, I conceive that what my great ancestor said his daughter *Raleigh* should do, was intended by him as a direction to all his posterity, & consequently that I myself am as much concern’d to obey it as she was. Let the will of the dead therefore, gentlemen, be fulfilled.’ At these words he got upon the monument, & with all the contempt, fury, & indignation which could possibly be expressed in such an action, let go most heartily & plentifully on *Leicester*’s face & tomb. ‘ God, I hope, will forgive me (said he) for profaning his house (wherein this detested coarse deserveth not to lie) for my obedience to the command of my ancestor. And this compliment, thou wretch ! I will always remember to pay thee whenever I come to *Warwick* !’ He was afterwards as good as his word, & many times repeated the ceremony. F. P.

P R E F A C E.

1. **T**HE religion of HEROD the GREAT (if he had any) was a mixture of Heathenism & Judaism. For, being an IDUMAEAN, he cared no more for the JEWISH religion than he did for those of the Heathen. He used them all as they served his purpose. The one, to govern the JEWS; the others, to please the ROMANS & his other allies; & sometimes also purely to gratifie his own vanity. Hence it is that, in him, we behold the same man building a temple at SAMARIA (which he then called SEBASTE) for the SAMARITAN JEWS¹; another (all of white marble) at PANION, in honor of AUGUSTUS CAESAR²; a third, at JERUSALEM, for the TRUE GOD³; & a fourth at RHODES, for APOLLO PYTHIUS⁴.

2. And why should we wonder at all this in HEROD, either if we consider the great weakness of the human mind itself in general; or that SALOMON (the wisest of men, who had visions from GOD, and built the first temple to HIM) builded also High Places (*i. e.* altars & groves for sacrifices on the most eminent hills) for OSYRIS, the abomination of the AEGYPTIANS; for ASHTAROTH, the goddess of the SIDONIANS; for MILCOM, the abomination of the AMORITES; for CHEMOSH, the abomination of MOAB; for MOLOCH, the abomination of the children of AMMON; & for many others, all in & about JERUSALEM; & all this only to indulge the humor of his many strange wives⁵? Or again, that the ROMANS (whom no body in this polite age, as it would be thought, accounts an unwise people) had altars & temples in their great capital city for, I think, every reputed God of any note which they could hear of in the then known world? Or again, that the ATHENIANS (those other polite people) should go one step farther (& farther they could not well go) when they erected an altar TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. The entire inscription was, DIIS ASIAE & EUROPAE, DIIS AFRICAE & LIBYAE, DIIS IGNOTIS & PEREGRINIS⁶.

3. Whoever writes any thing of the history of HEROD then, will find himself obliged, in speaking of him, or in any speech which he makes,

1. *Josephus*; translated by *Tho. Lodge, M.D.*
Fol. *Lond.* 1620. p. 403. a.

2. *Id.* p. 407. c.

3. *Id.* p. 408, 409.

4. *Id.* p. 421. a.

5. *1 Kings* xi. 5, 6, 7, 8.

6. *S. Jerom* on the *Epist.* to *Titus*, cap. j.

either for, or to, or about him, to touch upon matters of both sorts. For as HEROD's religion was mixed, such a writer must blend Theology & Mythology, Truth & Fable, to describe it. And this is what I have done in the following poem; & I here remark the necessity of it; because I could not have given him his true character without it.

4. The historical passages here touched are so many, that I believe the reader will be surprised to see such a number alluded to in a poem of so short a length. These, to clear up the story, I have set down at the foot of the page, chiefly from *Josephus*, as translated by *Lodge*. And here I cannot help wishing, that every person who writes a poem, had, in the same manner, himself written a commentary upon it. For then we should have been apprized of all the facts he had in his eye, & of all the authors & other hints from whence they were taken, & how he hath improved them; & consequently never be put to make such a number of awkward guesses & conjectures, as, for want of knowing those things better, too many of those who would be thought great Critics, we see, too often do.

5. The year the plan of this drama is laid for is *Anno Mundi*, 3936. according to *Lodge* (& 3923. according to *Isaacson*) the year after the death of MARIAMNE; when JOSHUA son of PHOBET was High-Priest. — About three years after HEROD married the daughter of SIMON BOETHUS, whom he then made High-Priest.

6. As to the *unities* in this little poem, they are all strictly preserved. The *action* is one, *viz.* HEROD's anniversary for the death of MARIAMNE. The *scene* one, *viz.* a grove upon an hill eight furlongs from JERUSALEM; where HEROD afterwards built a magnificent tomb for himself, & a castle & palace by it, from him called HERODION 7. And the *time* takes in no more than barely what is spent in the representation. To all which give me leave to add, that the ghosts also (tho' seemingly

7. HERODION.] ' This tomb was artificially made in the manner of a woman's breast, & very richly adorned. On the top of it HEROD caused round turrets to be placed; & round about it, he built princely houses, gallantly adorned both within & without. He also brought water thither from a great way off; & made a pair of stairs of pure white marble to go up to it, of two hundred steps. The whole hill was artificial, & of an extraordinary height. At the foot of it he also built another palace, &

houses to receive his friends & their carriages. So that this castle, for the abundance of all necessary places, seemed a city; & yet it was all the king's palace only.' *Josephus*, p. 588. h. By the way, this tomb of HEROD's being shaped like a woman's breast reminds me of a passage in *Pliny*, (lib. XXXIII. cap. iv.) where, speaking of HELEN, he saith, she presented a cup made of electrum to the temple of MINERVA at LINDOS, an island of the RHODIANS, which cup was exactly in the proportion with that of her own breast.

exhibited

exhibited to the spectators) are indeed, properly speaking, only what we may suppose to be imagined by HEROD, either in his phrensy, when awake; or, in his dreams, when asleep; as naturally created & rising up in the mind of a great wicked man, who is ever justly haunted & disturbed by his own guilty conscience.

7. The chief view I had in writing this trifle was, to shew those who are inclined to write for the stage, that profane history, if well looked into, is as full of proper subjects, & contains as great a variety in the relation of them, as any in the sacred books, & that many of them may be wrote upon in as solemn a manner as the most solemn *Oratorio*; nay, & exhibited with all the farther advantages of dress & machinery: Both which are always omitted at the performance of any sacred *Oratorio*, for fear of giving offence. And therefore, that writers of a poetical genius do wrong to go off from profane history to scripture, for the subjects of their *tragedies* & *oratorio's*; which, tho' never so warily handled, cannot, after all, but breed a great distaste in the minds of all sober good persons, to see them, as they will still think, so disrespectfully treated.

8. For the rest, give me leave to subjoin here the words of the famous lord *Bacon*. 'Acting in song, especially in dialogue, hath an extreme good grace; the voices of the dialogue being strong & manly (a base & a tenor, without the treble) & the air high & tragical. Several choirs also, placed one against another, & taking the voice by catches, anthemwise, give great pleasure. But then let the songs be loud & chearful; not chirping or puling. Let the music likewise be sharp, well placed, recreative, & mixed with some strange changes.'

8. *Works*. Vol. II. Edit. 4^o. Lond. 1733. p. 148.

The Persons.

Herod.

Chorus of Mourners.

<i>Ghosts of</i>	Antigonus,	} all put to death by Herod.
	Aristobulus,	
	Hyrceanus,	
	Joseph,	
	Sohemus,	
	Mariamne,	
	Charon.	
	Ambition,	} <i>Phantoms.</i>
	Jealousie,	

HEROD the Great.

I.
HERODES *lachrymans*.

[The curtain rises slowly to solemn music. Scene, a tabernacle in a grove; in the middle whereof a stately funeral herse, dressed up with flowers & other ornaments. Chorus of mourners, standing gravely about it. Herod himself sitting & leaning on a purple couch, at the feet of the Herse.—Soft music. Herod rises, & sings.]

SONG: a la Ballad.

1.
*True lovers true,
If ever you*

True lovers sorrows knew,

Your grief with mine

In pity joyn!

While once a year,

I drop a tear,

And round her herse,

Sing sad this verse,

That here,

Alas! my dear,

My sweet, my true-love, she was buried here!

[The Chorus of mourners repeat the whole, & walk solemnly round the herse, Herod himself going first; who, when he comes to his couch again, stands before it, & sings.]

RECITATIVE.

2.
Not EVE herself, who ADAM drew
To act the part we all may rue,
The first fair angel of her kind,
Could human wisdom sooner blind!

Chorus. *But here,*

Alas! my dear,

My sweet, my true-love, she was buried here!

3. In

HEROD the Great.

5

In all her conversation new,
Mirth, wit, & sense about her flew.
She had PANDORA's dulcet tongue,
Whereon it seem'd a cherub hung!

20.

Chorus. *But here, &c.*

She had such cheeks the op'ning rose
Could not a richer bloom disclose!
So clear a skin, such golden hair,
That Helen was not half so fair!

Chorus. *But here, &c.*

Such looks & love-inspiring eyes,
My soul to think upon them dies!
Wife SALOMON's soft dove-ey'd queen
Had not her elegance of mien!

25.

Chorus. *But here, &c.*

She had imperial JUNO's gait,
Yet such a sweetness with her state,
That she was still, to outward view,
All VENUS & her GRACES too!

30.

Chorus. *But here, &c.*

When she came forth LOVE led the way,
All NATURE smil'd & blest the day!
Now HOURS & JOYS as new went round,
And HEROD then was truly crown'd!

35.

Chorus. *But here, &c.*

17. In all her conversation new.]
18. MARIAMNE was a lady of an admirable
& pleasing beauty; & of such a carriage,
in those companies wherein she was enter-
tained, that it is impossible to express the
same, in that she surpassed all those of her
time. Josephus, trans. by Lodge, p. 399. b.

19. Pandora.] The woman made by
Vulcan at the command of Jupiter. Every
god & goddess adorned her with some parti-
cular gift. Pallas gave her wisdom; Venus,
beauty; Apollo, music; Mercury, eloquence,
&c.

8. She

8.

She knew her pow'r, but never strove
To conquer more than *one* man's love.
And happy may she ever be,
Who loves but *ONE*, & copies thee!

Chorus. *But here, &c.*

9.

But now her lips have lost their hue!
Wan are those cheeks where roses grew!
Clos'd are those eyes whence brightness sprung,
And whisper'd to my soul, 'Be young!'

Chorus. *For here, &c.*

10.

Silent's the tongue which all confess'd
With something strangely witty blest'd!
Spun is the chearful, sprightly life
Of HEROD's once delightful wife!

Chorus. *For here, &c.*

11.

Ye daughters of JERUSALEM,
Your king hath lost his brightest gemm!
O weep, & strew the sacred earth
With ev'ry flow'r of nature's birth!

And lovers true,

If ever you, &c.

[While the Chorus repeat this first stanza, they all walk round the herse.
Then Herod sits down; & the rest take their stands as before. Soft
music.]

37. *She knew her power, but never strove
To conquer more than one man's love.* 'pleasing conversation & affection which was
' in her.' *Id.* p. 397. c. (Yet he had eight
' Herod was as inwardly touched with the
other wives, viz. 1. Antipater's mother. 2.
' lawful love of Mariamne, as any other of
A daughter of his brother's. 3. A cousin of his
' whom histories make report.' *Josephus*, p. own. 4. A Samaritan. 5. One Cleopatra.
398. 9. 'He entirely loved her.' *Id.* p. 6. Pallas. 7. Phaedra. 8. Helpis. *Id.* p.
399. b. [When he had been accused to Cae- 437. f.)—And, as touching her, she was
sar, & got off victorious; upon his return,] 'both chaste & faithful to him.' *Id.* p. 398.
' he embraced & saluted her onely, amongst all b. 'She was a woman who excelled in con-
' his other friends & wives; & that for the tinence.' *Id.* p. 399. b.

H. HEROD.

HEROD the Great.

7

II.

HERODES *furens*.

[*The music changes. Herod (between remembring & forgetting that he had caused Mariamne to be put to death) rises again & sings.*]

RECITATIVE.

I.

So much sweetness could I kill !

So much truth betray !

So much beauty spill !

So much virtue slay !

It ne'er can be !

Call her, bid her come to me ;

Call her from her tomb ;

Bid her rise, & come !

Knock at the door of FATE,

Tell her, it is I who wait !

Bid her set my Fair-one free !

SONG.

What ho ! my dear

MARIAMNE ! *Where ?*

Whither art thou fled from me ?

MARIAMNE *fair, & kind, & gay,*

To thy HEROD haste away !

I. Chorus. MARIAMNE *fair, & kind, & gay, &c.*

2.

[*The ghost of Mariamne rises. Herod looks wistly at her, & sings.*]

RECITATIVE.

It must be her !

I see her stir !

58. *Call her, bid her come to me.*]

' After the death of *Mariamne*, K. *Herod* began more powerfully to be inflamed in his affections, who before-times indeed was already miserably distracted. For neither did he love after the common manner of married folks, but daily more & more doting upon her, increased the same. For which cause he gave over the charge & administration of his kingdom. And in such sort was he overwhelmed

' with grief, that oftentimes he commanded his ministers to call his wife *Mariamne*, as if she had been yet alive.' *Id.* p. 399. c. d. 68. *To thy Herod haste away !*]

' Oftentimes did he invoke her name, & more often undecently lamented her.' *Id.* *ib.* c. *Wanley* says, ' He had impotent desires of her after she was dead.' *Hist. Little World.* p. 143. a. How it stands in the original, I know not.

2 I

She

She lives! She breathes!

Her bosom heaves!

Her lips sure move,

And talk of love!

Her sparkling eyes do roll,

And flash & lighten thro' my soul!

75.

3.

Hence, pining Care!

And Sadness spare!

Heart-rending Grief away!

Moaping Melancholy hence!

80.

Let nothing stay

May give offence,

Or shew least trace

Of Sorrow's face!

But all be gone

To ACHERON!

85.

There, lost within his sooty wave,

Sink, & find a silent grave.

4.

Awake each lute, & harp, & lyre!

Awake them all! My soul's on fire!

90.

Let love, the brightest passion of the mind,

Let love & MARIAMNE, ever kind,

Ever kind, & ever young,

Hence to each lyre, & harp, & lute be sung!

5. Flourish.

Come, fairest, advance.

95.

Ne'er stand in a trance!

Afford me a glance!

Shine out with thy charms,

And fly to my arms!

I ever could gaze

100.

Upon thy sweet face,

But long to embrace—

[He steps forward to embrace her; & she sinks to doleful music.]

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

6.

Ah me! what fled & gone?

'Twas most unkindly done!

Call her, call her back!

105.

Tell her that I her presence lack!

Bid her with me prepare

To ride & take the pleasant air.

Fly! inform her that I hunt to day;

The season suits, & let her not delay.

110.

Quickly seek her, seek her straight,

Tell her we shall be too late!

SONG.

*The horses they prance**With their riders they dance!**The pack are all here,*

115.

*And stay for my dear!**Let nothing detain;**Thy chariot ascend,**Here's ready each friend,**To sweep away over the plain.*

120.

*The hunter & horn**Now cheer up the morn!**Hark! hark away there!**(Brave gallants & fair!)**Old STENTOR he opens,*

125.

And sporting betokens! —

RECITATIVE.

7.

Alas! the wild boar

Young THAMMUZ hath tore!

With blood over-spread,

The river runs red!

130.

The

109. *Fly, inform her that I hunt to day.*
'Herod at last hid himself in a solitary wilderness, under a pretext of hunting.' Josephus *ubi supra*. d.

125. *Stentor,*] A famous crier in the Grecian army.

*Stentor the strong, endu'd with brazen lungs,
 Whose throat surpass'd the voice of fifty tongues.*
 Mr. Pope. *Iliad* V. 978.

128. *Thammuz.*] i. e. *Adonis*.

130. *The river runs red.*]

The allusion is to the color of the river *Adonius* :

The virgins do weep ;
 His year-day they keep ;
 And set up his shrine !
 As I have done thine !
 For sure it was Thee !
 Yes ; yes ; it was She,
 Who cruel fled away from me !

135.

SONG.

Must I thy absence ever mourn ?
 Thy absence is not to be born !
 My head, my brain is ev'n bewhirl'd !
 Without thee what is all the world !
 Return, my ever lovely fair,
 Leave not thy HEROD in despair !
 Return my better half, my whole !
 Return, & render back my soul !

140.

145.

RECITATIVE.

8.

Thou art all mirth & soft delight !
 And know, my dearest ! that, to night
 HEROD makes a royal feast,
 And he bids thee chieftest guest !
 Ambrosial fruit & CHIAN wine,
 To glad & banquet thee shall joyn ;
 Music, & Love, & Joy be there,
 To welcome, sooth, & bless my fair ;

150.

nus : whereof Mr. Maundrel, in his travels from Aleppo to Jerusalem, gives this account. ' We came to a fair large river—doubtless the ' ancient river Adonius, so famous for the idolatrous rites performed here in lamentation of ' Adonis. We had the fortune to see what ' may be supposed to be the occasion of that ' opinion which Lucian relates concerning this ' river, viz. that this stream at certain seasons ' of the year (especially about the feast of Adonis) is of a bloody color ; which the heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind ' of sympathy in the river for the death of Adonis, who was killed by a wild boar in the

' mountain out of which this stream rises. ' Something like this we saw actually come to pass. For the water was stained to a surprising redness ; & as we had observed in travelling, had discolored the sea a great way to a reddish hue ; occasioned doubtless by a sort of minium or red earth, washed into the river by the violence of the rain, & not by any stain from Adonis's blood.

132. His year-day they keep.]

Then he brought me to the door of the gate of the Lord's house, & behold there sat women weeping for Tammuz. Ezek. viii. 14.

The

HEROD the Great.

II

The airs of paradise JOAZAR sing,
And nimble harpers touch the string. 155.

Sometimes the mellow flute
Shall sweetly rise above the sprinkling lute :
Sometimes the clarion, swelling high'r,
More sprightly warble thro' the choir :
Sometimes the sackbut shall the cornet chase ; 160.
Sometimes the trumpet flash out with a grace.

SONG.

From low to high
Together fly ;
From high to low
Descending softly now, 165.
Move off, like Eccho's, in the yielding air,
Wafted by gentle winds we know not where.

RECITATIVE.

While HEROD, still of thee poss'est,
Shall sink with rapture on thy breast,
And, lull'd with pleasure, drop to rest ! } 170.
2. Soft Chorus. Move off, &c.

[Herod sits down, & falls asleep. Soft music.]

III.

HERODES somnians.

[The music changes. Stage darkens. Thunder & lightning. The ghost of
Antigonus rises, & speaks.]

Vile, wicked, bloody HEROD ! See I come,
Rouz'd from the darkness of my silent tomb !
Nay, start not ! — True ANTIGONUS I am,
As thou may'st well remember to thy shame !
Call now your SOSIUS ; wheedle him to fend 175.
Me hence to grace the triumph of his friend ;

Then

154. Joazar.] This Joazar was afterwards made high-priest by Herod, the year before he died. *Isaacson.*

175. Sosius.] *Anno Mundi* 3928. ' Marc Antony committed the province [of Judaea] with the army to Sosius. And, after he had commanded him to succor Herod, departed into Aegypt.' *Jos.* p. 378. i.

176. to grace the triumph of his friend.]

A. M. 3929. ' Sosius & Herod took the city of Jerusalem by force, & therein Antigonus [who had been made king of the Jews by Pacorus, K. of Parthia] prisoner.' *Id.* p. 380. 381. ' After the taking of Jerusalem, Sosius offer'd a crown of gold unto God, & departed, leading Antigonus prisoner with him ' to

Then with your presents **ANTONY** persuade
 My near-spent life most basely to invade;
 Go to; try now if **CONSCIENCE** will be brib'd;
 See whether I or you be thus profited;
CONSCIENCE at length will rip up all your faults,
 And touch the error of your mad revolts;
 Shew you wherein you've vilely trod awry,
 And four & furly ask, **THE REASON, WHY?**
 If you had not enough, heav'n had in store,
 And would, at length, perhaps have giv'n you more.
 But you must for yourself possessions carve,
 Great as you idly fancy you deserve;
 And ev'ry faultless wretch contrive to slay,
 Who stands, or seems to stand, but in your way.
 Hence I complain; hence, Oh too justly! I,
 And numbers more, whom you adjudg'd to die,
 To heav'n against you for oppression cry!
 [Thunder & lightning. The ghost of Aristobulus rises & speaks.]
 Vile, wicked **HEROD**! See I likewise come,
 Rouz'd from the darkness of my silent tomb!
 Up, thou base treach'rous man, & let us walk
 Abroad again; with seeming friendly talk
 Once more allure me out with thee to play,
 And sweetly while away the summer's day.
 Lead me now gently onward, unaware
 Conduct, & hug, & smile me to the snare.
 'Tis hot; but see how pleasantly they cool,
 And swim, & sport themselves in yonder pool!

180.

185.

190.

195.

200.

'to Antony.' *Id. ib.* 'Antony resolved to
 'keep him in prison 'till the time of his tri-
 'umph.' *Id. p. 383.*
 178. *My life itself most basely to invade.*
 'Herod fearing lest (if Antigonus should be
 'kept by Antony, & sent to Rome) he should
 'debate his title with him before the senate,
 'by protest he was descended of the Royal
 'Line (whereas Herod, [tho' made king by
 'Antony,] was but a plebeian or common per-
 'son) wrought so much by force of money
 'with Antony, that he caused him to put An-
 'tigonus to death.' *Id. p. 381.* 'He there-

'fore beheaded him at Antioch.' *Id. p. 383.*
 'Thus ended the estate of the Asmoneans, af-
 'ter 126. years. This family was famous
 'both for their nobility, & also by reason of
 'their sacerdotal dignity; & for their noble
 'actions & exploits which their ancestors had
 'achieved for our nation.' *Id. p. 381.* Jo-
 'sephus himself was of the lineage of the Asa-
 'monian kings, & a priest. *Id. p. 423. d.*
 185. *And would in time perhaps have given
 more.] 'And if that had been too little, I
 'would moreover have given unto thee such &
 'such things.' II. Sam. xii. 8.*

Pull

' Pull off thy cloaths, high-priest, & with them lave
 ' Thy body in the all-refreshing wave. 205.
 ' Such pastimes well besit thy blooming youth,
 ' Thou picture of fair innocence & truth! —
 ' Hold him now fast, my friends! — There! duck him well!
 ' Fair nymphs, they say, within the waters dwell;
 ' And let him softly kiss them one by one; 210.
 ' The merry, wanton work will soon be done! —
 ' How now, Sirs! — What! he faints! — Hold up his head:
 ' Sure my ARISTOBULUS is not dead! —
 Ah! master of the vile dissemblers art!
 Well hast thou now, thou thinkest, play'd thy part! 215.
 But, to thy inward sense of good & ill,
 Caitif! against thyself I here appeal!

[Thunder & lightning. The ghost of Hyrcanus rises & speaks.]

213. Sure my Aristobulus is not dead.]
 A. M. 3931. ' Aristobulus, being seven-
 teen years of age, made his appearance at the
 ' feast of tabernacles, to offer sacrifices ac-
 ' cording to the law, apparelled in the high
 ' priest's garments, & (for amiableness of
 ' countenance & goodly stature surpassing the
 ' youthfulness of his years, & expressing in
 ' his aspect the dignity & nobility of his race)
 ' drew the eyes & affection of all the people
 ' to him. Herod therefore concluded to exe-
 ' cute what he had before plotted against
 ' him. As soon then as the feast was over he
 ' went to Jericho, where Alexandra [mother
 ' of Aristobulus & Mariamne] entertained
 ' him. There he used Aristobulus with all
 ' kindness, in order to draw him to some
 ' place where he feared nothing; playing also
 ' with him & counterfeiting to sport, after
 ' the fashion of the young men, to gratifie
 ' him. Now, for that the place where they
 ' disported themselves was by nature too hot,
 ' they, quickly wearied, left their sport, &
 ' went out together to take the fresh air, &
 ' recovering a fresh shade under some arbors,
 ' & near certain fish-pools, beheld certain of
 ' their servants & friends who swum therein;
 ' with whom not long after Aristobulus began
 ' to swim, being persuaded thereto by Herod.
 ' Whereupon Herod's confederates (who were
 ' deputed to execute the murder) laid hands
 ' on him, & thrust him under the water,

' pretending to duck him in sport, & never
 ' gave over 'till they had stifled him in the
 ' water. Herod afterwards labored by all
 ' means to persuade the people, that this death
 ' had befallen Aristobulus without his know-
 ' ledge; & made shew of a man truly devour-
 ' ed in his sorrow. But especially he shewed
 ' his great magnificence in interring of his
 ' body, both in the preparation & furnishing
 ' of the hearse, & in the perfumes & other
 ' things thereunto belonging. And, it may
 ' be, that, in remembrance of Aristobulus's
 ' beauty & flourishing young years, he was
 ' truly touched with compassion for him, not-
 ' withstanding he imagined his death should be
 ' a farther means of his own security.' Jof.
 p. 386. ' Alexandra quickly acquainted Cleo-
 ' patra, & the Marc Antony with the truth of
 ' all this affair. Thereupon he sent for He-
 ' rod to answer what he was charged with.
 ' But as soon as he came to Antony, he com-
 ' passed his favor by his many presents. And
 ' Antony said, That there was no reason that
 ' a king should be answerable for what he
 ' had done in his kingdom; for that, in so
 ' doing, he should no more be king. But
 ' that, when the honor is once given him,
 ' he hath the authority likewise, to use the
 ' regal power.' Id. p. 387, 388. At his re-
 turn, Herod imprisoned Alexandra for com-
 plaining.

Vile, wicked HEROD ! See I also come,
 Rouz'd from the darkness of my silent tomb !
 I lov'd thee as a father doth his son ; 220.
 Thy cause & welfare ever made my own :
 Perfidious man ! Thou know'st, e'erwhile, when thou
 Was't near condemned to the sword to bow,
 I not a moment lost, but notice gave,
 And taught thee how by flight thy life to save. 225.
 Time, who all changes works, me pris'ner leads
 To BABYLON : Worse liberty succeeds.
 For I am thence, alas ! enticed home,
 And think I to a grateful HEROD come.
 There you in honor meet me at the gate,
 And even make me partner of your state ; 230.
 The highest place assigning yet to me,
 And, 'till I sit down, will not seated be !
 To perfect all your craft you call me *Brother* ! —
 (Dissembler was there ever such another !) 235.

220. *I lov'd thee as a father doth his son.*
 ' He loved him as intirely as a father his
 ' son.' *Id.* p. 362.

225. *And taught thee how by flight thy life to
 ' save.'*

' *A. M.* 3921. Herod apprehended one He-
 ' zechias, a prince of thieves, who ranged
 ' over all Syria, & put him to death, with-
 ' out bringing him to his trial before the
 ' council (as by the Jewish law he ought to
 ' have done) or asking Hyrcanus leave, who
 ' [had been high priest &] was then king, &
 ' winkt at this & many other faults of his.
 ' But the council summoned Herod before
 ' them to answer what he had done, & would
 ' have condemned him, had not Hyrcanus,
 ' perceiving their design, deferred giving sen-
 ' tence 'till the next day, & sent secretly to
 ' Herod, counselling him to fly, assuring him
 ' that there was no other means to save his
 ' life.' *Id.* p. 363.

226. *Me pris'ner leads to Babylon.*
 ' Barzapharnes & Pacorus, princes of the
 ' Parthians, had taken Hyrcanus, & led him
 ' away prisoner into their own country.' *Id.*
 p. 383.

227. *Worse liberty succeeds.* ' There
 ' Phraates, K. of Parthia (understanding how
 ' nobly Hyrcanus was descended) entertained
 ' him graciously, & drew him out of prison;
 ' permitting him to converse in Babylon, in
 ' which place there was a great number of
 ' Jews, who honored Hyrcanus no less than
 ' their high-priest & king. The like also did
 ' all they of that nation inhabiting as far as
 ' the Euphrates.' *Id.* *ib.*

234. *You call me brother.* ' Thither He-
 ' rod wrote to Hyrcanus, that, in case he
 ' would return, he should partake with him
 ' in royalty; alledging, that the time was
 ' now come, wherein he might acknowledge
 ' the benefits he had received, by being here-
 ' tofore nourished & preserved by him. By
 ' his great & rich presents he also persuaded
 ' the Parthian to dismiss him; & received
 ' him with all honor. In common assemblies
 ' he gave him always the highest place, &
 ' in festival times, made him sit down be-
 ' fore him; &, the more closely to deceive
 ' him, he called him brother.' *Id.* *ib.* &
 p. 394.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with this friendly usage I forbear
To intermeddle in the least affair;
One naturally peaceful, gentle, mild,
Fond of repose, am easily beguil'd.
But nothing to th'ambitious rest can give,
And I must die that wicked thou may'st live! 240.

[Thunder & lightning. The ghost of Joseph rises & speaks.]

Vile, wicked HEROD! See I likewise come,
Rouz'd from the darkness of my silent tomb!
You, in your absence, me appoint to guard
Your wife, & keep her as a precious ward, 245.
Tell me, ' That you can never bear to hear
' Or think, that ANTONY should touch your dear!
' That if, before him when you stand to plead,
' You otherwise than well should chance to speed,
' I must, alas! dispatch your lovely queen, 250.
' Nor let her even quick or dead be seen!
' Her beauty was the only cause, you knew,
' From whence at present all your danger grew.'——
The weighty charge thus given, you depart,
And leave with me the treasure of your heart, 255.
In this your absence we conversing oft,
I hearing, as I judg'd, your passion soft,
To shew how groundless all such thoughts must be,
Relate the last commands you left with me.

At

239. *Am easily beguil'd.*] ' *Hyrcaus* being of a mild & gentle nature, all his life forbore meddling with state affairs.' *Id.* 259. *Relate the last commands you left with me.*
253. *From whence at present all your danger grew.*]
- ' *A. M.* 3931. *Herod* being sent for by *Marc Antony* (as before related) to answer for the death of *Aristobulus*, he left the government of his kingdom & family to his uncle *Joseph*, giving him secret instructions to kill *Mariamne*, if so be that *Antony* should happen to do him any mischief. For he loved her so extremely, by reason of her beauty, that he should suppose himself injured, if, after his decease, she should be enjoyed by any other; & he openly declared, that all that misery which befel him proceeded from *Antony's* passion for her,' *Id.* p. 387.
- ' *Joseph*, conversing divers times upon this occasion with *Mariamne*, & talking with her, touching the friendship & ardent affection which *Herod* bore unto her, his speeches were jested at by the ladies (particularly *Alexandra*) for which cause *Joseph*, being still over-forward to express the king's good will towards her, proceeded so far that he discovered the commandment that was given him, thereby to manifest, that it was not possible for *Herod* to live without her; & that

At your return, she twits you with the tale:

You thence infer an action criminal.

Conclusion false! yet I forsooth must die,

And ne'er a word be suffer'd to reply!

[Thunder & Lightning. The ghost of Sohemus rises & speaks.]

Vile, wicked HEROD! See I also come,

Rouz'd from the darkness of my silent tomb!

CAESAR now calls, as ANTONY before;

And you alike his favor must implore;

Mean while to me commit the royal fair,

And all your orders privately declare.

Your uncle told the charge at parting left;

Thro' your false inf'rence was of life bereft.

I kept awhile the dang'rous secret well;

But was at last persuaded all to tell.

You, startled that I durst your trust reveal,

Again as rashly act & madly deal.

that if any inconvenience should happen unto him, he would not even in death itself be disjoyned from her. But this discourse of Joseph's was not interpreted by the ladies as a demonstration of Herod's good-will, but rather as a manifestation of his malignity, who, dying, desired that they also should perish.' *Id. ib.*

260. *She twits you with the tale.*

'At his return Mariamne said unto him, it is not the act of a lover to have given commandment, than if any thing should befall thee otherwise than well, I should be put to death, tho' I have no ways offended thee.' *Id. p. 388.*

261. *An action criminal.* 'At this the king fell into a strange passion, & cried & tore his hair, saying, that he had a most evident proof that Joseph had committed adultery with her; for that he would not have discovered those things which had been spoken to him in secret, except they had greatly trusted one another. And in this emotion he hardly contained himself from killing his wife.' *Id. ib.*

263. *And ne'er a word be suffer'd to reply.*

'He then gave order that Joseph should be slain, without audience or justification of his

innocence; & imprisoned Alexandra.' *Id. ib.*

269. *Your orders privately declare.*

'Herod, intending to meet Caesar at Rhodes, committed Mariamne & Alexandra to the keeping of one Joseph his treasurer & Sohemus the Iturian; with this commandment, that if they should be certified that any mishap had befallen him, they should presently kill them both, & to the utmost of their power, continue the kingdom in his children & his brother Pheroras.' *Id. p. 395. c.*

273. *persuaded all to tell.* 'When Herod was gone, Mariamne, who could never forget what commandment he had before left with Joseph his uncle, labored, by all means possible, to win the affection of Joseph the treasurer & Sohemus (& especially of the latter) as knowing that her safety depended wholly on his hands. Sohemus, in the beginning, behaved himself very wisely & faithfully, containing himself very respectfully within the bounds of his commission. But, after these ladies had, with pretty presents & feminine flatteries, mollified & wrought him by little & little, at last he blabbed out all that which the king had commanded him.' *Id. p. 396. m.*

How

HEROD the Great.

287

How weak was I! Strange that I could not learn
More prudence, when I had his fate to warn!
How weak was you! Strange that you could not see
You might as soon unjustly deal by me!
Sure those whom Heav'n doth for their sins despise,
It first infatuates, & then destroys!

280.

[Thunder & Lightning. The ghost of Mariamne rises & speaks.]

Oh cruel HEROD! See I likewise come,
Rouz'd from the darkness of my silent tomb!
Butcher of kings & priests! of young & old!
The bloody triumphs of your reign behold!

285.

You love me most excessively you say,
And in a prison shut me up from day!
Of my sad miseries there is no end;
They to each danger of your own extend.

If ANTONY & you should disagree,
Then I alas! then I must slaughter'd be!

290.

If CAESAR differ with you e'er a jot,
The same sad fortune is again my lot!
Those princes both receive you to your mind,
Yet I no truce to my distresses find!

295.

You send for me to sport, & angry grow
That in my looks you see not pleasure flow.
Ah me! how can I shew forth love or joy!
When something bodes within, I know not why,
That now I almost instantly must die!

300.

280. *Sure those whom Heav'n doth for their
sins despise,
It first infatuates, & then destroys!*
Quos Jupiter vult perdere, &c. Thus pa-
raphrased by Shakespeare.

*'When we in our own viciousness grow hard,
(Oh misery on't!) the wise Gods seal our
eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments,
make us
Adore our errors, laugh at us while we strut
To our confusion.'* —

Antony & Cleopatra. Vol. VI. p. 288.

287. *And in a prison shut me up from day.*

'Mariamne & her mother were shut up in

'the castle of Alexandria;' *Id.* p. 395. c.
*'& supposed (& not without cause) they were
'not shut up in that castle for their securities
'safe, but as it were in prison.'* *Id.* p.
396. l.

295. *Yet I no truce to my distresses find.]*
*'When Mariamne had got the secret out
'of Sohemus, she was very sore displeased to
'hear that there was no end of her miseries,
'but that they were altogether united & tied
'to the dangers of Herod; & she oftentimes
'wished that he might never more return in
'safety: supposing that her life with him
'should be very intolerable.'* *Id.* p. 397. b.

Hark how your sister charges me with treason!

See how your guards my tender body seize on.

Your friends & council now your raging summon,

To come & try, & judge the wicked woman!

Now you with spite accuse, harangue, & rail,

To make them glibly swallow down the tale;

Who all, of you afraid, condemn your wife:

And thus I'm quickly hurried out of life! —

Such was king HEROD's living love for her,

To whom now dead he turns idolater;

301. *Hark how your sister charges me with treason.]*

When Herod returned, his wife received him very coldly, but he endured it patiently without any shew of discontent. Salome his sister & Cypros his mother daily whetted his spleen with variety of slanders against Mariamne, & this because she often upbraided & publicly reproached them, telling them that they were but abjectly & basely born. These quarrels were nourished amongst them by the space of a whole year after Herod's return from Caesar, & at last broke out most violently upon this occasion. About mid-day the king had withdrawn himself into his chamber, & called Mariamne unto him, who came, yet would not lie with him, nor entertain his courtings with friendly acceptance, but upbraided him bitterly with her father & brother's deaths. The king took those reproachful words very ill, & was almost ready to strike her. But his sister, hearing a greater noise than usual, sent in the butler, whom she had long before suborned, to tell the king, that Mariamne had prepared a drink for him to incite & quicken him to love: willing him, if the king should demand what he meant, he should certify him, that Mariamne, having prepared a poison for his grace, had dealt with him to deliver it to him. He did so, & perceiving that the king was troubled at his words, went on, alledging that the potion was a certain medicine which Mariamne had given him, the virtue whereof he knew not. Herod, who before this was highly displeased, presently commanded Mariamne's most faithful servant to be examined by tor-

ments, as concerning the poison; supposing it was impossible for her to undertake any thing without his privacy. He, being tried after this cruel manner, confessed nothing of that for which he was tortured; but declared, that the hatred which the queen had conceived against the king, proceeded from certain words which Sobemus had told her. Whereupon the king cried out, that Sobemus (who had been most faithful to him) would not have declared those his privy commands, except there had been some more inward & secret familiarity & secrecy betwixt him & Mariamne. For which cause he presently commanded his ministers to lay hands on Sobemus, & to put him to death.

Id. p. 397. 398.

308. *hurried out of life.]* As for his wife, Herod drew her to her trial, & to this end assembled his most familiar friends, before whom he began to accuse her with great spite & spleen, as touching those afore said potions & poisons; wherein he used many intemperate, unseemly speeches, & such as for their bitterness did ill become him. So that, in the end, the assistants seeing the bent of his desire, pronounced sentence of death against her. Which being passed, both he & they were of opinion, that she should be kept close prisoner in some sure place of the palace. But, by Salome's solicitations, Herod was incited to hasten her death; for she alledged, that the king ought to fear lest some sedition should be raised amongst the people, if he should keep her alive in prison. And, by this means Mariamne was led unto her death. *Id.* p. 398. l.

For

For her who challenges him here to prove,
She e'er was false unto her marriage love!

Antigonus.—Cease, cease your sad complaints; Heav'n can foresee
What man will act, tho' man be still left free.

HEROD shall live; his former crimes outdo,
And thence occasion sharper have to rue.

Another fair must lead the doleful way,
To numbers whom he shall hereafter slay.

A prince of Cozas priesthood next shall groan;
And BABA's sons that prince's loss bemoan.

315.

320.

In

318. *To numbers whom he shall hereafter slay.]*

' When *Herod* was withdrawn to *Samaria*,
' he there afflicted himself incessantly for the
' death of *Mariamne*, 'till he fell into a most
' grievous sickness (an inflammation or pain
' in the neck) & no medicines would relieve
' him; *Alexandra* (who continued at *Jerusalem*)
' having notice of his estate, sought to
' reduce all the strong fortresses in that city
' under her own subjection. But *Herod* hav-
' ing heard this news, presently commanded
' her to be slain. And at length, overcom-
' ing his sickness, he grew so badly affected
' both in body & mind, that he waxed hate-
' ful unto all men: so that all those who of-
' fended him, for how little cause soever, were
' readily sent for to be punished. In this his
' intemperance he imbrued his hands in the
' blood of divers of his inward friends, as
' *Costabarus*, *Lyfimachus*, *Antipater* surnamed
' *Gadias*, & *Dositheus*. Id. p. 399. 400.

319. *A prince of Cozas priesthood next shall groan.]*

' *Costabarus* was an *Idumaeen*, & one of the
' greatest account among his countrymen, be-
' ing descended from the priests of *Cozas*,
' whom the *Idumaeans* esteem for a God.
' Now, after *Hyrchanus* had drawn the policy
' of the *Idumaeans* to the reformed customs of
' the *Jews*, *Herod* was made king of the
' *Jews*, & appointed *Costabarus* to be gover-
' nor in *Idumaea* & *Gaza*, giving him his
' sister *Salome* to wife, after he had put her
' former husband (*Joseph*) to death. *Costa-*
' *barus* seeing himself in this estate, grew
' more proud than his good fortune required,

' & forgot himself so far, that he thought
' himself dishonored if he should perform
' what *Herod* commanded, & scorned that
' the *Idumaeans* should be under the *Jews*,
' notwithstanding they had received their man-
' ner of government from them. He there-
' fore sent letters to *Cleopatra*, that *Idumaea*
' had always been under her ancestors, & that,
' for that cause she ought to beg it of *Antony*,
' & that in respect of himself he was ready
' to become her servant. All which he prac-
' tised, not to gratify *Cleopatra*, but, to the
' intent, that if *Herod's* fortunes should be any
' ways weakened, he might the more easily
' obtain & enlarge the kingdom of *Idumaea*.
' But *Cleopatra* could not procure it of *An-*
' *tony*. When *Herod* had notice of these co-
' vert practices, he was ready to kill *Costa-*
' *barus*: but, upon the earnest supplication of
' his sister & her mother, he for the present
' dismissed him. Not long after *Salome* fell
' at debate with *Costabarus*, & sent him a bill
' of divorce, for that she had received some
' notice that *Costabarus* again practised some
' innovation with *Antipater*, *Lyfimachus*, &
' *Dositheus*. Id. p. 400.

320. *And Baba's sons that prince's loss be-*
moan.]

' *Salome* confirmed her accusation of *Costa-*
' *barus*, by the discovery of *Baba's* children,
' whom he had privately kept for twelve
' years. All which was true, & wonderfully
' troubled *Herod* when he heard it. For,
' when *Antigonus* enjoyed the sovereignty &
' *Herod* took *Jerusalem*, *Baba's* sons, attend-
' ed by a great number of men, persevered
' in their faithful observance of *Antigonus*, &
' encouraged

In SALEM, wrestlings, races, music, plays,
 Shall after set all JEWRY on a gaze :
 Fierce gladiators with each other war ;
 Thieves battel with the lion & the bear :
 Stout zealots for the law then bravely die ;
 And women, for religion, murther'd lie.
 Honor & justice from the world being fled,
 HEROD shall rifle ev'n the ROYAL DEAD.

325.

encouraged the inhabitants to continue the kingdom to those to whom it belonged by descent. Now *Costabarus* being at that time appointed to watch the city gates, that none of those who were accused of having forsaken *Herod* might escape, & knowing that *Baba's* sons were greatly esteemed & honored among the people, & fancying that their safety might be no small furtherance to himself in case of any alteration, he hid them within his own possessions, & took an oath to *Herod*, that he knew not what was become of them. But when the king had notice where they were by his sister's report, he sent & slew them all: so that no one of *Hyrcanus's* kindred was now left alive.' *Id.* p. 400. 401.

324. Thieves battle with the lion & the bear.]

Herod then ordained certain wrestlings from five years to five years, in honor of *Caesar*: and built a theatre for that purpose within *Jerusalem*. Also a most huge amphitheatre within the plain. And to this spectacle assembled he all the nations. Wrestlers also were fought out from all corners of the world, & huge rewards given to them, and to musicians of all sorts; & to those who rann upon chariots of three, four, or one horse. The theatre was hung about with *Caesar's* titles & tropheys, shining with gold & silver. Thither also were drawn certain salvage beasts, lions & others, who fought one with the other, & with men likewise who were condemned to die.' *Id.* p. 401.

325. Stout zealots for the law than bravely die.]

The tropheys, looking like images, gave great offence. And, for this cause, there were ten men who bound themselves by an oath to destroy *Herod*. One of them a blind man, urged & egged on by the strangeness of what he had heard thus introduced by *Herod* against the ordinances of the law, by his example not a little confirmed the rest. They accordingly repaired to the theatre in hopes that he should not escape them. But one of his spies having discovered this conspiracy, *Herod* sent for them all by their names, & they were slaughtered by divers sorts of torments.' *Id.* p. 402.

326. And women for religion murder'd lie.]

Not long after the intelligencer who had betrayed these men, was slain by certain others, & chopt in pieces with their swords, & afterwards cast to the dogs. Yet did no man discover this, till after long & wearisom inquisitions, it was wrought out of certain poor women (who were privy to the fact) with divers torments. And then were all the actors of that murder punished with their whole families.' *Id.* *ib.*

328. HEROD shall rifle ev'n the Royal Dead.]

A. M. 3957. *Herod* (having lavishly spent many summs & hearing that *Hyrcanus* opened *David's* sepulchre, & took out of it 3000. talents of silver, & that there was yet left farr more) entred the sepulchre in the night with some of his most trusty friends, but found no money; yet took from thence a great company of pretious attires & ornaments of gold.' *Id.* p. 423. a. b.

Then

HEROD the Great

Then wrangling discord shall his house possess,
 And tortures friend & foe alike distress: 330.
 His darling sons next undergo the weight
 Of their sad tyrant father's shameful hate:
 Then pharisee, companion, eunuch, slave,
 Together tumble in a common grave:
 Next, with a throng of youth the priestly fire, 335.
 For idol-spoiling, be condemn'd to fire:
 Then (of most pure & holy infant blood
 Having let out a reeking, purple flood)

329. *Then wrangling discord shall his house possess.*]

' After the sepulchre was thus violated, Herod's house began to decay. For there was a discord in the court not unlike unto a civil war; every one striving against each other with hatred & forged accusations; but especially Antipater's practice against his brethren was to be noted, intangling them by other mens false charges.' *Id. ib. d. e.*

330. *And tortures friend & foe alike distress.*]

' Herod tortured all that he imagined any way to favor his son Alexander, to see if they were guilty, or knew of any treason to be practised against him; but they, knowing nothing to inform him of, died amidst their torments. Antipater craftily interpreted it, that they had rather conceal the truth in torments, than not shew themselves trusty to their masters & friends.' *Id. p. 426.*
 ' At last Alexander wrote to his father that it was needless to use any more torments, for indeed treason was intended, & Pheroras, Ptolemy, & Sapinnus concerned in it; & that in the night Salome came secretly unto him, & forced him to lie with her. So that now all these, who were before most friendly, began like mad men to rage one against another. And Herod himself, not daring to trust himself in any bodies hands, was even weary of his life.' *Id. p. 427. b. c. d. e.*

332. *Of their sad tyrant father's shameful hate.*]

' Herod accused his two darling sons (Alexander & Aristobulus) of treason before the Roman judges at Berytus; who were acquit-

ted by Saturnius: but executed by the sentence of Volumnius.' *Isaacson.* ' They were carried to Sebaste, & there strangled, by command of their father.' *Joseph. p. 435. c. 334. In a common grave.* ' There was a new conspiracy against Herod (wherein many pharisees were concerned) with the eunuch Bagoas, & Carus (who was Herod's darling, & one of the goodliest men of that time) in favor of Pheroras; which was discovered by Salome, & all of them (except Pheroras) put to death.' *Id. p. 439.*

336. *Condemn'd to fire.* ' A little before Herod died, Judas son of Saripheus & Matthias son of Margalothus (two of the most learned among the Jews) understanding the king's sickness was dangerous, counselled forty of the younger sort to overthrow all those works which the king had caused to be made contrary to the law & customs of the country, to the end, that fighting for piety, they might obtain the reward which attendeth the same. Among other things which gave offence, Herod had erected, over the portal of the temple, an eagle of gold of great value. Now, the law prohibiting images, these doctors counselled them to pull down that eagle. They hewed it down therefore with their axes at high noon. Herod thereupon drew out a strong company of soldiers, apprehended all the forty young men, & with them Judas & Matthias; whom he commanded to be bound, & sent to Jericho; where they were all by his commandment consumed with fire.' *Id. p. 447. 448.*

Fair

Fair RACHEL shall her slaughter'd children mourn,
And cruel HEROD justly in his turn,
Submit to painful death, & after burn!

340.

But music, I remember, HEROD loves;
The music of the middle world approves.
For once let not his kingship then disdain
To hear a novel, odd-concerted strain,
Discordant harpings of the nether sort;
Sounds which all peace, & mirth, & joy distort:
Such as pale DEATH himself perchance may play,
When SATAN fetches HEROD's guilty soul away.

345.

Overture in music of horrors.

RECITATIVE.

I.

Antigonus. Shall he find peace,
And sleep at ease,
Thro' whom I bled,
And lost my head,

350.

Only that in me

The ASAMONIAN race might ended be?

355.

Sleepy CONSCIENCE 'wake.

2.

Aristobulus. Shall he find peace,
And sleep at ease,
Who thrust me down,
Beneath the waves, & bid me drown?

360.

Tho' ANTONY again his presents took,

Thou vulture of the breast!

Foe to sin, & foe to rest!

Wilt thou such crimes o'erlook?

Sleepy CONSCIENCE wake!

365.

341. *Submit to painful death.*] 'He was
' inflamed with a lent or slow fire, which, to
' the outward sense seemed not so vehement,
' but inwardly afflicted & searched all his en-
' trails. He had also a ravenous & unnatural
' appetite to his meat, which might no ways
' be satisfied. Besides that, he had an ulcer
' in his bowels, with a strange & furious colic.
' His feet were swollen with moist & shining

' phlegm, & his stomach was no less affected
' also. His members rotted, & were full of
' crawling worms, with a filthy & no less
' troublesome priapism, accompanied with an
' intolerable stench; besides all this, he had a
' strong convulsion of his nerves, & shortness
' of breath.' *Id.* p. 448. 449. 'And an
' itch all over his body, which was intolera-
' ble.' *Id.* p. 605. d.

HEROD the Great.

23

3.

Hircanus. Shall he find peace,
And sleep at ease,
Who, pretending I
To ARABIA thought to fly,
Out doth bawl,
' Here! The headsmen call!
' Take him, lead him hence away;
' Let him for his falshood pay!'

Sleepy CONSCIENCE 'wake!

370.

4.

Joseph. Shall he find peace,
And sleep at ease,
Who charg'd me with a crime
Was never mine,
And then me slew,
Because he thought it true!

Sleepy CONSCIENCE 'wake!

375.

380.

5.

Sobemus. Shall he find peace,
And sleep at ease,
Who, judging by surmise,
' It must be fact,' out cries;
Then stops his ear,
And will not hear,
What guiltless I
In answer could reply;

Sleepy CONSCIENCE 'wake!

385.

390.

6.

Mariamne. Shall he find peace,
And sleep at ease,
Who cut short of day
The lamb which in his bosom lay!

369. To Arabia thought to fly.]
Josephus mentions this design of *Hircanus*,
& divers other matters charged against him by
Herod, but concludes — 'All these things
' seem to be fained by *Herod*.' p. 395.

394. The lamb which in his bosom lay!]
It did eat of his own meat, & drank of his
own cup, & lay in his bosom, & was unto him
as a daughter. II. Sam. xii. 3.

2 L

And

And now, vilest ! worst of men !

395.

Wants to have me live again,

Not for love, but lust impure,

Such as heav'n can't endure !

Sleepy CONSCIENCE 'wake !

Chorus of ghosts. *Sleepy CONSCIENCE 'wake !*

400.

'Wake, & with thee bring

Tby iron whip & pointed sting !

'Wake, & HEROD tell,

Where the guilty must expect to dwell !

Living, dying,

405.

Terrifie him,

Murder, murder,

Murder, crying !

Snake of FURY,

I adjure you,

410.

Sleepy CONSCIENCE 'wake !

RECITATIVE.

Antigonus. Ye injur'd ghosts,

Leave now these earthly coasts !

Descend, descend,

I see a near approaching fiend :

415.

Tho' we begun, yet he must end !

[Thunder & Lightning. Overture in music of horrors, as before. They all sink.]

[Thunder & Lightning. Doleful music. Charon rises & sings.]

Charon rises & sings.] ' It is a comfort to
' a dying man to leave a good name behind
' him, & this is the single human blessing
' which death cannot ravish from us. But it
' was by no means suffered by the *Aegyptians*,
' that praise should be bestowed indifferently
' on all the dead : this honor was to be had
' from the public voice. The assembly of the
' judges met on the other side of a lake which
' they crossed in a boat. He who sat at the
' helm was called *Charon* in the *Aegyptian*
' language ; & this gave the hint first to *Or-*
' *pheus*, who had been in *Aegypt*, & thro'
' him to the other *Greeks*, to invent their fa-

' ble of *Charon's* boat. As soon as a man
' was dead, he was brought to his trial. The
' public accuser was heard. If he proved that
' the life of the deceased person had been
' scandalous, his memory was condemned, &
' he was deprived of sepulture. Thus the
' people were struck with laws which extend-
' ed even beyond death ; & every one, touch-
' ed with the disgrace inflicted on the dead
' person, was afraid to leave dishonor on his
' memory & family. But, if the dead was
' convicted of no crime, he was honourably
' buried.' *Rollin's History of the antient Ae-*
gyptians, &c. Vol. I. p. 49. 50.

RECITATIVE.

1.

HEROD! When thy time is come,
 Three-mouth'd CERBERUS shall roar
 And strike thee dumb,
 And grizly CHARON fetch thee o'er
 To the dark & dismal shore!

420.

IXION's wheel

Mean time shall steal

Around, around, around,
 'Till thou set foot on PLUTO's ground.

425.

2.

There all the rout of hell
 Shall thy arrival tell.
 That hag TISIPHONE
 Mad ALECTO call to thee;
 Thou ALECTO to MEGAERA yell,
 ' HEROD's come with us to dwell!
 ' He's come! He's come!
 ' Thrilling HORROR strikes his drum!'

430.

3.

A thund'ring voice from far
 Shall then cry, ' BRING HIM TO THE BARR:
 ' Th' impartial judges all
 ' Are fitting in the benched hall.
 ' Here, CONSCIENCE, here! Arraign,
 ' And run his actions o'er again!'

435.

'Tis quickly done!

440.

All thy crimes are straightway shown:
 And thou, alas! can'st nought disown!

4.

Then MINOS (chief of all the three!
 Uncorrupted MINOS!) he,
 With solemn sentence shall decree
 What FATE at last ordains for thee:

445.

436. Th' impartial judges all.] Eacus, Minos, & Rhadamanthus.

2 L 2

Anguish

Anguish which I dread to tell !
 (Blinded here with pow'r !
 Mounted on a mighty tow'r !
 Thou know'st not what is hell !)
 Aches & cramps for ev'ry sin,
 Which thou hast dipt thy finger in !

450.

5.
 Fiends, who on thy sentence wait,
 Thence convey thee to the furnace gate.
 Where standing thou may'st hear within
 A hideous, frightful din !

455.

Hammers, bars, & chains,
 Saws & engines skreaking pains !
 Rumbling wheels, which sometimes roll,
 And sometimes whirl,
 With such a twirl,
 As shall amaze thy soul !

460.

6.
 Mean while infernal serpents hiss ?
 Dark bluish lightnings whizz !
 Distracting thunders crack !
 Afar off human voices cry,

465.

' Ah ! Alas ! Alack !
 ' We worse than die !
 With many a sigh,
 And many a groan,
 Would melt a very heart of stone !

470.

7.
 Then PLUTO shall appear,
 And, unto thee drawing near,
 ' Come, ye FURIES, to'ss him in :
 ' 'Tis the due reward of sin !'

475.

8.
 At their attack,
 And seeing him
 So black & grim,
 So grim & black,
 Thou would'st give back !

480.

9. But,

9.
But, HEROD, thou must farther go,
Down, a long way farther down, below;
Where heaps of woe
Shall thee o'erflow,
And thou nor height, nor depth, nor end of suff'ring know! 485.
[Thunder & Lightning. Charon sinks to doleful music.]

IV.

HERODES *poenitens*.

[The Stage lightens. Music changes. Herod starts up & speaks.]

What dismal visions have I sleeping seen!
With her my fair, immortal, dear-lov'd queen,
What pale & frightful ghosts of murder'd men,
By me, alas! in thoughtless madness slain!
ANTIGONUS stands foremost, & I own 490.
I fear'd him & his title to the throne.
Descended of the royal, priestly line,
His right, I saw, must needs discredit mine,
And brought before the ROMAN senate show,
What I still dreaded they should ever know. 495.
SOSIUS, at my request, him pris'ner leads
To ANTONY; I bribe; & he beheads.

ARISTOBULUS next doth me upbraid,
That I decoy'd him to the trap I laid.
His beauty, sense, relation to my wife, 500.
All interceded high to save his life.
But then his priesthood all those pleas withstood,
And sunk him, 'spite of pity, in the flood.

HYRCANUS, weak, & worn, & white with years,
Who lov'd me, sav'd my life, the third appears. 505.

Herod starts up & speaks.]

What follows may here be described in miniature, in the words of Milton.

Now conscience 'wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memorie
Of what he was, what is, & what must be
Worse. — Par. Lost. IV. 23.

O Conscience! into what abyss of fears

And horrors hast thou driv'n me? Out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

Par. Lost. X. 842.

504. Hyrcanus, weak, & worn, & white
with years.]Hyrcanus was more than fourscore years
old when he was led to death. Jof. pi 394.

Honor'd by thousands as their priest & king,
 In countries gladdened by EUPHRATES spring;
 Thence ransom'd & persuaded home by me,
 Forfakes those realms his native land to see:
 There meets with court deceits & treach'rous smiles, 510.
 And all that antient faith & truth beguiles,
 Surmises, dark & leud pretences found
 At last to bring him headless to the ground!

Oh AMBITION! AMBITION curst! That you
 And your bewitching projects me e'er drew, 515.
 Against all honor, these vile acts to do! } Sits down.

SONG.

[*Music. Thunder & Lightning. The phantom of Ambition rises. One of the Singers, pointing at the phantom, sings, & is answered by it.*]

1. Restless AMBITION no compassion knows!

2. Shall I? Shall I?

Never dally:

Down whoever stands before me goes! 520.

1. AMBITION ever sings this death-like song:

If old: — 2. Why he hath liv'd too long.

1. If middle-ag'd: — 2. Its long enough.

1. Say then it is a goodly youth,
 All sweetness, piety, & truth — 525.

2. Alas! his doom

Was only just to bloom,

And then to die, & so make room!

[*Thunder & Lightning. The phantom sinks.*]

Herod rises & goes on. JOSEPH the fourth, appointed to attend
 MARIAMNE, when I'm absent, as a friend; 530.

His duty honestly performs, but slips

A secret should have never pass'd his lips.

With ANTONY some little stay I make:

Him pacifie. When I come joyful back,

' Is it a lover's part, then faith my wife, 535.

' If you miscarry, I must lose my life? —

507. In countries gladdened by Euphrates because it gladdens the grounds it overflows &
 spring.] makes them fruitful.

Euphrates, so called ab iuxta, lactare:

' Who

HEROD the Great.

29

Who told you? — JOSEPH: apishly to prove
 ' From thence, forsooth, the greatness of your love! —
 ' How, my fair queen! Is't possible? — Then you
 ' With that same blabber had, I fear, to do? — 540.
 ' No doubt, quoth SALOME, my husband still
 ' Had reasons why he so obey'd her will.
 ' She never sent, but he straight answer gave,
 ' I come: What doth my queen command her slave?
 ' How she rewarded him I need not tell, 545.
 ' King HEROD, who is wise, can guess as well! —
 Oh JOSEPH! Villain! What? Corrupt my bed!
 Here, guards & friends, away! No more be said:
 Take him, & bring me back the traitor's head.

SOHEMUS, *fifth*, another whom I lov'd, 550.
 In JOSEPH's trust had once before approv'd,
 And now appointed to the same again
 As the most faithful of the sons of men;
 (For, whate'er my realm or queen befalls,
 Abroad I needs must go when CAESAR calls) 555.
 O'ercome at last by womanish appeals,
 Flatt'ries & little presents, all reveals.
 Home I return, & cold my wife receives
 The man, who only by her kindness lives.
 The women buzz & whisper idle tales, 560.
 Unjust suspicion over truth prevails.
 A victim to my rage SOHEMUS falls,
 And JEALOUSIE, complete your vengeance, calls:
 Now, now your queen you safely may conclude
 Is guilty; given up to turpitude. 565.
 Moreover SALOMNE & CYPROS hatch
 A monstrous wile her innocence to catch;
 In rancor charge her with a black design,
 To kill me with a glass of poison'd wine,

546. King Herod who is wise can guess as well.] 553. As the most faithful of the sons of men.]
 ' Salome likewise spake against Joseph her husband, & slandered him, objecting against him, that he had had Mariamne's company. ' Upon his [third] departure, Herod recommended Mariamne to Sohemus, giving him great thanks for the care he had had of her before, & granted him, in way of gratuity, a part of Jewrie to govern. Id. p. 397. e.

Tc

To be presented as a pleasant cup : ——— 570.
 Of love, to stir my am'rous spirits up.
 The plot succeeds. I seize, and her accuse
 Before my friends, the COUNCIL of the Jews.
 They see my inclination, & condemn
 The paragon of earth, fair beauty's gemm, 575.
 My ever virtuous, dearest wife to die;
 And to immediate execution hie;
 Left, her unjust imprisonment out-blaz'd,
 Some sudden insurrection should be rais'd!

O JEALOUSIE! CURST JEALOUSIE! That you, } 580.
 And idle, envious, tales, me ever drew,
 Against all honor, these vile acts to do! } Sits down again.

SONG.

[Music. Thunder & Lightning. The phantom of Jealousie rises. One
 of the singers, pointing at the phantom, sings, & is answered by it.]

1. JEALOUSIE, tormentor of the mind,

Is ever to all pity blind!

Thro' fancy he turns grey, 585.

And dreadful vengeance calls to sweep the way!

Suspect, &, if it be a brother ———

2. Let him die, tho' I've no other.

1. Suspect; &, if it be a bosom friend ———

2. I give him to the fiend. 590.

1. Suspect; &, if it be the dearest wife ———

2. A knife! A knife!

I'll have her life!

1. Nay; you only fear

It may be so: the matter is not clear ——— 595.

2. What care I?

Let her for Suspicion die.

Suspicion is enough:

Suspicion only is a very proof! ——— } 600.

1. Then farewell justice, honor, virtue, truth! }

2. Farewell justice, honor, virtue, truth!

[Thunder & Lightning. The phantom sinks.]

Herod rises & goes on. Three murders, curst AMBITION, are thy
 fruits!

Three, JEALOUSIE, effect of thy pursuits!

But

But these not all! A prophesie succeeds,

A long list of I know not what strange deeds!

Numbers, it seems, remain for me to kill!

As if, alas! I only liv'd to spill

The blood of innocents, & on me pull

Down heavier vengeance when my crimes are full.

After all *fix*, old CHARON doth appear,

And sternly sings (confusion to my ear!)

Of FURIES, CONSCIENCE, JUDGES, SENTENCE, GATE,

And all the horrors of a wretched state;

Then tosses me into a deep abyss,

Where daemons spit, & dark blue lightnings whizz;

Where torments freshen'd with new thunders roll,

And shoot their fiery darts into the soul!

The GODS then (JEWS & GENTILES do agree)

MANY or ONE, all truth & justice be:

All equitable impartiality!

Alas then! How shall my black actions bear

To be all scann'd & strictly sifted there!

They dread the light, & I myself do shun

To think, & learn, & know that I'm undone!

Oh hide me, heav'nly MERCY! with thy wings

From them & all the woes which CHARON sings!

Where were my thoughts throughout this mad career?

Could I act thus, and live without all fear!

Tyrants are sure possess'd with notions strange,

That they at large, ev'n PLUTO-like, may range;

May man or woman daily chop & kill;

And all infuriate act their headstrong will!

But Oh! there is at last it seems a time,

When heav'n will judge & scourge them for each crime!

That weary time too never must have end!

Ah! there's a pinching thought! — My inmost friend!

Say why you did not open this before?

O tell me, or be silent evermore.

You talk with me? Nay, I must talk with you!

CONSCIENCE, my friend! How came you thus to do?

2 M

605.

610.

615.

620.

625.

630.

635.

640.

' Ah

' Ah guilty HEROD! Would you ever hear,
 ' When I, in secret whispers, begg'd your ear?
 ' Did you not put me off from day to day?
 ' And snubb me, when I offer'd ought to say?
 ' Still busy when you went so wildly on,
 ' Oh CONSCIENCE! — You would hear her talk anon.' — 645.
 'Tis true indeed! Ah me! 'tis very true!
 But, CONSCIENCE, tell me what I now must do?
 ' Repent — Perhaps it may not be too late:
 ' Sincere repentance ever sets all straight. 650.
 ' Watch your own steps; be your own secret spy;
 ' And henceforth ne'er presume to tread awry:
 ' After all this, if you transgress again,
 ' HEROD, you are the most undone of men!
 Ay; but that prophesie! — Oh dreadful case! 655.
 Enough to stagger, nay, enough to craze!
 Is there no last relief, no help for me,
 But I on earth must longer live to be
 More wicked & more curst than now I am,
 Yet more a monster to my utter shame! 660.
 And, even when this loathsome life is done,
 Into a pit of red-hot ruin thrown,
 There still to fry with ceaseless moan?
 ANTIGONUS himself declares I'm free;
 That, tho' all knowing heav'n all acts foresee, 665.
 It doth not mine, nor any man's decree.
 And sure sad sack-cloth pray'r will find its way,
 And all this crush of endless vengeance stay!
 Far in the dark, thick wilderness then I
 To hide me from impending wrath will fly; 670.
 There fast, & pray, & weep to such a strain,
 Heav'n shall take pity when I so complain,
 And all my scarlet fins once more be white again! } Exit.

[Solemn music. The Chorus of mourners walk gravely, two & two, from
 each side of the herse to the front of the stage, & there stand in a
 row.]

V.

EPILOGUE, or moral Application.

[Soothing music. SONG : by two voices : a-la ballad.]

1. Mortals! warn'd by this sad story,
Learn to keep all calm within!

675.

2. Make it hence your only glory
To avoid the snares of sin!

2.

1. Guilty CONSCIENCE always presses
Those who with it make too bold;

2. Upright CONSCIENCE always blesses
Youth, & middle-age, & old.

680.

3.

1. VIRTUE comfort ever bringing,
Let sweet VIRTUE be your choice.

2. VICE destruction ever winging,
O for ever hence despise.

685.

4.

1. 'Tis not just enough repenting
That you've liv'd in folly long,

2. You should find yourselves relenting
At the motion of a wrong.

5.

1. You or I may go on gayly,
Think of nothing to controll;

690.

2. We may wanton, wanton daily:
What a trifle is the SOUL?

6.

1. But, when all we come to make up,
Much, you'll find, is to be done;

695.

2. Happy he whose heart will speak up,
When the thread of life is spun!

688. Man should find himself relenting
At the motion of a wrong.]

' An inward inclination to do an ill thing
' is criminal; a wicked thought stains the
' mind with guilt, & exposes the offender to

' the punishment of heaven, tho' it never
' ripen into action.' *Introduc't. to the Classics*,
by Ant. Blackwall. p. 76.

Has patitur prenas peccandi sola voluntas.
Juv. Sat. XIII. 208.

2 M 2

1. Lovely

7. V

1. Lovely VIRTUE, at the closing
Of our earthly days, gives peace.

2. Cruel VICE, all rest opposing,
Then, alas! affords no ease.

700.

1. VIRTUE, her disciples crowning,
Joys from ev'ry wind do blow;

2. VICE, with ruin ever frowning,
Covers all with endless woe.

705.

Thunder. First finger speaks.

Hark! hark! how heav'n its deepest thunder rolls!
Detesting VICE, it shakes the very poles.

Music above the Stage. Second finger speaks.

Hark! hark! the voice of HEAV'NLY MUSIC speaks,
And HARMONY the part of VIRTUE takes!

Make VIRTUE then the object of your love;
In all her worthy, godlike ways improve.

710.

So, when your honest souls at length take wing,
Your witness CONSCIENCE shall your EYES sing:

CONSCIENCE, whose angel voice, to well-tun'd ears
Surpasses all the music of the spheres;

715.

Let CONSCIENCE rule, the glorious work is done:

At once you'll set a star, & rise a sun.

ON

ON
The RESURRECTION;

A P O E M

In Imitation of *MILTON*:

By a Friend of the Editor's, in *London*.

Son of Man, can these dry bones live? Ezech. xxxvii. 3.

THE RESURRECTION;

A POEM

IN IMITATION OF MILTON.

By a Friend of the Editor's in London.

See of Man, can they the soul live? Each soul liveth.

On the RESURRECTION.

THE GREAT MESSIAH, & of DEATH's defeat,
URANIA sing. The mighty Victor's praise
Shall to thy voice give sweetness ; strength, to thy wing,
Thence heav'nly plum'd, empyreal height to soar.
The *second* morn auspicious smil'd, hast'ning 5.
Its rosie steps, since that orecast with shade
Unnat'ral & portentous, which beheld
MESSIAH nail'd to the accursed tree,
Struggling with mortal agonizing pangs,
And by hell's terrors brav'd ; when, wing'd with joy, 10.
MICHAEL, of angels militant supreme,
Descends from heav'n, deputed to attend
(Such honor he besought) this complete conquest
Of his old enemy th'infernal dragon,
'Gainst whom he led th' arranged seraphim 15.
Fearless, o're heav'n's bright pavement, & him foil'd ;
Foil'd, & no more, compar'd to this defeat,
This vict'ry thrice triumphant ! his great spear
Strikes, & the conscious marble from its place
Leaps with wild joy ; & awful GABRIEL 20.
Profusely sheds around ambrosial flow'rs
Crop'd from rich heav'n's impurpled soil by angels
Proud of their task & choice. Forth from the tomb
Deck'd with its recent spoils, the LORD OF LIFE,
Almighty, all-ineffable, all glorious, 25.
Divine, human, up-sprung ! self-rais'd from DEATH !
Hell's deep foundations at that instant trembled ;
Heav'n rung with joy ; the shields of martial angels
Sound triumph ; myriads from concordant harps
Strike symphonies spontaneous, & with hymns 30.
Harmonic transport shout ; sweet gratulation
Raptures each roseate face ; ecstasy sparkles
In each bright eye : Heav'n was thrice heav'n that day !
Nor is the gracious song, which at his birth,

Suited to mortal ear, the list'ning shepherds 35.

Took in with greedy wonder, left unsung;

But now with such a mighty chorus fill'd

By all the orchestra of heav'n, as deaf

Imagination, & would charm this globe

And all the music of the rolling spheres 40.

To an eternal stillness, ' Glory to GOD,

' Peace on the earth, good-will to human kind !'

' Glory to GOD on high, peace on the earth,

' Good-will to human kind,' let Man return

Grateful, & well accepted thro' the SON's 45.

Sweet intercession. Hymn ye loud the SON !

He of the brightness of his FATHER's glory

Disrobes himself, nor the dark womb disdains

Of the blest Virgin : Heav'n's refulgent throne,

Celestial architrave with living sapphir 50.

Emboss'd, where crown'd with bliss at the right hand

Of GOD he sat, he leaves, & in a manger

A helpless infant lyes, with plaintive voice

Piercing his tender mother's ear, not yet

Of more expressive, immature of speech 55.

All healing, which such wonders shall produce,

Such good to Man ! Then the decrepit wretch

Foregoes his crutch, exulting, like a roe

Upon the mountains : at his voice the dumb

Glad, finds a voice ; now 'loose th'impeding strings, 60.

And the freed tongue moves to the praise of heav'n

With pious joy — Hosanna to the HIGHEST,

The GREAT MESSIAH reigns ! — Th' unfolding ear,

Late deaf to thunder, hears with sweet amaze

The sacred song, & joyns with holy rapture ; 65.

Heav'n's blue expanse, earth's beauteous landscape, hill,

Rock, fountain, flow'r, the human face, the kid

Brouzing the grass, the sightless eye, draws in,

Then darts to heav'n, grateful emanation !

Each dire disease, at his all-ruling word, 70.

Forgets to torture : heart-wringing agonies,

Fevers, convulsions, all the train of Death,

Ev'n

Ev'n DEATH himself, obedient to his voice,
 Yields up his victims, re-indu'd with life :
 Behold them prostrate to their great Deliv'rer ; 75.
 Freed from their chain ! The grisly terror grins

Revenge horribly, greedy of the hour
 He on the cross shall triumph ore his great
 Invader, & attac with treble terror
 Cloath'd, & his dart pointed with treble pain : 80.

Triumph short & dear (if aught comparifon
 May hold with act great ev'n beyond all greatness)
 As when in conflict at th' OLYMPIC games,
 Of old by fam'd ALCIDES instituted

Two finewy wrestlers close, now feize, now lock 85.
 In rude embrace, now with fierce gripe renew
 Their broken hold, shifting each other's aim :
 Now hope, now fear, fluctuates : when one, intent

To gain fresh breath, admits a foil ; the other
 Prides : but his antagonist, ANTAEUS like, 90.
 With force redoubl'd, upheaves on high his foe,
 So late exulting, & down throws him hurl'd

With fuch a fury as shakes the folid ground.
 The GREAT MESSIAH, over DEATH victorious,
 Binds him in chains ! He, who made captive all, 95.
 Himself is captive led ! Thou art the King

Of Glory, O CHRIST ; the everlasting SON
 THOU of the FATHER ! At th'accomplish'd time
 Thou shalt, in greatness of thy strength, descend
 To judge mankind. As ISRAEL's chosen feed 100.

(So from the mount of OREB taught) at harvest
 Wav'd the first sheaf before the LORD, the rest
 To sanctifie ; so thou art the First Fruits
 Of all that fleep. For DEATH is nothing more,

Since this thy conquest. Stinglefs now his dart, 105.
 Broke, & unplum'd. O all devouring grave,
 Whofe gorging entrail all mankind intombs,
 Save holy ENOCH (whom, walking with GOD,

It pleas'd him to accept, & him absolve
 From exploration of thy dreary way) 110.
 And

And the prophetic ~~Thir~~TE highly favour'd
 (Whom an all-glorious chariot, shot from heav'n,
 Thither up-bore, flaming with lum'nous pearl,
 And mounting with a whirlwind swiftness) where,
 O Grave, where's now thy vict'ry? swallow'd up 115.
 By dire defeat art thou, by dire defeat,
 Who swallow'd all! For ev'n sleeping infancy
 But only waits the signal from above
 To break thy massy barrs & spurn thee vile.

And now the great Archangel his loud trump 120.
 Affays to give the blast. Heav'n's azure curtains
 Ope & reveal ten thousand times ten thousand
 Forms Cherubic. But, brightest beyond all
 Imagination, see the SON of GOD,
 In majesty supremely eminent, 125.
 Tow'rs in the midst, irradiant on his throne,
 Rear'd with the richest gemms of heav'n, reflecting
 Glory on glory. Th' angelic herauld bands
 Proclaim — THE GREAT MESSIAH COMES. — He comes

In terror to his foes. Before him rides 130.
 Devouring pestilence, & in his rear
 Sweeps a consuming fire. Enter the rock,
 Ye hapless crew! hide yourselves in the dust!
 Call to the mountains to orewhelm ye total!
 In vain — Hills, rocks, & mountains shall dissolve, 135.
 And at his presence melt. But fix'd his empire
 Remains for ever. Righteousness entwines
 His starry brow, & judgment him enrobes!

And now the great archangel is bid sound 140.
 His mighty charge, & flow, in supreme pomp,
 Heav'nly august, the mighty judge descends.
 'AWAKE, YE DEAD: ARISE.' Th'affrighted ocean
 What ails, that with amazement he would leave
 His old deep track; but trembles irresolv'd
 Where he shall flow, or whether flow at all? 145.
 His coral caverns teem with growing numbers
 Of beings immortal, godlike, and till now
 Unknown, tho' fabled in resplendent domes

Of ruby & rocks of em'rald t'have inclos'd
 Fair AMPHITRITE, & her blue-ey'd train! 150.
 THETIS of silver foot (her wrathful son
 Th'antienter of those eyeless bards renown'd,
 Whose tuneful labors perish but now with nature,
 Sung in heroic strains) STENTORIFIC TRITON,
 And he th'imperial trident-bearer, feign'd 155.
 To rule & range the vast expanse of waters,
 Rul'd only by the sov'reign judge whose coming
 Causes this mighty change.—— Now, wonderful!
 Part upward spring endu'd with strength supernal
 And spurn the wondring wave! Others emerge 160.
 Half form'd; for, wheresoe'er thro' all the wide
 Immense the separated atoms move,
 They to their kindred particles repair,
 And shape anew the man. As when a splint
 Of some tall ammiral, fam'd for heroic deeds, 165.
 Receives injoynted to his honor'd side
 Plank upon plank, won from his parent forest;
 Where some insert the ribs, some helm apply,
 Some the tall mast affix, with orient colors
 Rewaving, 'till resum'd his brave extent, 170.
 Crown'd with new glory, launches into th' deep
 Which labors with his weight: So these renew'd
 Oppress the groaning ocean. The huge mountains
 Skip ram-like, & the hills like little sheep.
 Tremble thou earth profound! Tremble with fear 175.
 At presence of the LORD, the GREAT MESSIAH!
 Earth trembles, all convulsion; Fear comes on her
 As on a woman in travail: and now brings forth
 Her num'rous sons, thick as the rip'ning corn
 Waves with th' autumnal breeze: or crouding ants 180.
 (If small with great we may compare) alarm'd,
 When in their subterranean cells, they suffer
 Some rude invasion, or the hostile tread
 Of passenger unwary. They intent
 On provident measures build with arduous toil 185.
 Their little magazines, & store with grain,

Remindful of the future: All (amaz'd
 At the dire shock which in a moment ruins
 The labors of an age, the work of thousands)
 Are fill'd with care & terror, Swarm on swarm 190.
 Upheave the crumbling mold: a multitude
 (Wherewith compar'd what PERSIAN XERXES brought
 Against the GRECIAN virtue, when he bridg'd
 EUROPE with ASIA, the mighty confluence
 Of nations cov'ring the HELLESPONT, with land 195.
 Confounding sea, in estimation were
 No more than unity itself) now break
 The pond'rous tomb, impatient for the light,
 The light of GOD. Th' assembling bones revive
 And join in strong defence; the arteries 200.
 Twine round with everlasting ligatures
 Bound never more to part. Thus all the Sons
 Of our primaeval Father into life
 Wake, & the massy bars of Death break facil,
 And heav'nly vigor wings in ambient air. 205.

DEATH the long dreaded wound now feels, & groans,
 And writhes with mortal pain his horrid jaws.

DEATH IS NO MORE, sing all the heav'nly host,
 The GREAT MESSIAH wrests from his strong hand
 His penal dart, & in the grisly pow'r 210.
 Transfixes his own spear. The GREAT MESSIAH
 Hath conquer'd the great Conqueror! Sing his praise,
 His boundless might! Now sound their golden harps
 Responsive to the vocal anthem. — Glory,
 Glory to Thee to whom all pow'r is giv'n 215.
 In Heav'n & Earth! Thy all subduing arm
 Hath burst the mighty prison hold of DEATH,
 And op'd the golden portals of bright heav'n
 To all believers! Thou hast overcome

The pow'r of DEATH, & giv'n thy Saints like pow'r! 220.
 Now, from the East, assemble; from the West,
 Gather them: Bid the North give up; nor let
 The South keep back. Thy Sons shall come from far;
 Thy Daughters from the Earth's remotest end:

On the RESURRECTION.

7

All that are called by thy name. For thou
For glory hast created them : prepar'd
Fountains of bliss, & amaranthin bow'rs,
And crowns, & thrones, & robes of purity,
And harps for ever tun'd to songs of joy,
And thankfulness, & praise ! Glory to THEE,
O GREAT MESSIAH, be ever hymn'd thy Name,
ALL DEATH DESTROYING, ALL LIFE GIVING GOD !

225.

230.

On the RESURRECTION

225.

All that are called by thy name. For thou
For glory hast created them: prepared
Fountains of bliss, & amaranthine bowers,
And crowns, & thrones, & robes of purity,
And harps for ever tuned to praise of thee,
And thankfulness, & love, & joy, & peace,
O GREAT MESSIAH, receive my Name,
ALL DEATH DESTROY, LIFE GIVING GOD!



A
DISCOURSE
ON THE
HARMONY
OF THE
SPHERES:

AS
Delivered in a *Latin* Thesis, at the Univerfity, by

Mr. JOHN MILTON;

And tranflated into ENGLISH by the EDITOR.

DISCOURSE

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS I was lately reading Mr. MILTON's *Latin Prose Exercises*, wrote when he was a very young man at *Cambridge*, I could not help taking particular notice of that *de Sphaerarum Concentu*; & I found in it something, to my apprehension at least, so exceeding beautiful, that I was immediately tempted to make a translation of it; which (such as it is) is here added, with the Original itself, to shew the youth of the university what good use Mr. MILTON made of some of those happy hours which he spent there. And I heartily wish it may excite many other ingenious spirits, at their leisure, to raise up the like agreeable monuments of their own wit & learning.

1. Opera Latina. Edit. Toland. p. 344.

De Sphaerarum Concentu,

Cantabrigiae, in Scholis Publicis:

a Johanne Miltono.

1. **S**I quis meae tenuitati locus, ACADEMICI, post tot, hodie, tantosque exauditos Oratores, conabor etiam ego jam, pro meo modulo, exprimere, quam bene velim solenni hujus lucis celebritati, & tanquam procul, sequar hodiernum hunc Eloquentiae triumphum. Dum itaque trita illa & pervulgata dicendi argumenta refugio penitus & reformido, ad novam aliquam materiem ardue tentandam accendit animum & statim erigit hujus diei cogitatio, horumque simul (quos digna die loquuturos haud injuria suspicabar) quae duo, vel tardo cuivis & obtuso caeteroquin ingenio, stimulos aut acumen addidisse poterant. Hinc idcirco subiit pauca saltem super illo coelesti concentu, dilatata (quod aiunt) manu & ubertate oratoria praefari, de quo mox quasi contracto pugno disceptandum est: habita tamen ratione temporis, quod me jam urget & coarctat. Haec tamen perinde accipiat velim, AUDITORES, quasi per lulum dicta.

2. Quis enim sanus existimaverit PYTHAGORAM, Deum illum philosophorum (cujus ad nomen omnes ejus saeculi mortales non sine persancta veneratione assurgebant) quis, inquam, eum existimaverit tam lubricae fundatam opinionem unquam protulisse in medium? Sane si quam ille *Sphaerarum* docuit *Harmoniam* & circumactos ad modulaminis dulcedinem coelos, per id sapienter innuere voluit, amicissimos orbium complexus, aequabilesque in aeternum ad fixam Fati legem conversiones. In hoc certe vel poetas, vel, quod idem pene est, divina imitatus oracula, a quibus nihil sacri reconditque mysterii exhibetur in vulgus, nisi aliquo involutum tegumento & vestitu. Hunc secutus est, ille naturae matris optimus interpres, PLATO, dum singulis coeli orbibus SIRENAS quasdam insidere tradidit, quae mellitissimo cantu Deos Hominesque mirabundos capiant. Atque hanc denique conspiracyonem rerum universam¹ & consensum amabilem (quem PYTHAGORAS per Harmoniam, poetico ritu, subinduxit) HOMERUS

1. *Univerfum.* Edit. Toland,

etiam, per auream illam Jovis catenam de coelo suspensam, insigniter appositeque adumbravit. Hinc autem ARISTOTELES, PYTHAGORAE & PLATONIS aemulus & perpetuus calumniator, ex labefactis tantorum virorum sententiis viam sternere ad gloriam cupiens, inauditam hanc coelorum symphoniam sphaerarumque modulos affinxit PYTHAGORAE. Quod si sic tulisset sive Fatum sive Sors, ut tua in me, PYTHAGORA PATER, transvolasset anima, haud utique deesset qui te facile assereret, quantumvis gravi jamdiu laborantem infamia.

3. At vero quidni corpora coelestia, inter perennes illos circuitus, musicos efficiant sonos? Annon aequum tibi videtur; ARISTOTELES? Nae ego vix credam intelligentias tuas sedentarium illum rotandi coeli laborem potuisse tot saeculis perpeti, nisi ineffabile illud astrorum melos detinuisset abituras, & modulationes delinimento suassissent² moram. Quam si tu coelo adimas, fane mentes illas pulchellas & ministros Deos in pistrinum dedis & ad molas trusatiles damnas. Quinetiam ipse ATLAS ruituro statim coelo jampridem subduxisset humeros, nisi dulcis illa concentus³, anhelantem & tanto onere sudabundum, laetissima voluptate, permulsisset. Ad haec, pertaesus astra, *Delphinus*, jamdiu coelo sua praeoptasset maria, nisi probe caluisset, vocales coeli orbes lyram ARIONIAM suavitate longe superare.

4. Quid? Quod credibile est ipsam alaudam prima luce recta in nubes evolare, & lusciniam totam noctis solitudinem cantu transigere, ut, ad harmonicam coeli rationem, quam attente auscultant, suos corrigant⁴ modulos. Hinc quoque MUSARUM circa Jovis altaria dies noctesque saltantium, ab ultima rerum origine, increbuit fabula. Hinc PHOEBO lyrae peritia ab longinqua vetustate attributa est. Hinc HARMONIAM JOVIS & ELECTRAE fuisse filiam reverenda credidit antiquitas, quam⁵, cum CADMO nuptui data esset, totus coeli chorus concinuisse dicitur.

5. Quid si nullus unquam in terris audiverit hanc astrorum symphoniam? Ergone omnia supra Lunae sphaeram muta prorsus erunt, torpidoque silentio consopita? Quinimo aures nostras incusemus debiles, quae cantus & tam dulces sonos excipere aut non possunt, aut non dignae sunt.

6. Sed nec plane inaudita est haec coeli melodia. Quis enim tuas, ARISTOTELES, in media aeris plaga tripudiantes *Capras* putaverit, nisi quod praecinentes coelos ob vicinitatem clare cum audiant, non possint sibi temperare quo minus agant choreas? At solus inter mortales concentum

2. *Suassisset.* Edit. Toland.

3. *Consensus.* Edit. Toland.

4. *Corrigant.* Edit. Toland.

5. *Quae.* Edit. Toland.

hunc audisse fertur PYTHAGORAS. Nisi & ille *bonus* quispiam *Genius* & coeli indigena fuerit, qui, forte superum jussu delapsus est, ad animos hominum sacra eruditione imbuendos, & ad bonam frugem revocandos. Ad minimum certe vir erat, qui omnes virtutum numeros in se continebat; quique dignus erat cum Diis ipsis, sui similibus, sermones miscere, & Coelestium perfrui consortio. Ideoque nihil miror, si Dii, ejus amantissimi, abditissimis eum naturae secretis interesse permiserint.

7. Quod autem nos hanc minime audiamus Harmoniam, sane in causa videtur esse furacis PROMETHEI audacia, quae tot mala hominibus in-
vexit, & simul hanc foelicitatem nobis abstulit, qua nec unquam frui licebit, dum sceleribus cooperti belluinis cupiditatibus obrutescimus. Qui enim possumus coelestis illius soni capaces fieri, *quorum animae* (quod ait *Perfius*) *in terras curvae sunt, & coelestium prorsus inanes?* At si pura, si casta, si nivea gestaremus pectora (ut olim PYTHAGORAS) tum quidem suavissima illa stellarum circumeuntium musica personarunt aures nostrae & opplerentur. Atque dein cuncta ilico ⁶, tanquam in *aureum* illud *saeculum*, redirent. Nosque tum demum, miseriarum immunes, beatum & vel Diis invidendum degeremus otium! — Hic autem me, veluti medio in itinere, tempus interfecat: idque persane opportune. Vereor enim ne, incondito minimeque numeroso stylo, huic quam praedico Harmoniae, toto hoc tempore obstrepuerim, fuerimque ipse impedimento, quo minus illam audiveritis. Itaque Dixi.

6. *Illico.* Edit. Toland.

The Same : in English : by the Editor.

1. **I**F, after so many & great orators this day heard speak, there be any room, YE ACADEMICS, for one of my low rank; I also shall now endeavour, after my little skill, to express how much I reverence the solemn appearance of this assembly, & how I, afar off, follow the present triumph of Eloquence. While therefore I wholly eschew & even fly all trite & vulgar subjects of declamation, the thoughts of this day & of these gentlemen here met together (whom, without injuring their characters, I could not suspect to deliver things unworthy of the occasion) immediately both erect & fire my mind arduously to try some new matter of discourse, since these two incitements only were able to have added either spurs or wit itself to any even a slow & otherwise a dull capacity. Hence then only is it that I adventure to say a few things touching that *Heavenly Convent*, with an hand (as they express it) openly displayed, & with an oratorical exuberance, whereof by & by we are to have as it were a close fist dispute; still regarding the measure of time which bounds & restrains me. And you, MY AUDITORS, I hope, will accept what I utter, in such sort, as said only by way of amusement. For

2. What sensible person can hereafter think that PYTHAGORAS, that God of the philosophers (at whose name all men living in his time rose up not without a right sacred veneration) who, I say, can hereafter think that PYTHAGORAS would ever have broached an opinion in the world so poorly founded? Truly, if he ever taught any *Harmony of the Spheres* & that the heavens were carried round by the sweetness of their music, he would thereby insinuate the mutual affections of those orbs, & that their revolutions are ever regulated by the fixed laws of Fate. In this certainly imitating, either the poets, or, which is almost the same, the divine oracles, by which nothing of a sacred recondite nature is exhibited to the vulgar, save what is wrapt up in some apt parable & disguise. Him follows that best interpreter of mother nature, PLATO, when he delivers that certain SIRENS sit upon all the orbits of heaven, who hold both Gods & Men in admiration with their most dulcet singing. And this universal agreement of things & their lovely accord (which PYTHAGORAS, by a poetical license, hath suggested under the figure of Harmony) HOMER also hath afterwards remarkably & appositely shadowed, by that
golden

golden chain of JUPITER hanging down from heaven. Hence also ARISTOTLE, the emulous & everlasting calumniator of PYTHAGORAS & PLATO, endeavouring, out of the undermined sayings of so great men, to level the way unto glory, fathered this unheard symphony of the heavens & musical sound of the Spheres on PYTHAGORAS. But, if either Fate or Chance had so brought it about, FATHER PYTHAGORAS, that your soul had transmigrated into me, one verily there had not been wanting, who would easily have vindicated you, altho' thus long laboring under a grievous calumny.

3. But why now may not the coelestial bodies, in all those eternal rotations, send forth musical sounds? Seems it improbable to you, ARISTOTLE? Marry I can hardly believe your intelligences would ever have been able so many ages to have carried on their sedentary labor of the rolling heaven, unless that unalterable melody of the stars had detained them now ready to depart, & their modulations persuaded a stay by the very force of their music. Which [Harmony] if you take away from the heavens, certainly you both give up those pretty minds & ministring Gods to the workhouse, & condemn them to the handmill¹. Moreover ATLAS had soon withdrawn his shoulders from under the presently falling heavens, had not this sweet Concoct thoroughly eased him, now gasping & sweating under the mighty burden, with a most joyous pleasure. Add to all this, that the *Dolphin*, weary of the stars, had, long before now, thirsted for his own seas, even in heaven itself, if he had not sensibly perceived the vocal orbs of the universe far to surpass the lyre of ARION in sweetness.

4. What? — Because also it is credible that the lark, at the first dawn of the morning, darts right up into the clouds, & that the nightingale spends the solitude of the whole night in singing, that they may both attentively hearken to, & form their own music after, this harmonious accord of the heavens. Hence likewise grew the fable of the MUSES dancing, night & day, round the altar of JUPITER, from the very beginning of things. Hence, from the remotest age, is the knowledge of the lyre attributed to PHOEBUS. Hence reverend antiquity deems HARMONY to have been the daughter of JOVE & ELECTRA; in honor of whom, when she was to be married to CADMUS, the whole chorus of the heavens burst out into singing.

1. *And condemn them to the handmill.*] i. e. Take away this music, their supposed reward, & you make them as it were grind at the mill, & that without any recompence. Which

is to suppose them not minds & intelligences, but stocks & senseless beings. Which is just the same as to make them nothings.

5. What if none living ever heard this symphony of the stars? Shall therefore all things be wholly mute above the orb of the moon, & laid asleep together in a dull silence? Rather let us blame our own weak ears, which either are not able to bear such exquisite music & singing, or not worthy to hear it.

6. But this melody of the heavens is not altogether unheard. For who, ARISTOTLE, would ever believe any thing of your Goats capering in the middle region of the air, were it not that when, by their nearness, they plainly hear the heavens playing to them, they cannot therefore refrain themselves from falling into a measure? As yet PYTHAGORAS is the only person among mortal men, who is said to have heard this Convent. Except it was also some other good Genius, who, leaving heaven, & perhaps commanded by the Gods, came down to imbue the souls of men with sacred erudition, & to call them back to wholesom lore. At least certainly it was a man who contained in him all the perfections of virtue, & who was worthy to confer with the Gods themselves who were so like him, & even to enjoy the society of the coelestials. And therefore I nothing wonder if the Gods, extremely fond of such an one, should permit him to look into the most hidden secrets of nature.

7. Moreover the cause why we do not at all hear this harmony, I conceive, was the boldness of that pilfering thief PROMETHEUS, which brought down so many evils upon the sons of men, & also deprived us of all this felicity, which we shall never enjoy again, while we are here buried & sunk in wickedness & feral affections. For how can we ever be made capable of that heavenly music, whose souls (as Persius hath it) are bowed down to the earth, & utterly void of those things which are heavenly? But if we could carry in us minds that are pure, that are chaste, that are white (as once PYTHAGORAS did) then indeed might our ears ring & be filled full with that most ravishing music of the stars which roll around us; then lastly would all things be straightway brought back as it were into that golden age of old; & we then, quit of all our miseries, should live, in a blessed tranquillity, a life even to be envied of the Gods. — And here the time allowed me cuts me short, as in the midst of my journey: And that indeed very opportunely. For I fear lest I, with my rude & immusical stile, should all this while have interrupted that very Harmony which I speak of, & have even myself been the impediment whereby ye may be less able to hear it. — Therefore, I have said.

2. O curvae in terris animae, & coelestium inanes! Perf. II. 61.



BOOKS by the Publifher.

I. **TO ΤΥΟΞ ΑΓΙΟΝ**. Or, an Exercife on the Creation, and an Hymn to the Creator of the World: Written in the exprefs words of the facred text; as an attempt to fhew the beauty and fublimity of Holy Scripture. *There are hid yet greater things than thefe, and we have feen but a few of his works.* Eccluf. xliii. 32. London, 1716. 8vo.

II. *Academia tertia Anglicana*: or, The Antiquarian Annals of the Town of *Stanford*. Containing the History of the Univerfity, Monafteries, Gilds, Churches, Chapels, Hospitals and Schools there. Gathered from the beft accounts Print and MS. particularly the registers of *Durham*, *Lincoln*, and *Peterborough*, Mr. *Dodsworth* and the *Cotton MSS.* the Corporation-books, and the MS. Collections of divers eminent Antiquaries; beautified with fundry Draughts, Proſpects, and Pourtraitures of the Town, Monafteries, Churches, Tombs, Hospitals, Gates, Arms, Seals, and other *Antiqua*, in a variety of ſculpture, *Ex fumo dare lucem.* Hor. Fol. Lond. 1727.

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The Whole communicated by WILLIAM COWPER, Esq; Clerk of the Parliaments: with large Historical Notes, by the Publisher, Fr. Peck, M. A.

